WILL JAPAN COMMIT SUICIDE?

By LEON TROTSKY

NOV. 18,
1933

Liberty

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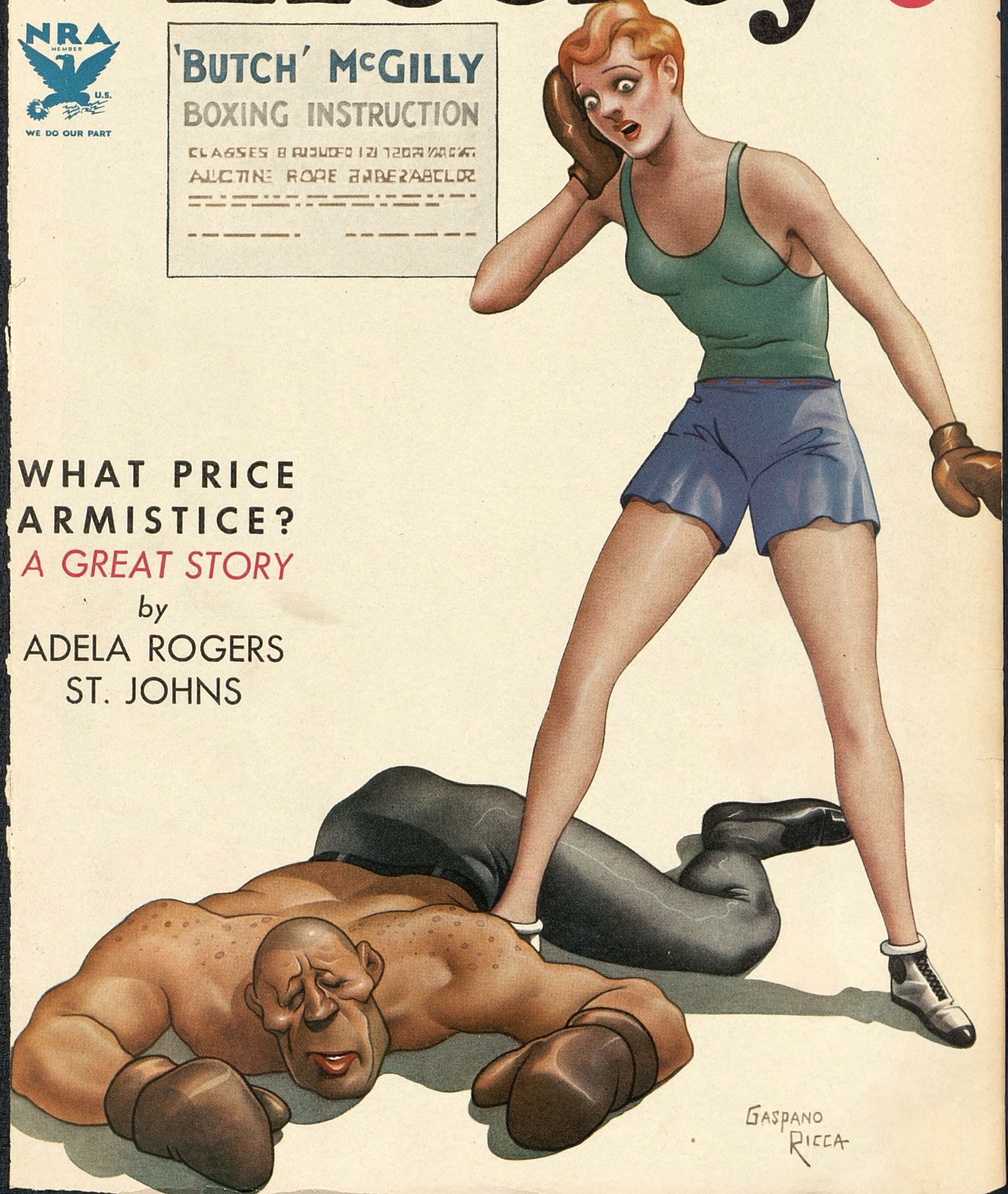
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WHAT PRICE ARMISTICE?

A GREAT STORY

by

ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

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"She had formed the Cathartic Habit"

explains
DR. HYNEK
of Prague

"My case book contains the following record," says Dr. Hynek (holding X-ray):

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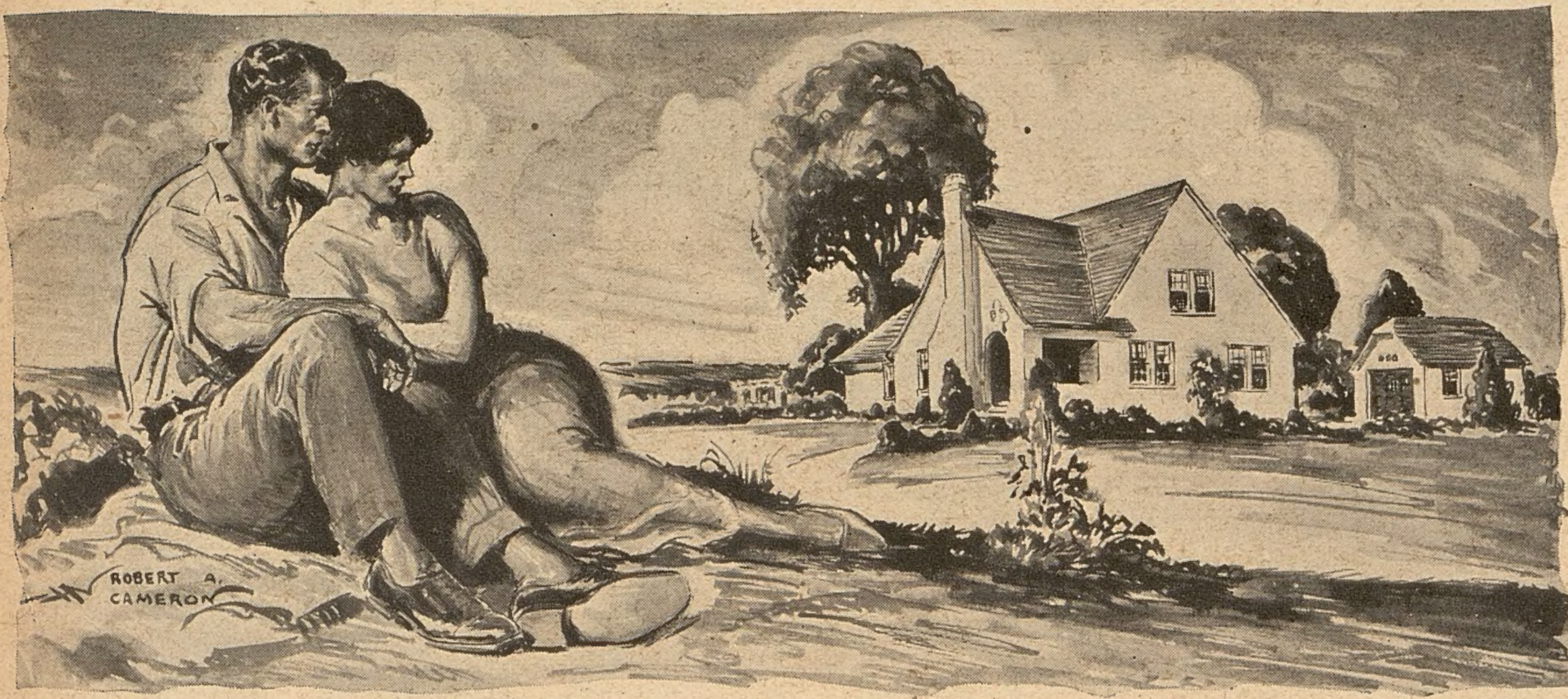
NOVEMBER 18, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 46

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

YES, WE'RE FOR LABOR—AND THEN SOME



WE believe in protecting labor to the last ditch. Our sympathies are with the workers. And for that reason we believe in capitalism.

Capitalism is an unpleasant word to workers everywhere. When we speak of capital we think of huge accumulations of wealth, of the Rockefellers, Morgans, Ford, etc. But few workers seem to understand that capitalism also means the private ownership of property. Every home owner, every citizen who owns anything—stocks, bonds, even the clothes on his back—is in a limited sense a capitalist.

The communist does not believe in private property. He does not own anything. He cannot own anything. He is just a " cog " in a human machine ordered around by the directing official.

Some of our citizens are so lucky—or some people might call them unlucky—as to possess unusual ability in the making of money. They accumulate real estate, bonds, stocks, own and sometimes manage huge business enterprises. And the ordinary worker envies these individuals because of their financial foresight.

To be sure, there are many of our citizens who inherit great wealth, and they usually have to hire the business ability essential to manage it. They lack the intelligence required to hold on to wealth.

And wealth in the past few years has been given too much power. Previous to the depression the owners of riches acquired an undue share of worldly goods. The financial catastrophe made rich men poor overnight in some instances.

But the definition of capitalism has been very much twisted. It is the private ownership of property.

Do we want to deviate from that well defined principle?

Do we want collectivism instead of individualism?

Do we want to be ordered around like slaves instead of following our personal inclinations?

If so, then let us do away with the private ownership of property—capitalism.

This nation has grown into its present powerful position because of our endeavor, in the past at least, to follow the principle of a fair field and no favors. Every man can work out his own destiny.

Although collective bargaining has many advantages, it sometimes submerges the individual. It makes all workers, good, bad, and indifferent, take the same wages. There is no incentive for one to work hard and thereby promote his interests.

For a nation to advance properly, the principle of individualism should be adhered to rigidly. Let every man stand on his own foundation, progress through his own individual merit. It is a policy of this kind that brings genius to the foreground, that encourages workers to apply themselves diligently that they may live a life of achievement.

We may deplore the selfish misuse of great wealth at times, the greedy grasping miserly attitude of some rich men. But as a nation we should maintain our right to own private property—and that means capitalism.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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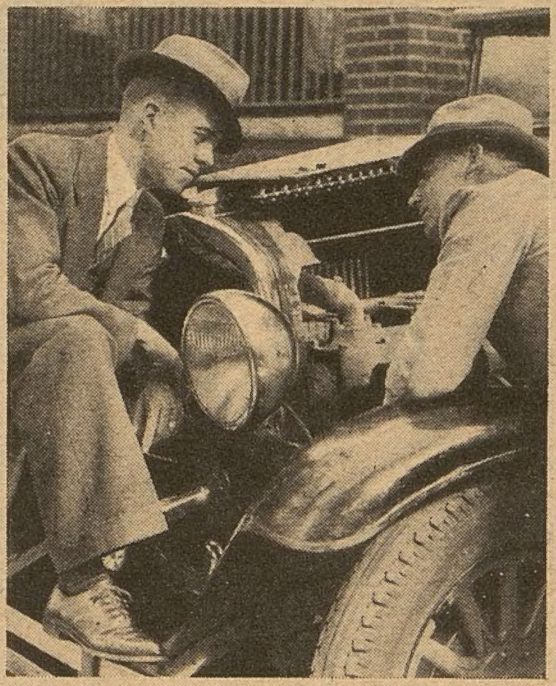
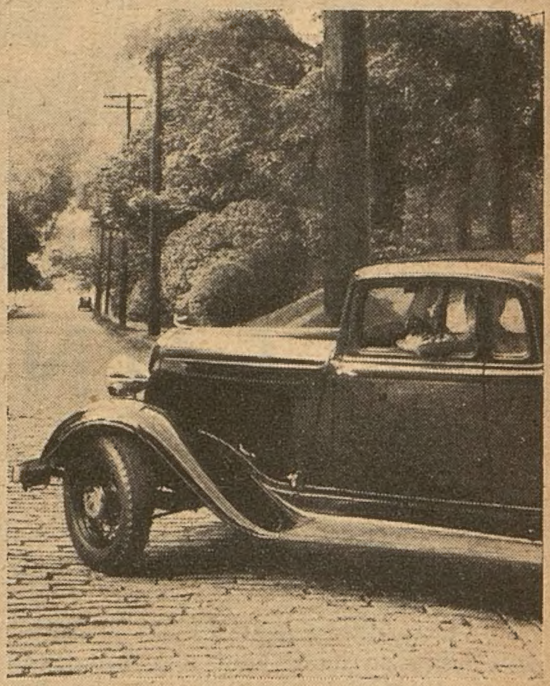
"I *know* Plymouth costs Less—we've had THREE!"

AN INTERVIEW WITH EDWARD B. MUNCH, PITTSBURGH, PA.



"OUR FIRST Plymouth was as quiet after 95,000 miles as if it had gone only 25,000."



"IN SPITE OF Pittsburgh's hills I have no brake jobs—thanks to hydraulic brakes."

"THERE ARE already two Plymouths in the family garage now. And my brother Jack tells me he needs one, too! In a few weeks, our garage will look like a Plymouth salesroom!"

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"And here's another thing. I've seen the wood in automobile bodies rot. I'm convinced that steel reinforced with steel is the thing for longer car life. That's why we made our *third* a Plymouth!"

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Will JAPAN Commit SUICIDE?

A Sensational Prophecy by the Man Who Once Led the Armies of Soviet Russia

BY LEON TROTSKY

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE greatest human tragedy of the postwar world is the spectacle of Japan's irresistible plunge toward the same abyss which swallowed Czarist Russia.

The idea that Japan is invincible is a myth, and the Island Empire is in fact neither economically nor politically able to withstand the double-headed threat of war and revolution which her cynical statesmanship so liberally discounts.

Imperial Japan is poised over a social volcano which may at any moment sweep away her grandiose ambitions.

The Japanese ruling classes are suffering from swelled heads and believe that they can escape from their unprecedented internal problems by a foreign policy of conquest, threats, and international racketeering. So far, they have been successful.

International treaties are cynically violated. Manchuria is annexed under the masquerade of "recognizing" an "independent government." The League of Nations piles up reports which get nowhere. America follows a policy of watchful waiting. The Soviet Union makes concessions to imperial Japan and the logical conclusion seems to be that Japan cannot be defeated and that her manifest destiny is to rule over not only Asia but the whole world.

This is the myth. What are the facts?

Less than forty years ago the small island nation of Japan defeated the gigantic Chinese Empire. It startled the entire world, and fourteen days after the signature of the Treaty of Shimonoseki between Japan and China, Richthofen, the famous German geographer, wrote that Japan had raised itself to the rank of the Great Powers.

Ten years later came an even greater miracle: Japan defeated Czarist Russia. The Russian revolutionists were among the very few who had foreseen such a result of the war; but who at that time was interested in what the revolutionists said? (For that matter, who now would pay attention to what Japan's revolutionists believe?) The prestige of the Island Empire rose all the higher because Japan's victories over its two neighbors had been generally unexpected by the mass of civilized people.

Ten years later Japan took part in the World War. Though its part consisted of what were really major police operations, the fact that Japan had backed the winning side and collected ample booty could not but increase the national self-glorification of Japan's ruling classes. The real character of Japanese imperialism was fully revealed by the "Twenty-one Demands" for control of China.

General Tanaka's famous Memorial of 1927 set forth a program of Japanese expansion, involving the defeat of America and Russia, in which Japanese imperialism is raised to the height of insane megalomania. It is an astounding document. Official Japanese claims that the Tanaka Memorial is a forgery do not weaken its persuasive force by one iota. There is no forging such a text. In any case, Japan's policies during the past two years supply irrefutable proofs of the authenticity of this document.

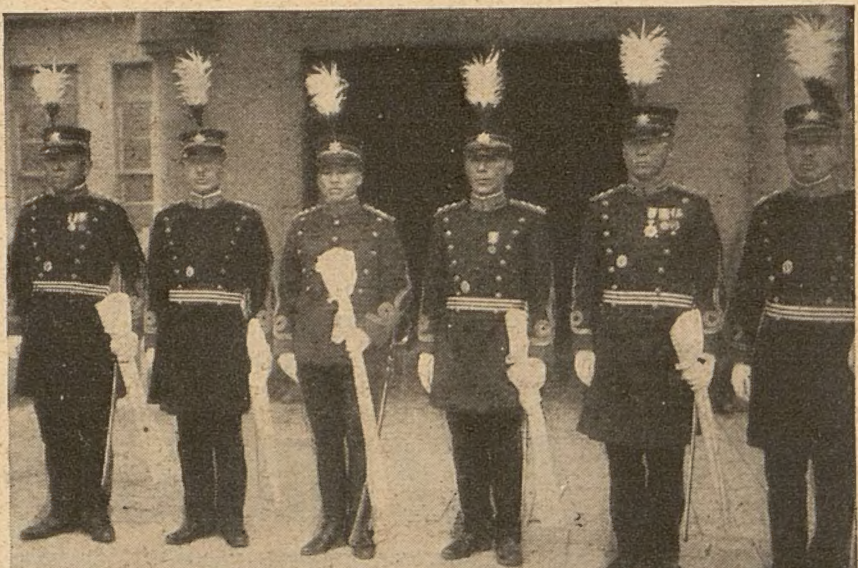
The successful execution of Japan's program of greater conquests depends upon whether her military leaders have formed a correct estimate of her powers to wage a protracted war against a first-class military nation.

The Manchurian conquest offers no conclusive proof. It was more like military maneuvers than like war—but all the more "prestige" to the General Staff at Tokyo!

The idea that Japan cannot be beaten is a myth which has paid dividends so far but which sooner or later will be wrecked by realities. So far, Japan has never measured her strength with the advanced nations. Her victories have been those of a backward nation over nations of even greater backwardness.

The principle of relativity is the decisive factor in war. Once upon a time the empire of the Czars also passed from victory to victory; from an isolated Moscow principality it transformed itself into the mightiest empire in the world. The Czar's armies were described as invincible in all the schoolbooks. But all that was happening was that old Russia, depending upon the half-enslaved peasant, won single-handed victories only over the barbaric tribes of Central Asia and the Caucasus, or over states which had collapsed internally, like Poland under her feudal nobility or Turkey under the Sultans.

In general, from the beginning of the French Revolution, the Czar's armies were slow, heavy, and inefficient. It is true that between 1907 and 1914 the army and navy were energetically reformed and strengthened with the aid of the patriotic Duma, but the test of the World War brought bitter disillusions. The Russian army won minor successes only so long as it was engaged with the Austro-Hungarian side show; as soon as it entered the main



Wide World photo

"The flower of Japan's army"—six high-honor graduates of the Tokyo military staff college.

U. & U. News photos

Japan's defeat of Russia, 1904-5: Japanese infantry awaiting an attack.

theater of military operations against Germany it once more revealed its complete insufficiency.

For the comparative elements in the strength of armies spring from no mysterious properties of "race." They spring from combinations of vital social and political factors: the condition of a country's natural resources, the level of its business development, the relations between its social classes, the internal qualities of its army; its soldier material, its corps of officers, its equipment, and its General Staff.

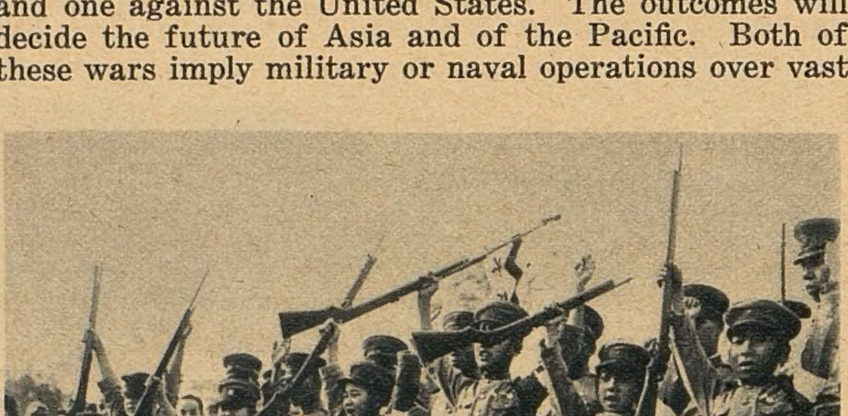
For convenience, you can say that, in its fighting qualities, the Russian army of 1914 was in relation to the Russian army of 1904-5 as three is to one. Yet this did not prevent the Russian army of 1914 being in relation to the German army of 1914 as one is to three. In the same way, the fact that the Japanese army of 1904-5 was two or three times as good as the Russian army at that time does not mean that the Japanese army of today may not be proportionally inferior to the present armies of the world's advanced nations.

If you look at the *elements* which constitute military strength, there is strong reason to suspect that Japan's army suffers from total and ineradicable weaknesses.

SINCE the war with Russia, Japan has undeniably made considerable progress in order to keep its armament abreast of world technology. Yet the real armament of a nation is determined, not by the weapons on parade, not even by the weapons stored in arsenals, but by the weapons implied by the productive power of the nation's industries. During the World War Japanese industry advanced sharply, only to slip back with the postwar depressions. Japanese militarism tries to bolster itself with the memory of the wartime upswing, ignores economic dislocation, and absorbs one half of the national budget.

However, the relations between Japan's military leaders and her national economy, and between Japanese industry and the industries of Japan's possible enemies, provide an extremely important if not decisive clue as to the outcome of a future war. For the facts indicate that Japan would be crushingly defeated.

According to General Tanaka's Memorial—and also in the nature of things—two major wars are in order for the Empire of the Mikado: one against the Soviet Union and one against the United States. The outcomes will decide the future of Asia and of the Pacific. Both of these wars imply military or naval operations over vast distances and so for long periods. But the longer the war, the greater the advantage to an armed nation over a standing army, to industry as a whole over arsenals and munitions plants, to the rock-bottom facts of education and economics over strategic combinations.



Acme photo

Boy members of Japan's Patriotic Youths' Association, saluting, swear fealty to the Mikado.

How well is Japan equipped to wage such a war?

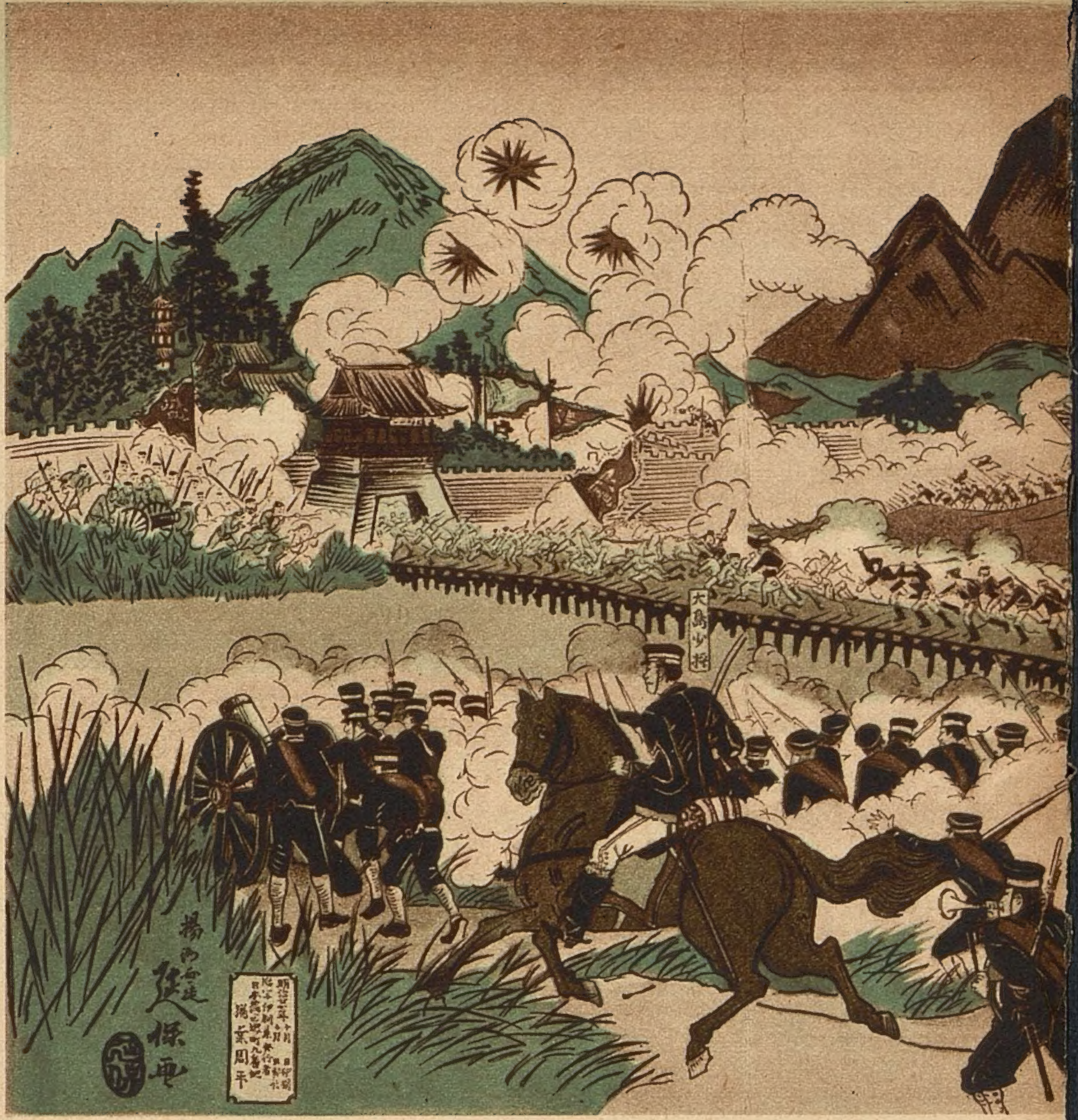
Japan's national income is only 175 yen ($35 gold, at par) per capita. To say nothing of America, Europe's national income per capita is several times as great, and at the lowest estimate the per capita income of the Soviet Union is 50 per cent higher. Moreover, Japanese industry is mainly light industry—backward, in other words. Textile workers compose more than 51 per cent of the total number of workers, while metallurgy and machine plants supply only 19 per cent. The United States consumes 572 pounds of steel per person; western European nations, 245 pounds; the Soviet Union, more than 77 pounds; Japan, less than 63 pounds. And modern war is waged with metal. It may be granted that Manchuria opens up large perspectives to Japanese industry, but large perspectives require large capital and long periods of time—and Japan can count on neither. So our point of departure must be taken from what exists and what cannot be radically altered in the course of the next few years.

Still, in war men and not machines do the fighting. As regards Japan's human "cannon fodder," all the facts indicate that here too matters are not better than with her industrial organization.

HAVING been literally copied from the old Prussian model, the Japanese army has, in an exaggerated form, all the internal vices of the old Hohenzollern army without beginning to have its virtues.

Bismarck himself once said that you could copy the Prussian military regulations but you couldn't fake a Prussian lieutenant. It is even more difficult to fake a Prussian soldier.

Japanese military power is handicapped by the desperately low level of the nation's masses. Japan is the land of tuberculosis and other diseases of malnutrition. Its death rate is higher than that of all other advanced countries and is climbing steadily from year to year. Modern warfare requires, first and foremost, individual stamina, physical skill, and steady nerves. The virtues of ancient Japan enabled the Japanese to defeat the Chinese and the Russians, as the recently organized central authority succeeded in transforming feudal submissiveness into military discipline. But as a result of this feudal legacy the Japanese army of today lacks and can nowhere obtain such qualities as individual initiative, resourcefulness, and ability to make decisions at one's own risk. Neither the oppressed and pauperized village, nor Japanese industry (principally textile) with its preponder-



Japan's defeat of China: General Oshima's troops attackin

ance of woman and child labor, is capable of supplying the Japanese army with qualified soldiers standing on the level of modern technology. A major war will prove that this is so.

I have absolutely no desire to give any one the idea that war with Japan is a laughing matter or that it would be foolish to compromise with the Japanese government. Far from it! I consider the extremely pacific—and often apparently too conciliatory—policy of the Soviet government toward Japan to be fundamentally correct. But it takes two sides to keep the peace, and a policy directed toward peace must be based on a realistic appraisal of forces. This is especially true because the world has been so hypnotized by the myth of Japanese invincibility that the myth is itself becoming very dangerous. It must be destroyed in the interest of peace.

At the beginning of the century the puffed-up self-confidence of the political clique at St. Petersburg gave rise to a military class. The mood of Japan's ruling circles reminds me exactly of the mood of the Czarist bureaucracy on the eve of the Russo-Japanese War.

The Mikado's statesmen should remember what happened, and avoid the risks of war and revolution toward which they—like the Czars—are steering their empire.

For modern Japan lacks the social experience with which to survive external disaster.

The Japanese epoch of reorganization which began in 1868—shortly after the epoch of reforms in Russia and the American Civil War—was simply a reflex of the instinct of self-preservation on the part of the ruling classes. It was not a middle-class revolution; it was a bureaucratic attempt to buy off such a revolution.

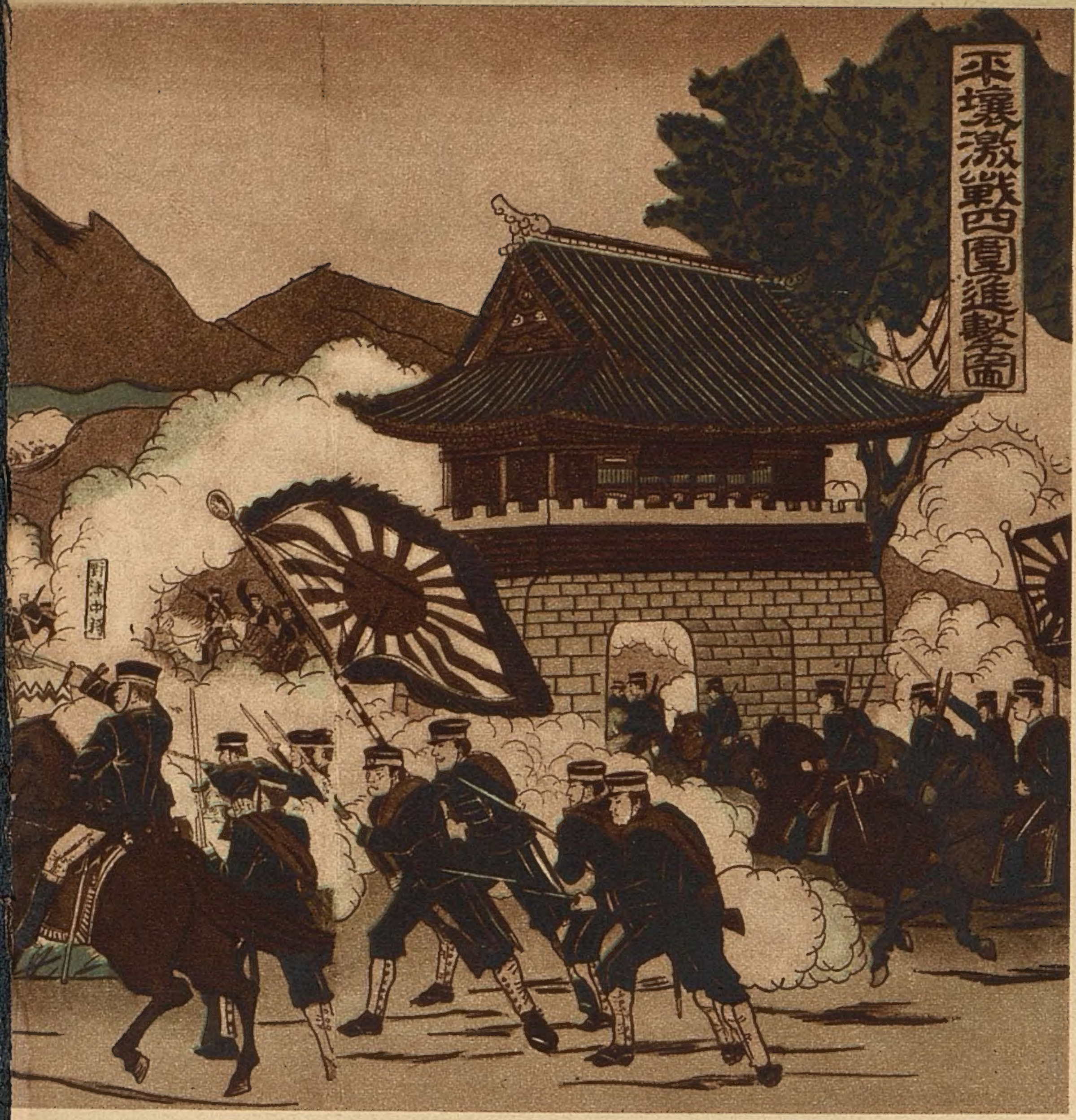
Even backward Russia took three centuries to pass from the end of feudal isolation to the first liberal reforms of Alexander II. Japan's so-called Era of the Emperor Meiji included in a few decades the basic traits of these great epochs in Russia's development. While chasing after the practical achievements of the most modern technology—especially military technology—Japan still remained with medieval ideas. This hasty mixture of Edison with Buddha and Shintoism has put its mark on all Japanese culture.

I AM not here subscribing to the nonsensical belief that the Japanese are "by nature" capable only of imitation and not of independent creation. This belief does not even deserve to be contradicted. Every new nation, like every young artisan, writer, or artist, begins by imitating: it is a form of schooling. Today, however, experimental imitation characterizes all spheres of Japan's intellectual life. The strength of her statesmen lies in a cynical realism along with an extreme poverty of generalized ideas. This strength is also their weakness: they have absolutely no understanding of the laws which govern the development of modern nations, including Japan.

The Tanaka program of conquest is amazing largely because it combines real vision as regards practical opportunities with total blindness as regards world history. Taking the imaginary "testament" of the Emperor Meiji as moral basis for a "sacred" program of conquests, Tanaka views the further development of mankind as a widening spiral of Japanese annexations. To achieve Tanaka's aims, General Araki relies on the moral principles of Shintoism, the religion of the Mikado. While, under peculiarly favorable conditions, a people with such spiritual ideas were able to achieve extraordinary success, those ideas are no less capable now of plunging Japan into the abyss.

Not a single one of the contemporary nations took form without a revolution, even a series of revolutions. Modern Japan has behind it no religious reformation, no period of enlightenment, no middle-class revolution, no training in democracy. Up to a certain point Japan's military dictatorship gave great advantage to Japan's infant industries. But today the mighty remains of Japanese feudalism have become a terrible brake on the development of the country.

The feudal bondage of the Japanese peasants has been not only preserved intact but monstrously increased under demands of the market and the Treasury. Japan's peasant farmers pay their landlords about three fourths of a billion yen ($375,000,000 gold at par) a year. Why, the Russian peasantry under the Czars, two and one half



Ping-yang, Korea, in 1894. From a Japanese print.

times as numerous, paid their landlords less than half a billion rubles ($250,000,000 gold) a year, and this tribute proved enough to arouse the Russian muzhiks in the world's greatest farm revolution!

MOREOVER, the customs of the Middle Ages are carried over from the farm into industry, producing a working day of eleven to twelve hours, barracks for the workers, paupers' pay, and slavish dependence on the employer. All Japan's social relations are soaked with the spirit of the Middle Ages. Enough to say that in Japan the caste of pariahs has been preserved to this very day.

As a result of historical conditions and forces, the Japanese middle classes have adopted aggressive foreign policies before cutting the knot of medieval serfdom. In this lies Japan's greatest danger: her structure of military power is erected over a social volcano. Furthermore, her empire has been erected over a political volcano. In the collapse of Czardom—and the Mikado's counselors had better study how this happened—the oppressed nationalities, which composed 53 per cent of the population of pre-war Russia, played an enormous part. The political unity of the Japanese islands would be Japan's greatest advantage if her business system and her army were not entirely dependent on Formosa, Korea, and Manchuria. Counting Manchuria, there are today almost fifty million oppressed Koreans and Chinese to the sixty-five million Japanese. This mighty reservoir of political revolution will become especially dangerous to Japan in time of war.

The strikes of tenant farmers, agrarian terrorism, the tendency of the peasants to join forces with the workers—all these are the unmistakable portents of social revolution. And the intellectuals, from whom the public officials and the army officers are recruited, are dissatisfied. In all schools and universities there are branches of illegal political societies. The middle classes resent the power of the war lords upon whom they depend. The generals snarl at their capitalistic associates. Everybody is dissatisfied with everybody else.

The professional army officers are trying to patch things over by seeking ties with the mutinous farmers under slogans borrowed from Hitler's Nazis. But these alliances are unreal and will not last. The farmers are steering forward to a farm revolution. If war should come, the professional army officers will be swamped by a mass of officers recruited from the educated classes; and from these will come revolutionary leaders for the farmers and for the army itself.

What is true of the Japanese army will be even truer of their navy. I need only mention that the Russian revolutions of 1905 and 1917 and the German revolution of 1918 began with naval mutinies.

Imperial Japan is headed toward the abyss:

Japan is economically weaker than either Russia or America, her possible enemies in a major war.

Japanese industry is incapable of assuring an army of several millions of arms and military supplies for a war of several years.

The Japanese financial system cannot support the burden of military armaments even in time of peace.

The Japanese soldier, as a whole, isn't good enough for the new technology and the new tactics of modern war.

The Japanese people are strongly hostile to the government. The disunited nation could not be united by the aims of conquest. Hundreds of thousands of real or possible revolutionists would flow into the army with mobilization. Korea, Manchuria, and China would reveal in action their bitter hatred of the Japanese yoke.

War would pave the way for revolution.

I have said nothing of the qualities of the Red army as compared with Japan's; but it is important to remember, in connection with revolution, that the Red army would have a great superiority in morale.

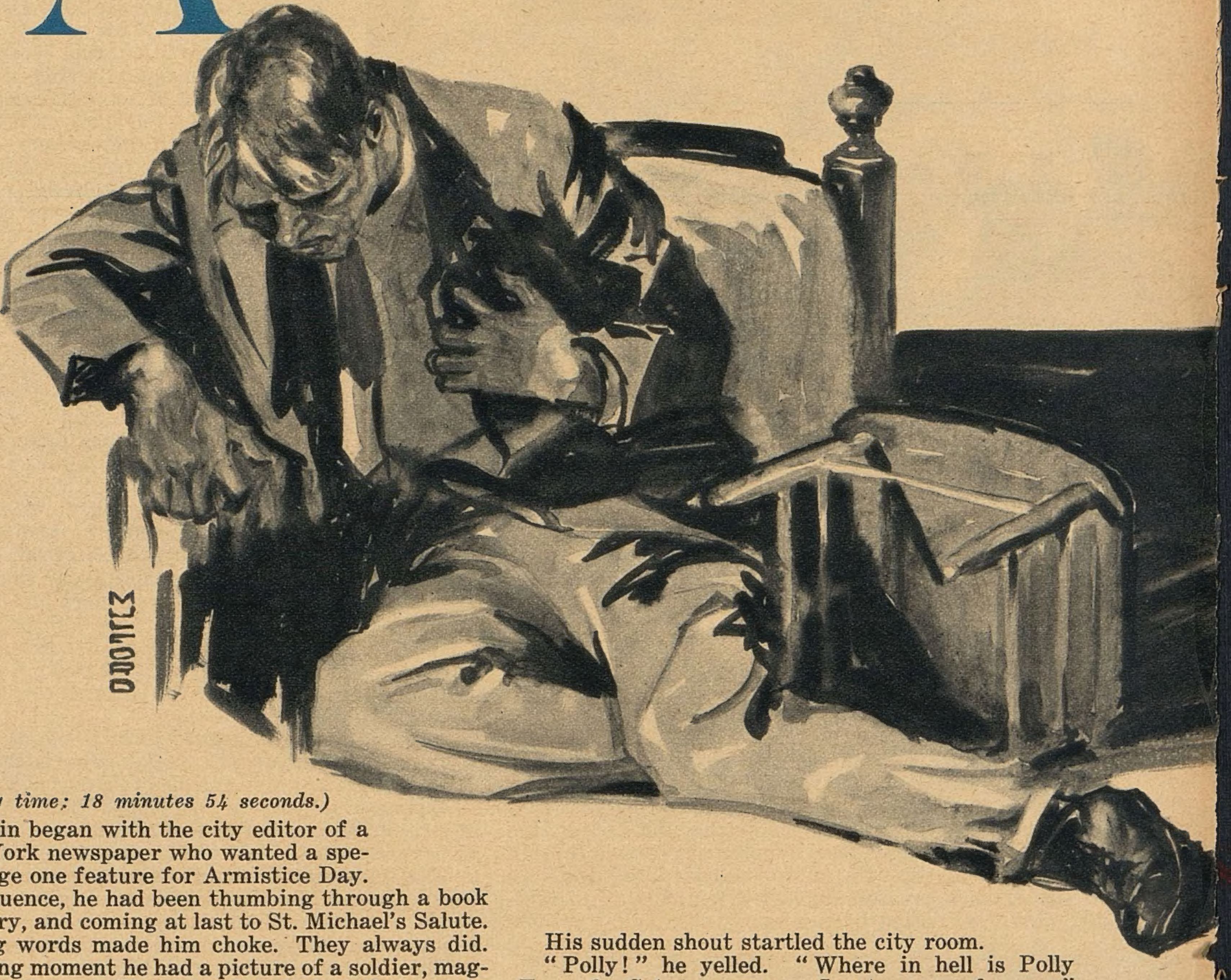
In the interests of both the Russian and the Japanese peoples, and of civilization as a whole, let us hope that the Japanese imperialists will not tempt fate.

THE END

Acme photo

Modern Japan as "a hasty mixture of Edison with Buddha and Shintoism": Shinto priests blessing a monster war plane built by popular donations.

What Price Armistice?



(Reading time: 18 minutes 54 seconds.)

THE chain began with the city editor of a New York newspaper who wanted a special page one feature for Armistice Day.

In consequence, he had been thumbing through a book of war poetry, and coming at last to St. Michael's Salute. The ringing words made him choke. They always did. For a flashing moment he had a picture of a soldier, magnificent, dauntless, smiling, at salute before the captain of the heavenly host. He saw the flaming sword and the glittering armor and the olive drab of the doughboy's uniform.

The soldier was Gary Sheridan.

The vision vanished. The city editor, his face crumpled like an old map, found himself staring across the low, dirty city room at a battered desk and a disreputable typewriter.

That had been Gary Sheridan's desk and probably, considering that the paper hadn't bought a new one in twenty years, Gary's own typewriter. Long, lean, and dark, he used to sit there, alternately cursing and grinning, writing those dynamic yarns of his.

The city editor's memory, moving upon the old trails, came naturally upon Eve.

Instantly the thing clicked. *There* was an Armistice Day story.

What had happened to Eve Sheridan?

His sudden shout startled the city room.

"Polly!" he yelled. "Where in hell is Polly Tynan? Get a move on. I got a yarn for you."

The train wended its leisurely way through the autumn glory of Connecticut. Polly Tynan sat blinking placidly in the warm sunshine. Many people had been deceived by Polly's placid blinking. A big woman, who seemed always on the verge of dozing off, even in the middle of a murder trial. As a reporter, no woman and few men in New York could equal her.

Beneath her sleepy exterior Polly was deeply stirred. She was going, after fifteen years, to see Eve Sheridan.

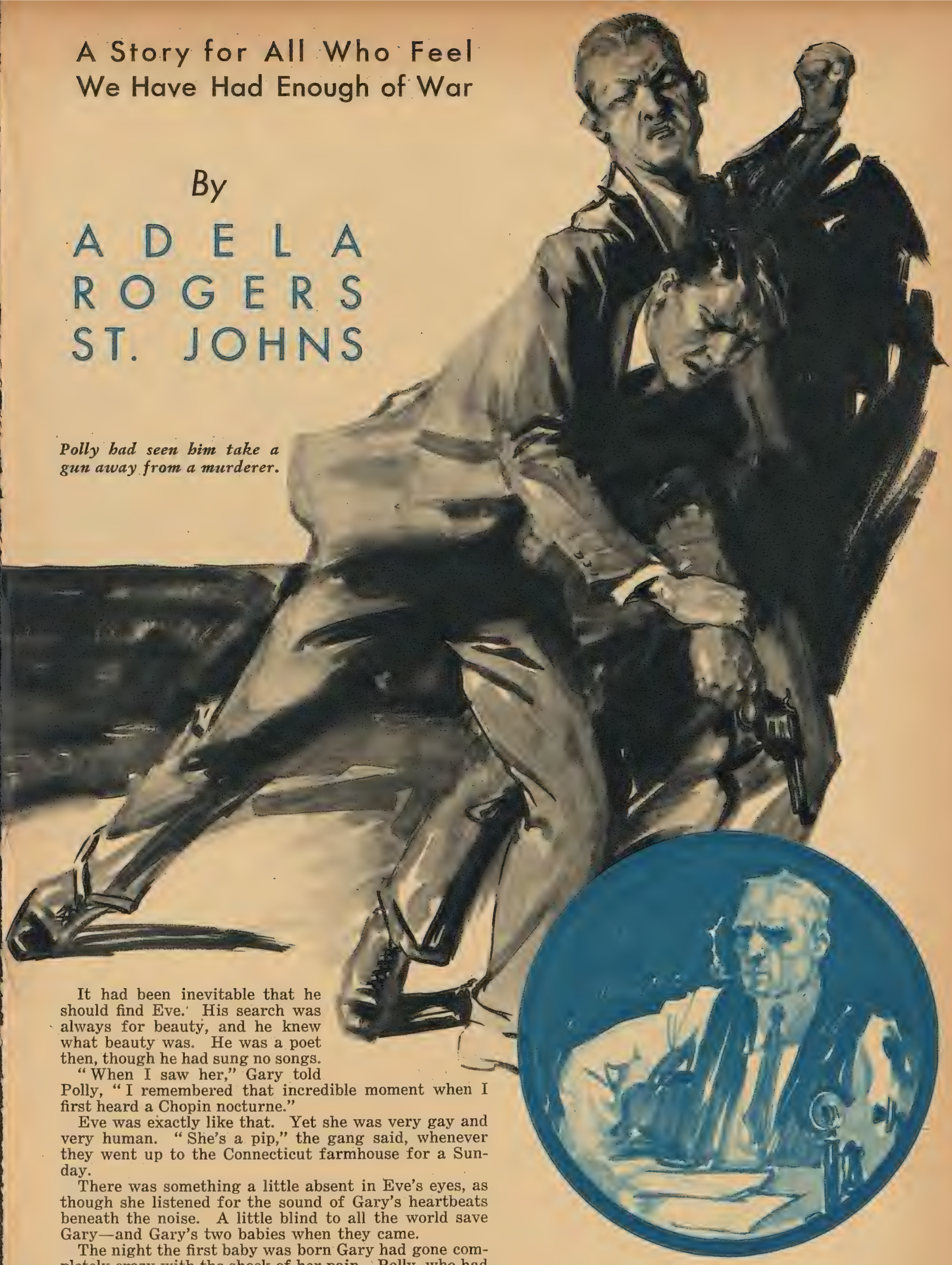
It seemed impossible that she had not gone before. But, somehow, she had not been able to bear it. The years had never dimmed Gary Sheridan. Lost in that grave upon a French hillside he was more real to her than the hectic world which moved about her.

Even Gary had never dreamed that from the first day he walked into the city room the wells of her being had been filled with his image. For Gary there had never been any one but Eve.

A Story for All Who Feel We Have Had Enough of War

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Polly had seen him take a gun away from a murderer.

It had been inevitable that he should find Eve. His search was always for beauty, and he knew what beauty was. He was a poet then, though he had sung no songs.

"When I saw her," Gary told Polly, "I remembered that incredible moment when I first heard a Chopin nocturne."

Eve was exactly like that. Yet she was very gay and very human. "She's a pip," the gang said, whenever they went up to the Connecticut farmhouse for a Sunday.

There was something a little absent in Eve's eyes, as though she listened for the sound of Gary's heartbeats beneath the noise. A little blind to all the world save Gary—and Gary's two babies when they came.

The night the first baby was born Gary had gone completely crazy with the shock of her pain. Polly, who had seen him take a gun away from a murderer, did her best to stem his panic, but it was hopeless—until he understood that Eve had need of him. Then he had gone in to

Illustrations by
STOCKTON MULFORD

hold Eve's hands, his face tender and brave above the turmoil of his soul. Yet, loving her like that, he had gone to France on the second transport, an enlisted man.

The office had offered him a job as a war correspondent. "Not much," he said. "This is a real war, boys and girls, and I'm going to be in it up to my hips. No fluffing around with a typewriter."

Polly Tynan didn't need to open the book of his poems in her lap to remember why he had gone. He had set it down himself, in words the world quoted:

Love waits upon the great adventure,
For love, triumphant, deathless,
Can afford to wait.
Adventure's bugles, breathless,
Cry, "Come now, before it is too late!"

Lines she thought she had forgotten went through Polly's head.

And that final promise, "I shall come back when France once more is free."

She had waited, his beloved Eve. But he had not come back.

A telegram from the War Office wrote finis to Gary Sheridan and his songs. "Sergeant Gary Sheridan, killed in action."

She had intended to go immediately. Then, over the telephone, a crisp, medical voice informed her that Mrs. Sheridan was much too ill to see any one. They feared for her life and for that other life which Gary, unknowing, had left behind him.

Later came a letter in a cramped old hand, which said: "Eve doesn't know any one. We are all strangers to her. She doesn't remember that Gary is dead and she still waits for him. The doctor says her mind just stopped under the blow and that she is still living in those hours before the news came. Perhaps it is better that the baby didn't live. The doctors do not think she should see any one. She was never very strong, and now—"

Gary's mother had written that.

FIFTEEN years ago. The papers had made much of it, for Gary's poems were just sweeping the country, in its flush of magnificent victories, of final triumph, of excited home-comings. They called her "the woman who waits." Then they forgot her. There were so many more important things.

Polly Tynan had not forgotten. Eve's love story, in some vicarious way, had been almost her own, the nearest she had come to possessing a great love. She did not want to see Eve Sheridan.

Now she was going to see her.

The taxi stopped before a white gate in an ancient stone fence. Polly Tynan told the driver to wait, and started up the graveled walk.

Then, just before her, she saw a slim young girl in blue-denim overalls and a faded scarlet sweater.

How like Eve she was—this girl!

As she came forward, Polly saw that she was Gary's daughter too. Not in looks, but in the way she moved, the way she held her head, the expression of her fine lips. Heartbreakingly it was like Eve imitating Gary.

The girl stopped and stood leaning on the long spade. "Were you looking for some one?" she said quietly. And the voice was Gary's, rich and low and full of color.

For a moment Polly Tynan stood dumb. Then she smiled her vague, disarming smile.

"I think I must be looking for you," she said, in her pleasant voice. "You are—Miss Sheridan, aren't you?"

The girl did not smile. "Yes, I'm Mary Sheridan."

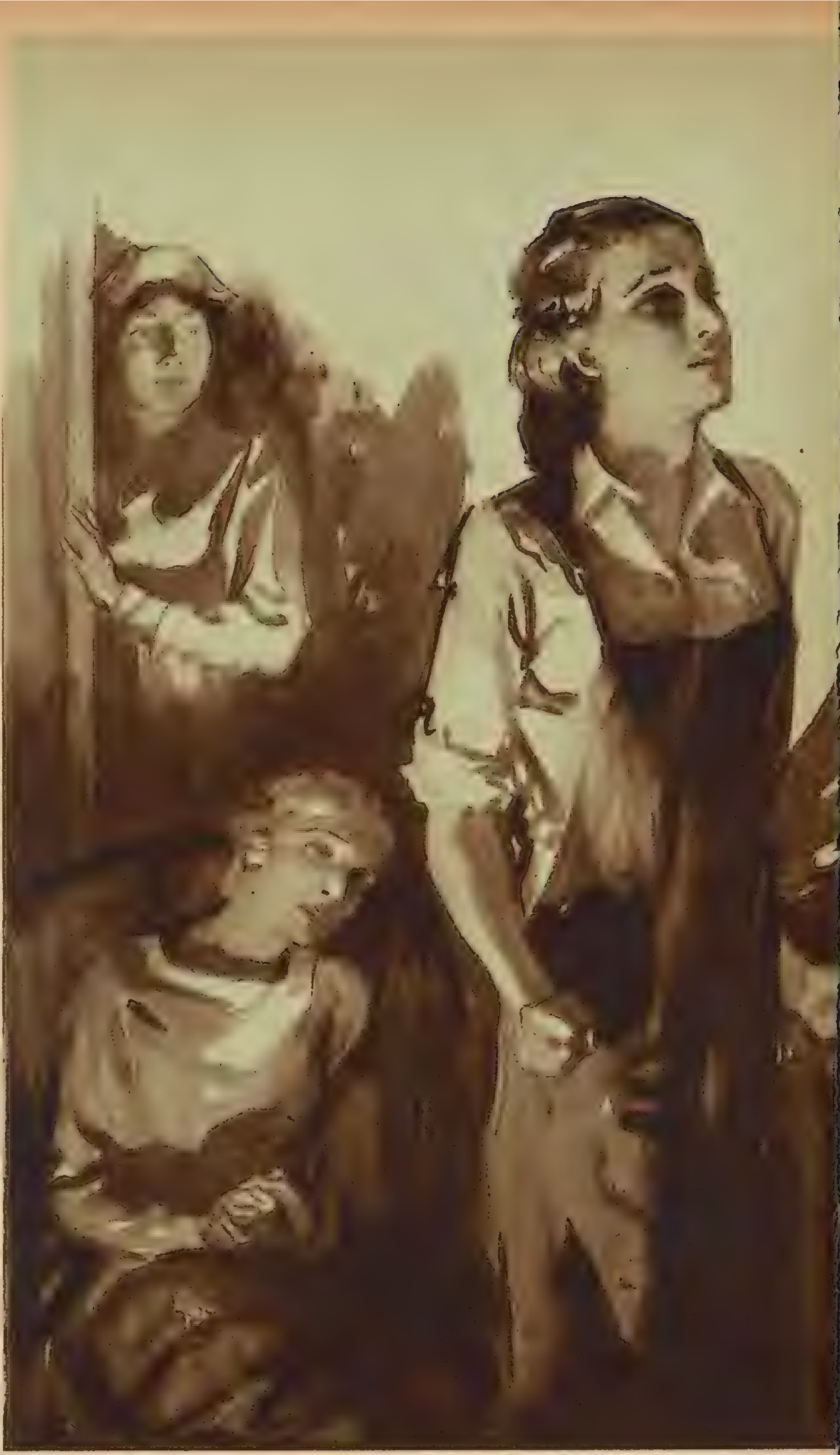
Mary. That had, she remembered, been Gary's choice. And the boy, who had been such a funny little tumbler when Gary went to France—what was his name? Gary, it came back to her, had called him Winkie.

"I'm Polly Tynan," said the woman, wondering if that name meant anything to Gary Sheridan's daughter.

Plainly it did. The girl held out her hand with a quick, shy gesture. "You used to be a friend of my father's," she said.

"I saw you first about ten minutes after you were born," Polly said gently.

The girl chuckled, and looked younger, less remote.



Gary's daughter leaped between them.

"I bet I was something to look at," she said. Her eyes went again to the house, which lay motionless and silent in the autumn sunshine. She said, "Maybe we'd better sit down out here."

There was a bench under an enormous maple tree and they sat down side by side.

"Look here," said Mary Sheridan brusquely, "did you come to see mother?"

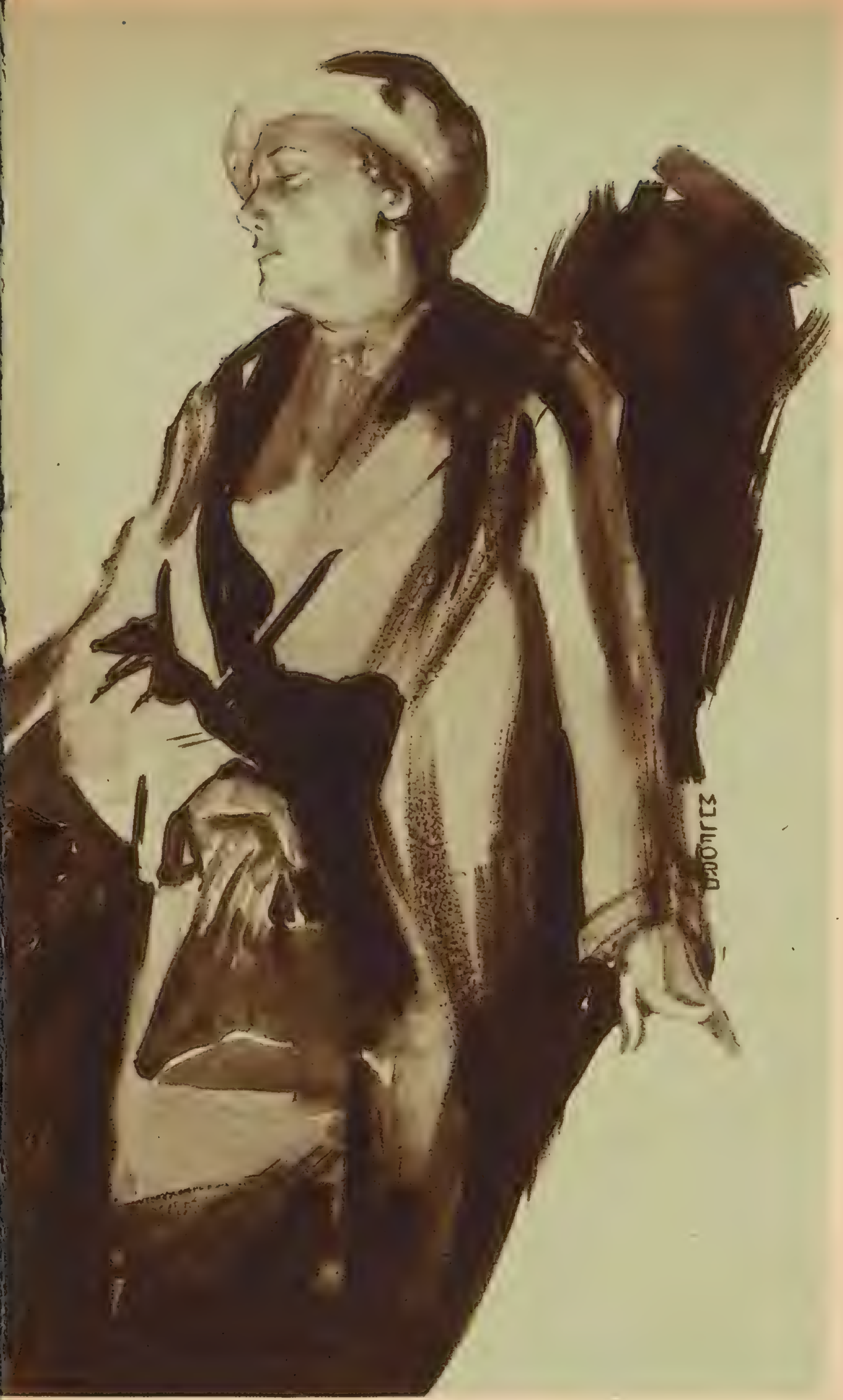
Polly Tynan nodded.

"You've never come before in all these years," said the girl.

"It's hard to explain," said Polly slowly. "You see, I knew your father and mother very well. Your father and I worked on the same paper for years. I used to come here often, and I was very fond of them both. Somehow—"

"Yes," said Gary's daughter, "it must have been different when you came before. Now—there's not much left, is there? Ghosts, that's all. They must have been pretty swell. What a lot of things they believed in." Suddenly she laughed and, looking at Polly Tynan with bright mocking eyes, she quoted, "'Ah, France, and will we deny you in your hour of agony, Mother of Swords?'"

Sharply Polly Tynan said, "Don't."



But the young voice was gentle, steady.

"What made you come now?" said Mary Sheridan after a moment.

It was impossible to tell this girl she had come for a story. Polly said, "I don't quite know. Armistice Day"—she touched the slender volume, still in her hand—"and I had been reading his poems."

The girl's eyes rested upon the book, bright and unfathomable. "Do you want to see mother?" she said abruptly.

A QUESTION had to be asked, and at last Polly Tynan asked it: "How is she?"

"Just the same." The girl took a crumpled pack of cigarettes from her overalls and offered one to Polly. Then she said, "Maybe it would be better if you didn't see her. She never sees any one. She won't know you and—it might upset her."

"If she won't know me, how can it upset her?" said the newspaperwoman.

Mary Sheridan stared into space. "All right," she said; "you were—his friend."

The house was just the same. How had this girl known to keep the great copper bowl filled with bronze chrysanthemums and the old jar by the window flaming with autumn leaves? Or perhaps Eve herself— There was music open on the spinet piano. A Chopin nocturne, the one Gary had loved best. How often she had sat in this room and listened as it fell from Eve's fingers, while Gary watched her with that light in his eyes!

The door swung open. Polly Tynan stood up and closed her eyes, then forced herself to look.

But it was *Eve*. Just Eve. A little silver had been dusted over her hair. Under the soft gray dress the figure was slimmer than of old. Above the white collar the skin had toned to ivory instead of the remembered rose. That was all.

The blood came back to Polly's heart. She could bear this; this was Gary's Eve. Then she saw the eyes and knew if her life depended on it she could not speak. Anything, anything, except those eyes that were blank of everything except faith. The moments moved on inevitably. There was tea, and Mary Sheridan speaking in a steady quiet voice, and a thin soft voice that answered. A woman in a nurse's uniform stood for a moment in the doorway. Polly's own voice saying senseless things about the birch trees in their autumn dress.

This was Eve, yet Eve did not know her, and her soft thin voice said empty things. Nothing in all her strange career had ever been so strange to Polly as this blankness that surrounded them. Those letters, so worn and faded, which Gary's wife wore in a soft bag at her belt. The glow of the fire. And the rain that had begun to fall, shutting them within a gray mist.

And a woman, a woman who had been Eve Sheridan, a woman Gary had loved, sat there alone in a world that did not exist, clinging to a hope that was as dead as the man for whom she waited.

The wife Gary had worshiped, a frail ghost seeking piteously for the dead among the living.

POLLY TYNAN'S soul rebelled. Her own great love of life, life and more life, which had kept her always in the thick of the world's fray, clamored against this death in life. There must be some way, some way out.

The girl had gone to the piano and the soft strains of the Chopin nocturne filled the room.

The placid mask dropped and beneath it showed Polly Tynan's fighting face. The sleepy eyes were wide open, compelling, as they sought the blank gaze of the other woman.

"Eve," she said, and her voice vibrated. "Eve, look at me."

Eve Sheridan quivered and looked up quickly. The frail hands ceased to turn those worn letters.

"Eve," said Polly Tynan, "you know me. It's Polly. It's Polly. You remember. Gary would want you to remember."

The gray eyes were pitiful with struggle.

"Eve," said Polly Tynan, "you must remember the days before Gary went to France. It's Polly, Polly, who was your friend and Gary's, come to bring you back, to tell you—"

A thin high scream cut the music. "Polly!" said Eve Sheridan, "Oh, no—no! Oh, where is Gary? What is it? I can't—I can't—"

The music ended with a crash. Gary's daughter leaped between them. Polly had a flash of a white face as Mary bent above the trembling figure in the low chair. But the young voice was gentle, steady.

"It's all right, darling. It's all right. Be quiet, dear. See, I'm here. Come now, come, darling."

The figure in its white nurse's uniform was in the doorway. There was a moment of swift movement, one glimpse of gray eyes upon which the veil had fallen again, and Eve Sheridan was gone.

Polly Tynan and Gary Sheridan's daughter faced each other. "She remembered me," said Polly Tynan, "she remembered me. If you hadn't sent her away—"

"Get out of here," said Mary Sheridan very low, "get out and don't come back."

Polly Tynan did not move. There was something massive, threatening, granite-like about her. She said, "If you had let her alone, she would have remembered more. I could have brought it back to her. You have no right, no right. Don't you want her to remember? Don't you want her to be herself again?"

The girl's forehead was wet with sweat. A pulse beat in her thin young cheek.

"It's not your business," she said. "You left her alone for fifteen years. She doesn't belong to you."

"I left her for fifteen years," said Polly Tynan steadily, "but I'm not going to leave her now. She has a right, a *right* to her life. You don't know what you're doing. I don't understand you."

Mary Sheridan said, "No? No? Wait a minute."

She went across the room in a long stride and picked up the worn letter that had fallen at Eve's feet.

"You want to bring her back?" she said harshly. "You want her to remember?"

She began to read, and Polly Tynan was motionless as that young voice so like Gary's read the words he had written:

> "Don't pity me for being here. This is not a pretty war, though beside me is the bright face of danger and above me the great war birds fly and at night the heavens are illumined with star shells. But I am doing work that you may be proud of, and I love it because we are fighting to save France. I have always loved her, but now that I have seen her children kneeling to pray in their war-torn churches and have fought beside her sons, I love her more. When I see the love upon the faces of her people as our beautiful flag goes by—it is a beautiful flag, Eve, and now we rejoice to say it—I feel that France is my second mother.
>
> "I am fighting, wife of mine—"

The young voice broke and Polly Tynan took a step forward. But the girl lifted a thin hand and went on, never raising her eyes.

> "I am fighting side by side with the Irish who sired my sires, with the English whom Kipling has made my brothers. And, in the end, we shall bring you peace for all lands and all times. For if beauty is to continue upon the earth there must be peace. Nothing, *nothing*, can justify this slaughter except that great purpose which upholds us now—to end all wars.
>
> "It is not easy to be away from you and your adorable babies."

Polly Tynan interrupted her then. "Must you go on with that?" she said.

Mary Sheridan lifted her eyes. "You listen," she said.

> "But you are very close to me, and since without your selfless courage I should not be here, you have your part in this great struggle, from whose ashes shall arise a covenant which will bind all nations of the world into one nation. The blood shed here shall cleanse the heart of humanity and—do you know, dear one, that sometimes this mad Irishman whom you have honored with your love actually sees Saint Michael standing to salute with his flaming sword the sons of France and those of us who are now their brothers? Then I know that the heavenly host are with us and that we fight beneath the banner of the Prince of Peace. So that, if I should not come back, my heart, you will be comforted always when you look upon the brotherhood of man and know that we, who are one, had our little part in bringing it to pass.
>
> "Kiss my funny babies. I love them and I have never loved you so much."

"GARY—Gary—"

Polly's heart cried out in the silence. She had forgotten that men were swept by such glory. She had forgotten those gay and gallant young men who secretly wore their khaki as silver and their bayonets as swords. Thousands of them had marched before her down Fifth Avenue and in many hearts there must have been such dreams.

The girl's voice broke in upon her. "You see, you hadn't read his letters from France. I've read them. Do you still want her to remember?"

She folded the letter carefully, though her hands shook. There was an edged smile on her lips.

"I suppose you'd like her to know about the Bonus Army? It would be nice, wouldn't it, if she could read that France, *France*, has refused to pay her just debt to the men who fought beside her sons?"

She struck her hands together. "It's a nice world we'd have to show her, isn't it? Full of the brotherhood of man!"

Polly Tynan steadied herself with a terrible effort. She said, "I understand how you feel. But you're wrong. You're very young, but some day you'll know that even pain is beautiful because it's life, and, Mary, our souls cry out for life, for the chance to grow, to struggle out of darkness, for love with all its agonies, rather than for oblivion. She was a brave woman. It is her right to be brave again."

Harshly the girl said, "You want her to know that we lost him for nothing?"

Suddenly she was weeping in young, bitter anguish. "I've needed him all my life," said Gary Sheridan's daughter, "but I wouldn't whimper if it had come true." Her hands were twining against her breasts as though they pained her. "They loved each other so. I wouldn't bring her back to see his grave and know, what we all know now, that if it hadn't been for greed and hatred and mistakes, he need never have gone at all."

"Even then," said Polly Tynan, "I believe it is what she would want. It's her right to—to take up the torch and go on with the fight for peace with all the other women who feel as you do. She's lost a great deal, but you've taken away even her motherhood.

"She loved you and the boy so much. You haven't any right to rob her of that. I can't let you do that—I won't!"

She moved forward. Flaming, the girl stood between her and the door behind which, somewhere, was Eve—waiting.

"OH, you've remembered the boy at last, have you?" Her voice shook. "And you'd bring her back to see Gary Sheridan's son go forth to war?"

There was a shout somewhere and the front door banged open and they turned, startled.

The boy was tall and awkward in his slacks and sweater. And he was Gary, as Gary must have been at seventeen.

Polly thought, "'And I saw Saint Michael standing there.'"

Yes, this boy, too, would see Saint Michael.

He came forward, shy and puzzled, but the girl ignored him except to throw one arm around his shoulders.

"The flags and the bands wouldn't fool her this time," she said; "there wouldn't be any beautiful dreams to wrap around her soul. There aren't any splendid promises, any magnificent sacrifices for peace that she'd believe. Can you promise me there won't be any more wars for her to see? Dare you promise me?"

As she went slowly down the path to her waiting taxi, Polly Tynan's heart beat heavily, so that she felt a little sick. She had been defeated. If Gary had been given the choice, or Eve herself—but it was Gary's daughter, looking with bitter, terrified young eyes upon the only world she had ever known.

Perhaps, after all, it was better to wait until Gary, standing beside Saint Michael, could tell his beloved the tale of those lost years and prove to her that there is nothing to fear since love, in truth, is deathless. Just now, Polly herself did not feel equal to the task.

"Get a yarn?" said the city editor. And as Polly shook her head, "What in hell's the matter with you? You look like you'd been on a bat for a week."

"There wasn't any story there," said Polly Tynan.

"It was a natural," said the city editor bitterly. "Can't you even fake a sob story?"

"No," said Polly Tynan.

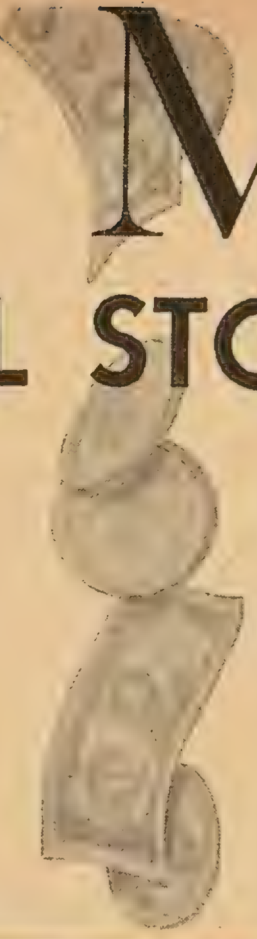
"Hell," said the city editor. "I gotta have some kind of a feature for Armistice Day. I never thought you'd flop on me. Well, I guess I'll run In Flanders Fields again, with a nice floral border and some flags around it. That always gets 'em."

He went out toward the composing room, muttering intently under his breath, "'To you from failing hands we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high.'" He stumbled on the doorsill, swore, said, "What in hell's the next line? 'If ye break faith with us who die, we shall not sleep—'"

THE END

Sucker Money!

The FAKE OIL STOCK RACKET



Being the Confessions of One Who Knows Whereof He Speaks

By EDWARD M. LADD

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

FOR thirteen years I lived on sucker money. Suckers paid for my home, they paid for automobiles, blooded horses, a fine library, liquors that titillated a palate never very prohibitionist, and permitted me to hand out hospitality in a style I never have quite attained since.

Sucker money is easy money, and easy money is fun to spend.

I lived in a Southwestern city that sucker money helped to build. In the heyday of oil-stock selling—the period from 1919 to 1929—promoters with diamond-studded watches and silk underwear made that town their stamping ground. They moved into expensive office buildings, established luxurious suites, and took the old town to their hearts. They flooded the mails with high-powered prospectuses about oil wells flowing liquid gold and fired potent letters at a nation of suckers so fast their heads swam. A thousand dollars for five! Two thousand for ten! And the money came in.

It came in so fast the promoters themselves were astonished. It came so fast that, between the suckers and the oil men, the federal government had to build an annex to the little red post office to take care of the mail.

Plenty of money hit town. Some said $50,000,000 a year. And every penny of it came from the suckers—the mooches—the guys who believed a man could "guarantee an oil well."

During that time I helped to plan, organize, and carry out the schemes to get the public's money in exchange for generally worthless oil-stock certificates.

I guess my conscience ought to hurt me, but it doesn't. And it shouldn't. Sucker money is sucker money. It's different from other kinds of money. Taking money from the mooches is not taking bread from the mouths of widows and orphans. It's taking something that a sap is itching to give away. If he hadn't given it to me he would have handed it over to somebody else.

The only thing that hurts me is that Uncle Sam--who generally manages to get around about the time the pickings get good—messed up my playhouse, almost sent me to the penitentiary, and wound up by suspending a formidable prison sentence on condition that I would dissociate myself entirely from oil promoters.

But in those thirteen years of rapid-fire promotional activities I learned a lot of things about oil wells and suckers, and easy—oh, such easy—money.

I learned the strength and weakness of our guardians of the mails. I have an excellent mental picture of the promoter and why he will, in face of drastic laws, persist in promoting wildcat oil schemes.

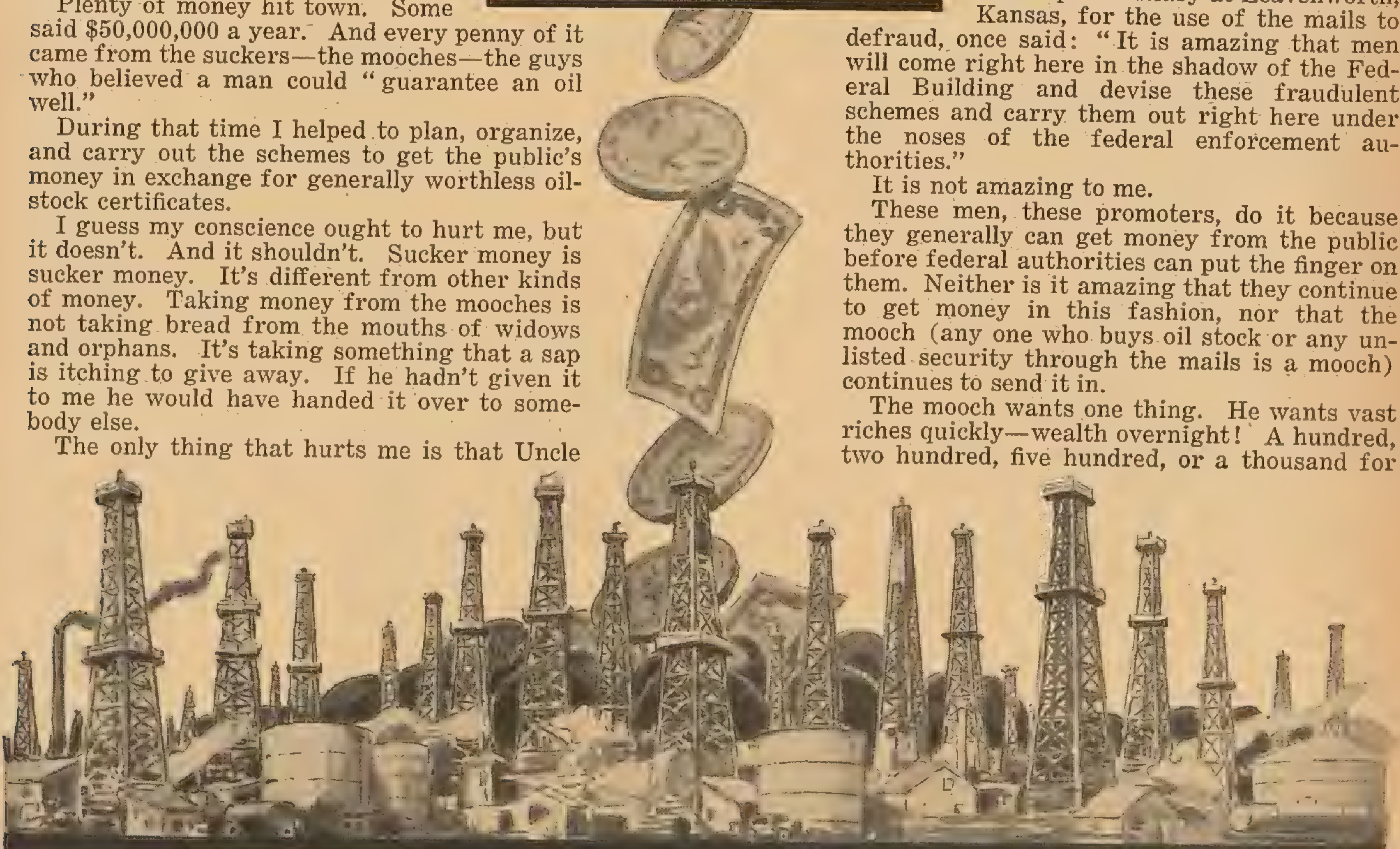
It may surprise some people to learn that a large number of oil offerings still operating in the city where I did have never paid a dividend in the six or seven years they have been mulcting the public of a portion of the millions that are annually sent in. Why people continue to buy seems nothing short of idiotic; why men continue to promote worthless oil companies with the eyes of the postal inspectors continually upon them may seem to some foolhardy.

A federal judge, in passing a sentence of imprisonment in the United States penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kansas, for the use of the mails to defraud, once said: "It is amazing that men will come right here in the shadow of the Federal Building and devise these fraudulent schemes and carry them out right here under the noses of the federal enforcement authorities."

It is not amazing to me.

These men, these promoters, do it because they generally can get money from the public before federal authorities can put the finger on them. Neither is it amazing that they continue to get money in this fashion, nor that the mooch (any one who buys oil stock or any unlisted security through the mails is a mooch) continues to send it in.

The mooch wants one thing. He wants vast riches quickly—wealth overnight! A hundred, two hundred, five hundred, or a thousand for



one. Money by the fistful. Something for nothing!

When I lived on sucker money, I wrote high-powered letters to the mooch. I designed folders, helped to make the "rubber" maps, drawn so that the promoter's "oil well" appeared to be but a few feet from a gusher, and otherwise managed to extract from the suckers of this and other countries hundreds of thousands of dollars.

An oil promoter who once engaged me to write his "copy" for him told me not to fail to "tell them that I am going to make them rich. Whatever you tell them, tell them that," he said.

And I did—long and often. I used the word "riches" until it sickened me. I put it in capital letters. I put it in small letters. I put dashes between the letters, underscored them, placed exclamation points behind and exclamation points in front. And "riches" never failed me. That one word has brought more money to that town than any other word in the English language.

Of the two, the mooches are greedier than the promoters. Between them they make business for the Post Office Department. Mooches are everywhere. Usually they are people past fifty, people whose ships have not come in, whose dreams of wealth have not materialized —people who, in a final desperate stroke, seek to become wealthy overnight. They *want* to believe what the promoter writes them. And they *do* believe.

I have read letters from mooches who admitted they were inclosing their last ten dollars. Such cases are not infrequent; and the promoter, not without pity of a sort, often returns the money. And then the mooch is quite likely to turn around and send his money to another promoter. I have seen it happen frequently.

For this and various other reasons the promoter soon discovers pity has no place in his business. And he looks upon the mooch as legitimate prey.

"If I don't take his money," he tells himself, "the guy across the hall will." And thus he clears his conscience.

The names and addresses of mooches are obtained from answers to advertisements in oil papers and from lists of stockholders in other enterprises. There are a number of firms that make a business of selling stockholders' lists.

At one time in the town where I lived and worked thirty-four weekly oil newspapers were printed and mailed out to every state in the Union, going into millions of homes, spreading the message of—riches!

One promoter mailed in one day a half million copies of one publication alone, with a half million letters addressed to the same persons as a follow-up.

The front page of that paper told the story of a gusher strike. Inside was the promoter's advertisement. The letter contained the sales talk and the twist or presentation of the offering. This twist is most important. It is called the "angle." The "poor-boy angle" was used during the East Texas oil boom two years ago. This is how it was worked:

YOU got a letter from a "poor driller" or a "roughneck" who had worked for years for the other fellow. Now he had a chance to make a million or two for himself and his friends. He knew where he could get a lease or he had one partly paid for, and a well close by had come in. He needed money to drill his well. He was a poor boy but an honest one, who would share his good fortune with you. He would cut you in on the deal. He would let you have a few interests, and together he, you, and others would ride to fortune.

I received two hundred dollars once for a "poor-boy" letter that is said to have brought in $128,000 on one deal. The mooch in that case imagined: "Here is a poor boy—not a promoter, but a fellow that knows the oil business. Here is a chance for riches." That is exactly what the promoter wanted him to imagine.

Millions of names are on file in various promoters' offices. Death annually takes its toll of the mooches. Therefore new names and new "stockies" are needed, and many are the plans used by promoters to obtain these names. Telephone directories are perused. Towns and cities are selected which have increasing bank clearings and busy factories.

The promoter then uses an "inquiry getter." It is just a post card with a return card attached, suggesting that if the addressee would like to have full details of a golden opportunity to make money, these details will be sent at once. No obligations, of course. Merely sign and mail the attached card.

There is a mooch in the making the instant he signs his name to the card. Then the promoter sends out a barrage of mail.

"Once a mooch, always a mooch," quotes the seasoned promoter, and that is true.

For the mooch becomes inoculated with the disease of buying oil stock. He feels, though he loses three or four times, that he can make it back in just one big grand killing. Like the fellow in the crap game, he is so much in and can't afford to quit. Yet the cards are usually stacked against him. The mooch never suspects that it is impossible to beat a man at his own game.

"Make your money where you lost it" is a phrase that the promoter uses in his letters after he has drilled a dry hole and is offering another deal. And the mooch generally hearkens unto the call.

THE copy writer who writes a dry-hole letter which must resell the list on a new deal must be an artist. He must read and study carefully the mass of correspondence that has flooded the office in the several weeks prior to the end of the campaign.

Sometimes the dry-hole letter is short and to the point, with an underlying note of optimism for the future. Other times it is a lengthy epistle that quotes perhaps from Kipling's If, or from the great Persian poet, or uses a mere wall motto such as "The man who never makes a mistake never does anything else." Personally, I have always preferred this version of two lines from If: "If you can bear to see the things you gave your life to broken, and stoop and build them up with worn-out tools—" It seldom failed to jerk a tear or pull a heart string—and a purse string.

There must be romance in that dry hole. There may be tears shed, but before the closing phrases are reached you may be sure the promoter has buckled on his shield and armor, tightened his belt, sallied forth for new fields to conquer, and shortly "may be in a position to announce to you my new play whereby I feel that our former losses will be offset and the golden horn of plenty will pour into our very laps those riches that we so rightly deserve."

So the mooch waits, convinced that the promoter is getting ready this time to drill a gusher well that will pay millions. Again and again that mooch tumbles. Only death or abject poverty can stop him, and I am carrying now a watch which a mooch sent in to exchange for stock because he had no more money.

In the vocabulary of a copy writer are a few words which are indispensable: "should," "would," "might," "maybe," "perhaps." They alone will never convict a man. But many a promoter has been sent to prison on copy that contained the words "will," "can," and "is."

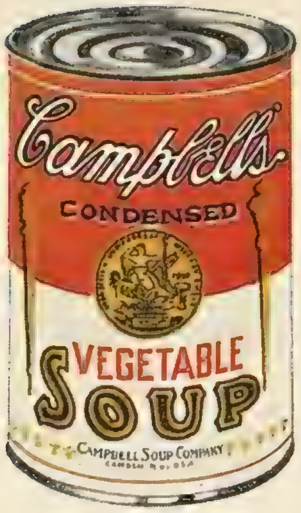
"You should be rich when this deal is over and the pay-off made" contains far less "heat" than "You will be rich when this is over and the pay-off is made." Attorneys employed by the promoter sometimes go over the copy to remove the heat. But sometimes when they remove the heat they also remove the angle, and without an angle the deal will refuse to budge.

In the days of the El Dorado and Smackover boom in Arkansas the angle was a guaranteed gusher and a guaranteed dividend. Dividends often were paid with money received from the sale of stocks, and gushers were made to gush by salting the well with a few hundred barrels of oil. An air compressor on the hole would force the oil high into the derrick, giving it the appearance of a gusher, at least long enough for a waiting photographer to snap a quick picture, a copy of which was mailed to the happy "stockie."

The alibi most used, after the stockholder had complained about the scarcity of dividends from these gushers, was that they had turned to salt water, a fact certainly no one could dispute. Angles today are not so crude. And the telephone is used more than formerly.

The stockie some-

(Continued on page nineteen)



It takes all of these to make *real* Vegetable Soup!

All the favorite garden vegetables in their full, rich variety are required to make the best-tasting and most nourishing Vegetable Soup. That is why you find Campbell's so exactly to your liking. The very pick of the gardens is in it—the finest vegetables that grow—fifteen of them—cooked in invigorating broth of choice beef to retain their full benefit and flavor in the soup.

A meal in itself. A luncheon splendidly wholesome, digestible and sustaining—on your table in next to no time. So delicious that it never fails to tempt your appetite, no matter how "choosy" it may be.

Only the most skillful chefs could make such good Vegetable Soup. And only the greatest soup-kitchens in the world—Campbell's—could offer you such supreme value!

It fits as snugly,
Don't you see,
As Campbell's Soup
Inside of me!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef

10 cents a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

IT'S HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT TIME AGAIN!

AND LIBERTY WILL PAY ANOTHER

$5,000

IN BIG CASH PRIZES

For the Best Entries by Amateur Photographers

GET IN ON THIS!

IF you can point a camera and snap a shutter you can win one of these substantial cash prizes. You don't even need to own a camera. Borrow one if you wish. But by all means take some Home Life Snapshots and submit them for consideration. This contest series includes ten weekly competitions and five Grand Prize awards based on the entire ten weeks' entries. You can win $100 a week. You can win a $200 cash Grand Prize. You can win one of the many other substantial awards. Will you try?

This first week's contest closes Monday, December 4, giving you ample time to get your prints developed and entered in accordance with the rules. Get busy right now on a snapshot to enter this week. Then plan ahead for next week's contest. The rules give complete information on how, when, and where to send your snapshots.

There's a winning snapshot scene somewhere about your own home. Find it, snap it, and have it bring you a Liberty cash prize. The illustrations on this page won money for their owners in last year's contest.

Pedigree or low degree, a pet is always a potential Home Life Snapshot prize winner.

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

EACH WEEK	
FIRST PRIZE.................	$100
TEN SECOND PRIZES, each $10	100
FORTY THIRD PRIZES, each $5	200
WEEKLY TOTAL.............	$400
TOTAL PRIZES FOR TEN WEEKS.....................	$4,000
GRAND PRIZES	
FIVE PRIZES, each $200.......	$1,000
TOTAL CASH PRIZES TO BE PAID.....................	$5,000

(Right) Besides winning a prize a snapshot like this is a priceless keepsake. (Below) Home life knows no financial boundaries.

HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home-life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Anyone, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specifically for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME-LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

(Continued from page sixteen)

times receives a telegram from the promoter stating that it is imperative he get in touch with him. He has important news. This puts the stockholder on pins and needles, because he has been " built up " with a series of letters describing how close the well is getting to the expected gusher depth. Usually the mooch wires the promoter his telephone number.

The promoter then has a man, schooled in his job, to telephone the stockie. This fellow works on a percentage. The telephone connection made, the confederate, representing himself as the promoter, informs the stockie in a wildly excited voice that he has great news for him.

" We have just cored a mighty fine-looking sand," he shouts into the telephone. " I think we have it. It looks to me like the biggest thing in all outdoors. Now, Mr. Mooch, I am on a deal to sell out. If I make that deal today it will mean a pay-off at once. I called you because I want you with me for everything you can possibly hold. I have you down for fifty more interests at ten dollars each. Wire me that five hundred today and I'll see that you are protected for that amount," etc., etc.

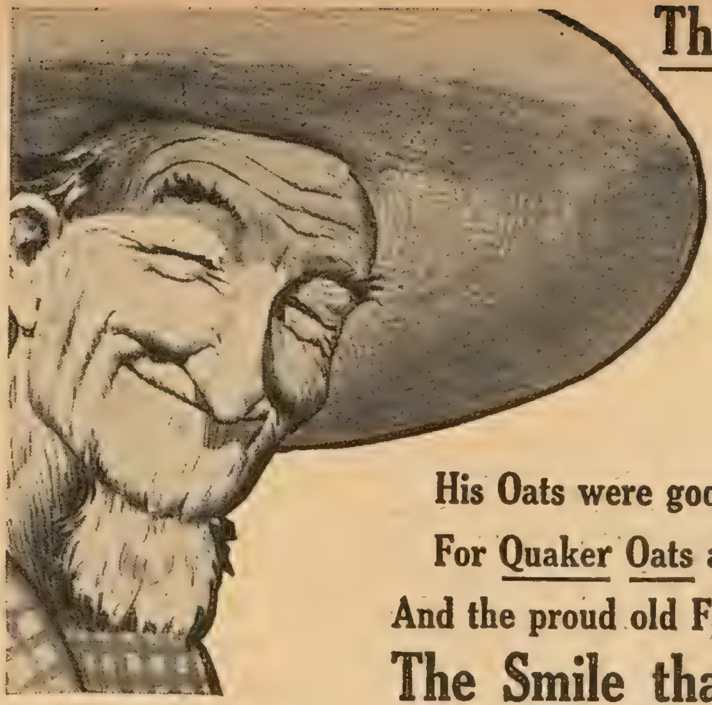
AND does the mooch go for that! To the tune of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. The promoter, of course, has no notion of selling out. He can't sell a dry hole. So he must " cool " the mooch off. This is done with a series of letters, after the mooch has wired his five hundred dollars, and all the mooch really can recall of that excited telephone conversation is that Mr. Promoter told him to wire five hundred and he did.

Another angle is the " cross fire." The promoter, with his drilling campaign started and going nicely, obtains the services of some friend, opens an office for him, gives him 40 or 80 acres fairly close to the well, and permits him to use the same mailing list that he is using. The friend sells interests, or units, in this lease. In order to sell them he must mention who is drilling the well and the " excellent " chance the well has to be a gusher. The result is a " cross fire."

The same mooch gets promotional literature from the original promoter and literature from a lease dealer who says the same things about the well.

Brokers often are used to " cross " a deal. I recall that the —— —— Brokerage Company opened an office in a city far removed from my town and wrote the promoter's list that they were offering thirty dollars for ten-dollar interests—which they knew the mooch had bought from the promoter. They wanted only blocks of twenty interests. They were not interested in less.

Meantime the promoter called the mooches on the telephone and told them he was ready to close his books, but that if they wanted a few more interests at par they could have them if they wired at once. The mooches hurried to the telegraph office to wire



The Farmer's Smile

His Oats were good enough to mill
For Quaker Oats at Quaker Mill—
And the proud old Farmer's smiling still
The Smile that won't come off.

Here's Food Value No Other Oatmeal Boasts

Here's richer flavor—extra nourishment —from the exclusive Quaker★ process

DO you know the difference there is between oatmeals? We have made an oatmeal so delicious that it is preferred above all others. Quaker Oats are flaked from just the finest, *plumpest* grains. It takes 32 siftings to discard all but the choicest, plumpest oats. In other words, a bushel (thirty-two pounds) of good oats, yields but ten pounds of Quaker Oats.

Why Quaker Oats are more nourishing than other oatmeals

Then the selected oat kernels are roasted whole, roasted to a supremely delicious flavor. They are then further enriched with modern ultra violet rays. This gives added food value no other oatmeal provides.

This is what we mean when we say there's no other oatmeal like Quaker.

Faster than Toast or Coffee

Quaker made the first fast cooking oatmeal. It cooks faster than toast or coffee. Others have imitated Quick Quaker Oats. But none have succeeded in copying the rich savory flavor.

Bring children to a love of this great natural food by serving Quaker Oats . . . the oatmeal with the extra flavor . . . extra nourishment. Then watch the whole family smile at breakfast.

★ Quaker Oats is purer, richer, better, because of the exclusive Quaker process which includes:

1—**The use of choicest oats.**
2—**Better flavor** due to 10 different roastings.
3—**Further enrichment** by the use of modern ultra violet rays.
U. S. Patent No. 1,680,818

NRA MEMBER

Quick Quaker Oats

their money. They knew the brokerage company would give them three for one for those interests. But when they wired the brokerage firm they had the block of twenty, they got letters in reply that the orders were filled, but that their names would be kept on file.

There is a certain department of the federal government, however, whose business it is to catch the promoter. The postal inspectors are the only persons the promoter really fears. An outraged stockie can be made to listen to reason. A squawk is usually squared, but a postal inspector never.

The government has armed these men who guard the mails with two weapons that usually are effective. One is Form 570, the Post Office questionnaire, a printed form mailed to a list of stockholders on any deal under investigation. The names of these stockholders are easily obtained. The inspector merely copies them from any mailing the promoter deposits in the post office. Copying the return address from registered mail is an excellent method of obtaining the names of persons who are sending in money for stock.

This questionnaire frightens the mooch into thinking his investment is lost.

One promoter, having learned the inspectors were sending out questionnaires on his list, at once instructed me to write a letter to his stockholders telling them that this form would be received by them, if it hadn't already arrived, and to be sure and fill it out so as to aid their government to keep the mails clean! Also in the letter it was suggested the mooch merely write across the face of the questionnaire the words, "My dealings with Mr. Promoter have been entirely satisfactory," and sign it.

Most of the stockies took this suggestion and the purpose of the questionnaire was defeated. The promoter merely beat the inspectors to the draw.

Next Week—

WHAT THE DRYS WILL DO NEXT

A leader among them deplores repeal, discusses their prospects, and outlines their plans

By

Ida B. Wise Smith

President W. C. T. U.

THE CRISIS

The man who guided Wilson's hand gives thanks for the "New Deal"

By

Col. E. M. House

Other stories and articles by
Beatrice Grimshaw, Lowell Thomas, Frank O. Hough, George D. Gitt, John Law, and others

The second weapon is the deadlier of the two. It bars the promoter from using the mails and is referred to as the "scatter gun." It is the fraud order, issued by the Postmaster-General, and forbids the person named in the order to use the mails. The promoter may sneak out, in envelopes without his name appearing, a little mail without detection, but he cannot receive any.

A person sending a letter to a promoter thus fraud-ordered soon will get it back with these vivid blue words across the face of the envelope: FRAUDULENT—RETURN TO SENDER BY ORDER OF THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL. But even a fraud order can be beaten for a time.

THE usual method is to get some one else to "wear the badge," to "carry the banner." He is the "front man." He "fronts the deal." He lends his name, free from taint, for a percentage of the receipts or a weekly stipend. He permits his name to be signed to promotional letters.

The trouble with a front man is he may not stand hitched. Under the fire of an investigation he may make a statement to the postal authorities, who may promise him immunity if he will come clean. But, on the other hand, the federal prisons are graced by a number of front men who have taken it on the chin.

Sometimes the front man gets half wise, and after the deal has been started with the promoter's money he will tell the promoter to clear out. The deal is in the front man's name. He takes the money and the promoter has no comeback. That is known as "hundred-per-centing the deal."

A deal recently fraud-ordered brought in some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars after the fraud order had been issued. The promoter also was indicted. But his wife could use the mails, and letters went forth explaining that his properties were so valuable that big companies had used their influence to have him indicted, even barred from using the mails.

The letter, written by a friend of mine, was a masterpiece of sucker psychology. It made the promoter the under dog who was being persecuted. The stockholders were being robbed of their rightful share by a giant octopus. The letter asked for funds to fight the monster that would throttle them and stifle the little man. Justice must be done, but it would take money. And the mooches, as usual, sent in about $15,000.

But the inspectors were close behind and succeeded in swearing out a complaint charging the wife with mail fraud. All that remains of that case is the trial and conviction.

AT one time, prior to my own little trouble with the federal authorities, I was writing the campaign for one of those badge wearers. I never saw him in my life. Even his name I was not sure of, and the badge wearer did not know who his copy writer was. I dealt exclusively with the promoter behind the deal. I could usually trust him, but I could not trust the boy carrying the flag.

The letters used in a campaign are the things upon which the promoter depends. The lease or its location means little, although of course it is better to have a location in an active area where oil is being produced, or a wildcat territory with good geology on it, than in some area which calls for education of the mooch.

This is where the oil papers aid the promoter. If a number of promoters are playing East Texas and are advertising that fact, then the editor, in glaring red headlines, usually features that field. If, however, it is a wildcat, the editorial may state reasons why the biggest oil fortunes in the world have been built upon wildcat wells. The editor of the oil paper must work hand in hand with the promoter, who either owns or supports the paper. I owned such a paper a few years ago. From a mere idea it suddenly grew to a weekly with a national circulation of 20,000 paid subscribers, and that subscribers' list, which I sold time and again to various promoters, was good for $100,000 to $300,000 on almost any deal.

Since then the service bureau, or information racket, has come into vogue. Advertisements in oil papers, stating that for one dollar a report on any oil company will be furnished, catch the unsuspecting mooch. The report he receives usually is written by the promoter himself.

Recommendation letters have always been used to some extent, and at one time the prospectus that did not contain recommendations on the character of the promoter was sure to flop. The letters usually were obtained from banks and business houses where the promoter had lived prior to his début in the business of "slitting envelopes."

A badge wearer usually could dig up a few recommendations from the home-town folks, and the mooch liked the sound of those letters and fell for the scheme.

The best badge wearer, the best promoter, is one who has had actual oil-field experience. Such a badge wearer was the geologist who discovered oil in a Middle-Western state. A friend of mine obtained him after his sensational strike and pinned a badge on him. And Hi Garland, now dead, turned out copy that brought in millions. This geologist was pictured as a Columbus whose discovery well would no doubt pay 3,000 for 1.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, was another figure any mooch would go for. He was an international character.

Pat Marr brought in approximately thirty-five gushers out of thirty-seven wells drilled. By the time his fifth was in, the mooches were teaching their children to wind up their prayers with "and bless Pat Marr."

Pat once was cited to appear in Washington before the solicitor of the Post-Office Department to show cause why a fraud order should not be issued against him.

The hearing lasted about four days, and once during the session, as the solicitor was attempting to learn from Pat how he could "guarantee" a gusher oil well, a telegram was handed to Pat. It was from his El Dorado, Arkansas, office and informed him that a certain well owned by the Marr Oil Company had just come in, making some 30,000 barrels of oil.

"Here is one I guaranteed," Pat said as he reread it aloud. "It is beside the question how I do this, but I never miss." He beat the fraud order.

Profits made by oil promoters who address their mooches through the mails are not so great as profits made by unscrupulous brokerage houses elsewhere; but it should be borne in mind that the man in Wall Street can pick his clients. The promoter seldom sees the people with whom he deals.

Regardless of hard times, "new deals," the National Securities Act, and nation-wide exposés of oil-stock selling, if you would give me the stamp money I could raise the funds to drill an oil well—and have a neat sum left over. And if we should—by some hook or crook—happen to strike oil, we'd all be rich—*rich!!!!!!!*

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

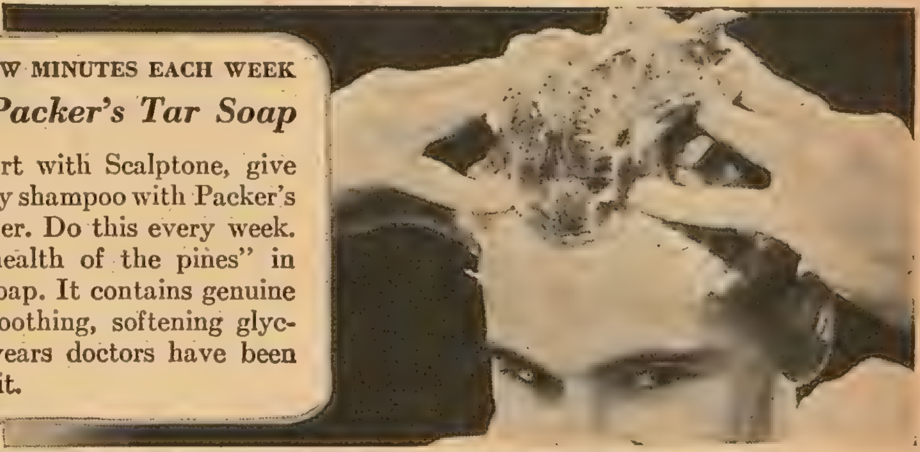
Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What does the word patina mean?
2—An actinograph is what?
3—What is the source of banana oil?
4—Who said, "I would rather be right than be President"?
5—What was the name given to the famous opera singer, Jenny Lind?
6—How many bones are there in the human body?
7—What is the average depth of the Atlantic Ocean?
8—*Ne plus ultra* means what?
9—What is a wallaby?
10—Do you know the percentage of the world's population that professes Christianity in some form?
11—What is a lexicographer?
12—The term "Achilles' heel" is used to describe what condition?
13—The name given to an airplane that can make a landing on either land or water is what?
14—What and where is Bull Run, scene of Civil War battles?
15—A taropatch is what?
16—Do snails have teeth?
17—Who wrote Les Misérables?
18—What is heraldry?
19—Who first made beer?
20—What is brass?

(Answers will be found on page 62)

"I'd given up hope . . but the PACKER TREATMENT STOPPED *my* DANDRUFF as you promised"

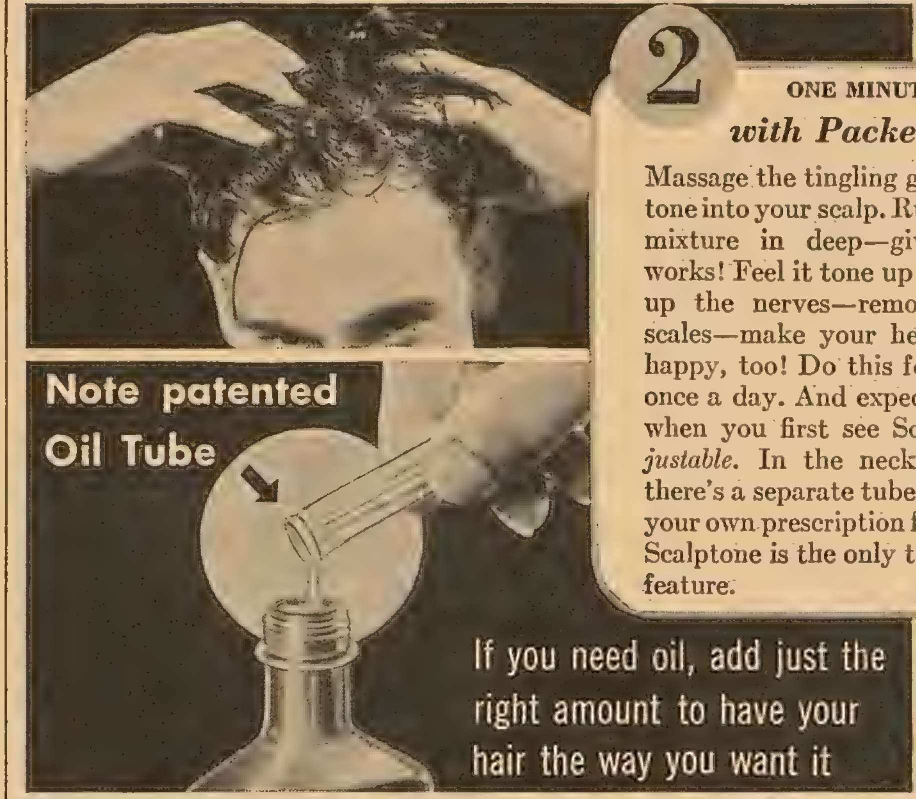
writes Ohio Business Man



1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK

with Packer's Tar Soap

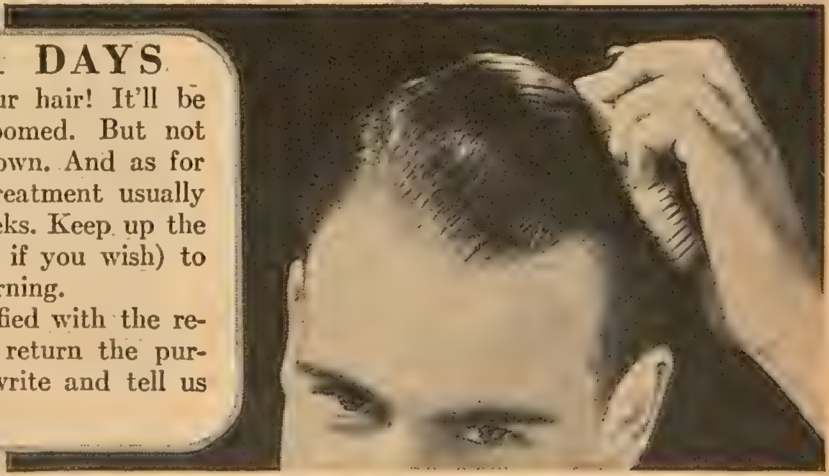
Before you start with Scalptone, give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.


Note patented Oil Tube
If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY

with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—tone up the nerves—remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute, once a day. And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.



AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. And as for dandruff—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to *prevent* dandruff's returning.

If you are not satisfied with the results, we'll cheerfully return the purchase-price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

PACKER'S DANDRUFF TREATMENT

❶ *Shampoo with* PACKER'S TAR SOAP *once a week*

❷ *Massage with* PACKER'S SCALPTONE *every day*

Tarzan *and the* Lion Man

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

(Reading time: 28 minutes 50 seconds.)

MILTON SMITH, producing head of a moving-picture company, decides to shoot a jungle picture in the Ituri Forest in Africa. He sends Tom Orman to direct the picture. Naomi Madison is the feminine lead, with Rhonda Terry to double for her in dangerous shots. Stanley Obroski is to play the Lion Man, male lead. Gordon Z. Marcus is to be the male heavy. Major White, a big-game hunter, goes as guide. O'Grady, West, and Noice are Orman's aides.

The movie safari, with 200 blacks as porters and a guard of Arab soldiers, pushes on into the jungle. Sheik Ab el-Ghrennem, in command of the Arabs, sees a map, one of the props of the scenario, and believes it is the key to the location of a huge cache of diamonds. He resolves to carry off Rhonda Terry, who has the map. The safari is attacked by savage Basutos, who kill a number of the Arab soldiers with poisoned arrows. Major White warns Orman to turn back, but the director is drinking heavily and spurns this advice. The black porters threaten to desert, but Major White bribes their headman to carry on. Camp is pitched that night amid general gloom. Obroski is visiting Naomi Madison in her tent late that night, when they hear some one coming.

PART II—DEATH STRIKES FROM THE FOREST

THE flap was pulled back and Rhonda Terry stepped into the light of the lone lantern.

"Hello there!" she exclaimed cheerily.

"I wish you'd scratch before you come in," snapped Naomi. "You gave me a start."

"If we have to camp this close to the black belt every night we'll all be scratching." She turned to Obroski. "Run along home now; it's time all little Lion Men were in bed."

"I was just going," said Obroski. "I—"

"You'd better! I just saw Tom Orman reeling in this direction."

Obroski paled. "Well, I'll be running along," he said hurriedly while making a quick exit.

Naomi Madison looked distinctly worried. "Did you really see Tom out there?" she demanded.

"Sure. He was wallowing around like the Avalon in a heavy sea."

"But they said he went to bed."

"If he did, he took his bottle to bed with him."

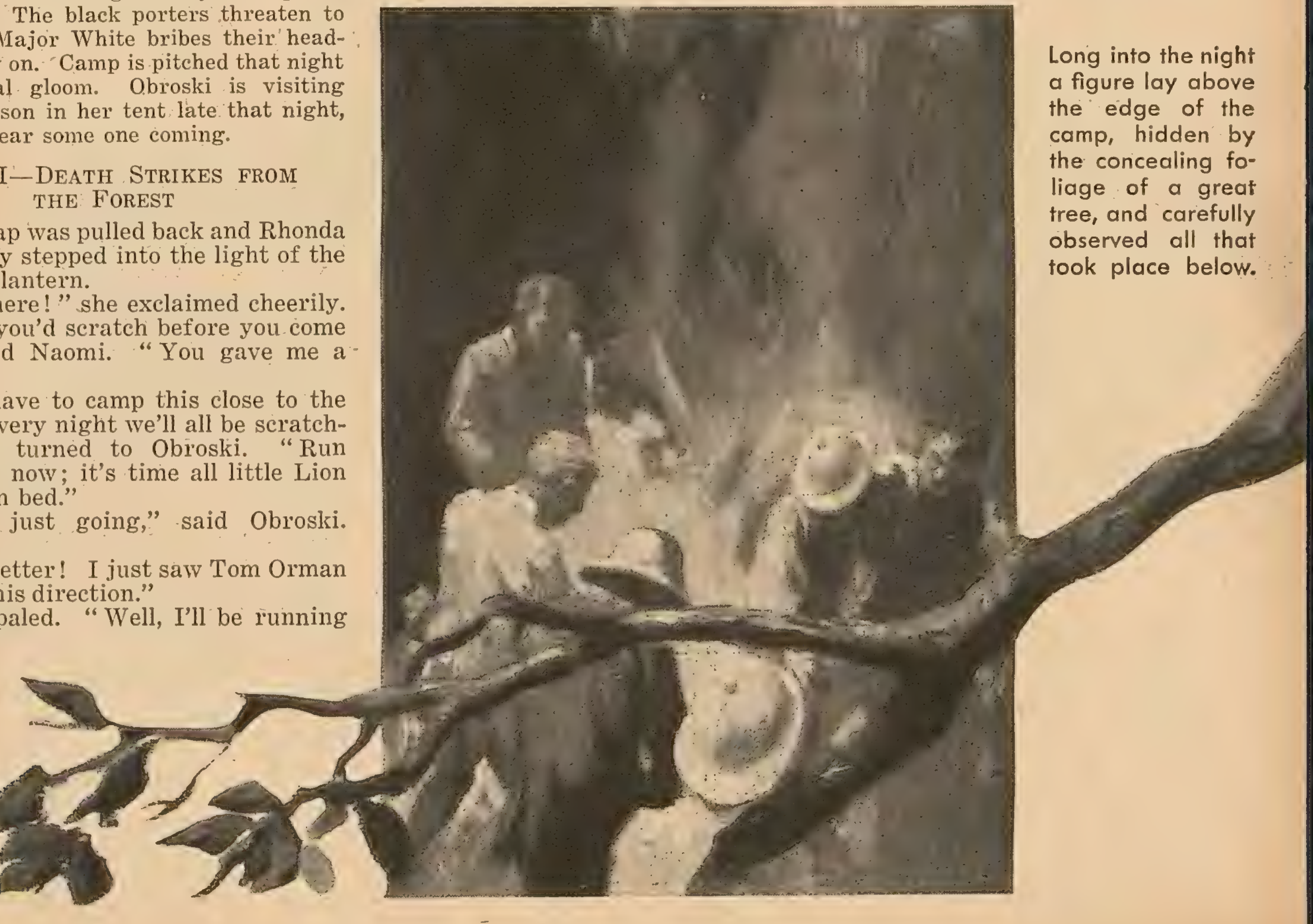
Orman's voice came to them from outside: "Hey, you! Come back here!"

"Is that you, Mr. Orman?" Obroski's voice quavered noticeably.

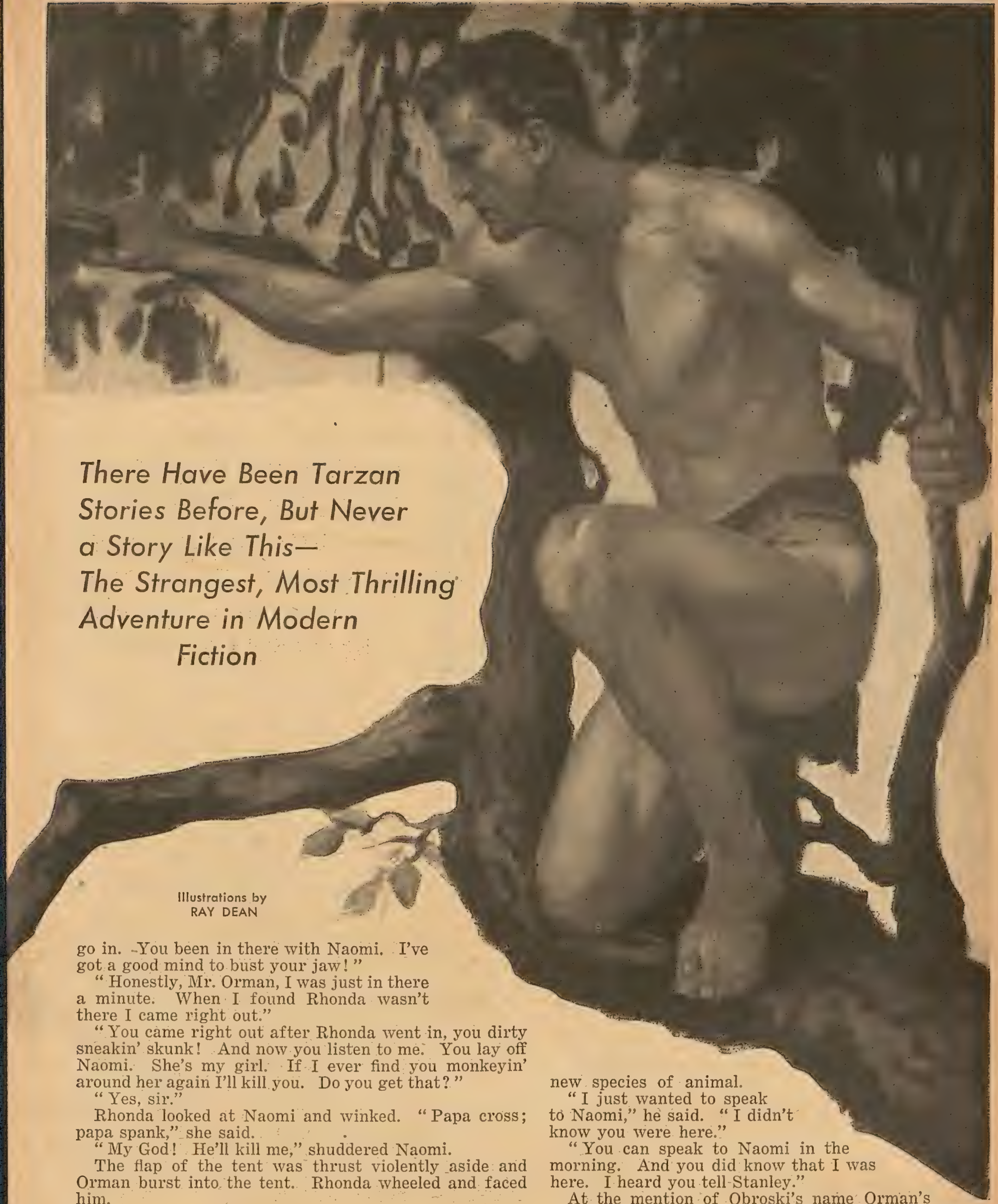
"Yes, it's me. What you doin' in the girls' tent? Didn't I give orders that none of you guys was to go into that tent?"

"I was just lookin' for Rhonda. I wanted to ask her something."

"You're a liar! Rhonda wasn't there. I just saw her



Long into the night a figure lay above the edge of the camp, hidden by the concealing foliage of a great tree, and carefully observed all that took place below.



There Have Been Tarzan Stories Before, But Never a Story Like This— The Strangest, Most Thrilling Adventure in Modern Fiction

Illustrations by
RAY DEAN

go in. You been in there with Naomi. I've got a good mind to bust your jaw!"

"Honestly, Mr. Orman, I was just in there a minute. When I found Rhonda wasn't there I came right out."

"You came right out after Rhonda went in, you dirty sneakin' skunk! And now you listen to me. You lay off Naomi. She's my girl. If I ever find you monkeyin' around her again I'll kill you. Do you get that?"

"Yes, sir."

Rhonda looked at Naomi and winked. "Papa cross; papa spank," she said.

"My God! He'll kill me," shuddered Naomi.

The flap of the tent was thrust violently aside and Orman burst into the tent. Rhonda wheeled and faced him.

"WHAT do you mean by coming into our tent?" she demanded. "Get out of here!"

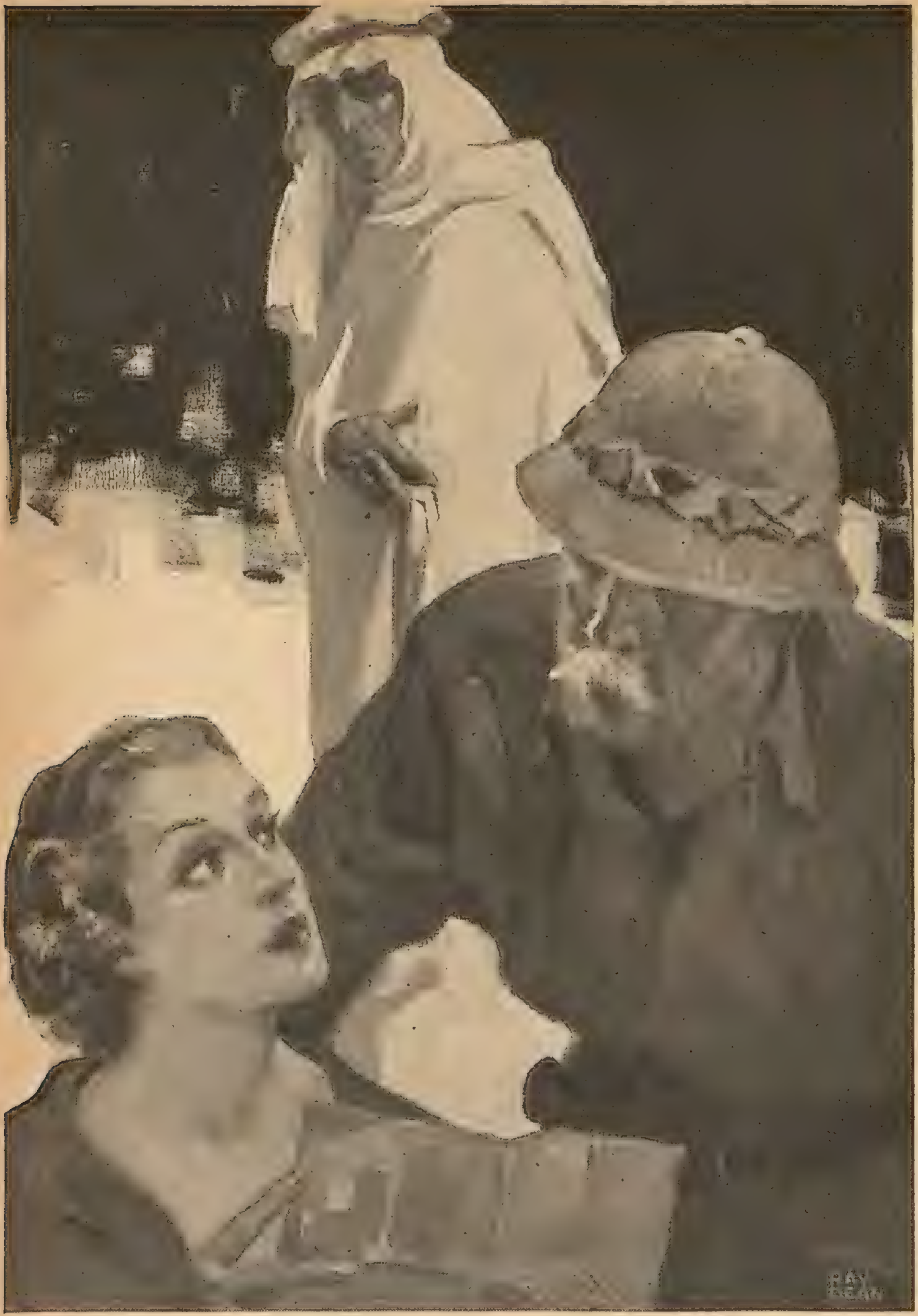
Orman's jaw dropped. He was not accustomed to being talked to like that, and it took him off his feet. He was as surprised as might be a pit bull slapped in the face by a rabbit. He stood swaying at the entrance for a moment, staring at Rhonda as though he had discovered a new species of animal.

"I just wanted to speak to Naomi," he said. "I didn't know you were here."

"You can speak to Naomi in the morning. And you did know that I was here. I heard you tell Stanley."

At the mention of Obroski's name Orman's anger welled up again. "That's what I'm goin' to talk to her about." He took a step in the direction of Naomi's cot. "Now look here, you dirty little tramp!" he yelled. "You can't make a monkey of me! If I ever catch you playin' around with that Polack again I'll beat you into a pulp."

Naomi shrank back, whimpering. "Don't touch me! I didn't do anything. You got it all wrong, Tom. He



"*It is* intriguing, isn't it, this old map? Almost makes one believe that it would be easy to find a valley of diamonds."

didn't come here to see me; he came to see Rhonda. Don't let him get me, Rhonda—for God's sake, don't let him get me!"

Orman hesitated and looked at Rhonda. "Is that on the level?" he asked.

"Sure," she replied. "He came to see me. I asked him to come."

"Then why didn't he stay after you came in?" Orman thought he had her there.

"I saw you coming and I told him to beat it."

"Well, you got to cut it out," snapped Orman. "There's to be no more men in this tent. Do your visiting outside."

"That suits me," said Rhonda. "Good night."

AS Orman departed, the Madison sank back on her cot trembling. "Phew!" she whispered after she thought the man was out of hearing. "That was a close shave."

She did not thank Rhonda. Her selfish egotism accepted any service as her rightful due.

"Listen," said the other girl. "I'm hired to double for you in pictures, not in your love affairs. After this, watch your step."

Orman saw a light in the tent occupied by West and one of the other cameramen. He walked over to it and went in.

West was undressing. "Hello, Tom!" he said. "What brings you around? Anything wrong?"

"There ain't now, but there was. I just run that dirty Polack out of the girls' tent. He was over there with Rhonda."

West paled. "I don't believe it," he said.

"You callin' me a liar?" demanded Orman.

"Yes; you and any one else who says that."

Orman shrugged. "Well, she told me so herself—said she asked him over, and made him scram when she saw me coming. That stuff's got to stop, and I told her so. I told the Polack too—the damn' pansy!" Then he lurched out and headed for his own tent.

Bill West lay awake until almost morning.

WHILE the camp slept, a bronzed white giant, naked but for a loin cloth, surveyed it—sometimes from the branches of overhanging trees, again from the ground inside the circle of the sentries. Then he moved among the tents of the whites and the shelters of the blacks as soundlessly as a shadow. He saw everything; he heard much. With the coming of dawn he melted away into the mist that enveloped the forest.

It was long before dawn that the camp commenced to stir. Major White had snatched a few hours' sleep after midnight. He was up early, routing out the cooks, getting the whites up so that their tents could be struck for an early start, directing the packing and loading by Kwamudi's men. It was then that he learned that fully twenty-five of the porters had deserted during the night.

He questioned the sentries, but none had seen any one leave the camp during the night. He knew that some of them lied. When Orman came out of his tent he told him what had happened.

The director shrugged. "We still got more niggers than we need anyway."

"If we have any more trouble with the Basutos today we'll have more desertions tonight," White warned. "They may all leave in spite of Kwamudi, and if we're left in this country without porters I wouldn't give a fig for our chances of ever getting out. I still think, Mr. Orman, that the sensible thing would be to turn back and make a detour. Our situation is extremely grave."

"Well, turn back if you want to, and take the niggers with you," growled Orman. "I'm going on with the trucks and the company." He turned and walked away.

The whites were gathering at the mess table—a long table that accommodated them all. In the dim light of the coming dawn and the mist rising from the ground figures at a little distance appeared spectral, and the illusion was accentuated by the silence of the company. Every one was cold and sleepy. They were apprehensive, too, of what the day held for them. Memory of the black soldiers pierced by poisoned arrows writhing on the ground was too starkly present in every mind.

Hot coffee finally thawed them out a bit. It was Pat O'Grady who thawed first. "Good morning, dear teacher, good morning to you," he sang in an attempt to reach a childish treble.

"Ain't we got fun!" exclaimed Rhonda Terry. She glanced down the table and saw Bill West. She wondered a little, because he had always sat beside her before.

"Let us eat and drink and be merry; for tomorrow we die," misquoted Gordon Z. Marcus.

"That's not funny," said Baine.

"On second thought I quite agree with you," said Marcus. "I loosed a careless shaft at humor and hit truth—"

"Right between the eyes," said Clarence Noice.

"Some of us may not have to wait until tomorrow," offered Obroski. "Some of us may get it today." His voice sounded husky.

"Can that line of chatter!" snapped Orman. "If you're scared, keep it to yourself."

"I'm not scared," said Obroski.

"The Lion Man scared? Don't be foolish." Baine winked at Marcus. "I tell you, Tom, what we ought to do now that we're in this bad country. It's funny no one thought of it before."

"What's that?" asked Orman.

"We ought to send the Lion Man out ahead to clear the way for the rest of us. He'd just grab these Basutos and break 'em in two if they got funny."

"That's not a bad idea," replied Orman grimly.

Obroski grinned weakly. "I'd like to have the author of that story here and send him out," he said.

"Some of those smokes had good sense anyway," volunteered a truck driver at the foot of the table.

"How come?" asked a neighbor.

"Haven't you heard? About twenty-five or thirty of 'em pulled their freight out of here."

"THOSE bimbos must know," said another. "This is their country."

"That's what we ought to do," growled another—"get out of here and go back."

"Shut up!" snapped Orman. "You guys make me sick. Whoever picked this outfit for me must have done it in a pansy bed."

Naomi Madison was sitting next to him. She turned her frightened eyes up at him. "Did some of the blacks run away last night?" she asked.

"For Pete's sake! Don't you start in too!" he exclaimed. Then he got up and stamped away from the table.

By ones and twos they finished their breakfasts and went about their duties. They went in silence, without the customary joking that had marked the earlier days of the expedition.

Rhonda and Naomi gathered up the hand baggage that they always took in the car with them and walked over to the machine. Baine was at the wheel, warming up the motor. Gordon Z. Marcus was stowing a make-up case in the front of the car.

"Where's Bill?" asked Rhonda.

"He's going with the camera truck today," explained Baine.

"That's funny," commented Rhonda. It suddenly occurred to her that he was avoiding her, and she wondered why. She tried to recall anything that she had said or done that might have offended him, but she could not. She felt strangely sad.

Some of the trucks had commenced to move toward the river. The Arabs and a detachment of askaris had already crossed to guard the passage of the trucks.

"They're going to send the genera-

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tor truck across first," explained Baine. "If they get her across, the rest will be easy. If they don't, we'll have to turn back."

"I hope it gets stuck so fast they never get it out," said the Madison.

The crossing of the river, which Major White had anticipated with many misgivings, was accomplished with ease; for the bottom was rocky and the banks sloping and firm. There was no sign of the Basutos, and no attack was made on the column as it wound its way into the forest ahead.

All morning they moved on with comparative ease, retarded only by the ordinary delays consequent upon clearing a road for the big trucks where trees had to be thinned. The underbrush they bore down beneath them, flattening it out into a good road for the lighter cars that followed.

Spirits became lighter as the day progressed without revealing any sign of the Basutos. There was a noticeable relaxation. Conversation increased and occasionally a laugh was heard. Even the blacks seemed to be returning to normal.

Orman and White were on foot with the advance guard, both men constantly alert for any sign of danger. There was still considerable constraint in their manner, and they spoke to each other only as necessity required.

The noonday stop for lunch passed and the column took up its snakelike way through the forest once more. The ring of axes against wood ahead was accompanied by song and laughter. Already the primitive minds of the blacks had cast off the fears that had assailed them earlier in the day.

Suddenly, without warning, a dozen feathered missiles sped from the apparently deserted forest around them. Two blacks fell. Major White, walking beside Orman, clutched at a feathered shaft protruding from his breast and fell at Orman's feet. The askaris and the Arabs fired blindly into the forest. The column came to a sudden halt.

"Again!" whispered Rhonda Terry.

NAOMI MADISON screamed and slipped to the floor of the car. Rhonda opened the door and stepped out on to the ground.

"Get back in, Rhonda!" cried Baine. "Get under cover!"

The girl shook her head as if the suggestion irritated her. "Where is Bill?" she asked. "Is he up in front?"

"Not way up," replied Baine; "only a few cars ahead of us."

The men all along the line of cars slipped to the ground with their rifles and stood searching the forest to right and left for some sign of an enemy.

A man was crawling under a truck.

"What the hell are you doing, Obroski?" demanded Noice.

"I—I'm going to lie in the shade until we start again."

Noice made a vulgar sound with his lips and tongue.

In the rear of the column Pat O'Grady stopped whistling. He dropped back with the askaris guarding the rear. They had faced about and were nervously peering into the forest. A man from the last truck joined them and stood beside O'Grady.

"Wish we could get a look at 'em once," he said.

"It's tough tryin' to fight a bunch of guys you don't ever see," said O'Grady.

"It sort of gets a guy's nanny," offered the other. "I wonder who they got up in front this time."

O'Grady shook his head.

"It'll be our turn next; it was that way yesterday," said the man.

O'GRADY looked at him. He saw that he was not afraid—he was merely stating what he believed to be a fact. "Can't ever tell," he said. "If it's a guy's time he'll get it; if it isn't he won't."

"Do you believe that? I wish I did."

"Sure—why not? It's pleasanter. I don't like worryin'."

"I don't know," said the other dubiously. "I ain't superstitious." He paused and lighted a cigarette.

"Neither am I," said O'Grady.

"I got one of my socks on wrong side out this morning," the man volunteered thoughtfully.

"You didn't take it off again, did you?" inquired O'Grady.

"No."

"That's right; you shouldn't."

Word was passed back along the line that Major White and two askaris had been killed. O'Grady cursed. "The major was a swell guy," he said. "He was worth all the lousy coons in Africa. I hope I get a chance to get some of 'em for this!"

The porters were nervous, frightened, sullen. Kwamudi came up to O'Grady. "Black boys not go on," he said. "They turn back—go home."

"They better stick with us," O'Grady told him. "If they turn back they'll all be killed; they won't have a lot of us guys with rifles to fight for 'em. Tomorrow we ought to be out of this Basuto country. You better advise 'em to stick, Kwamudi."

Kwamudi grumbled and walked away.

"That was just a bluff," O'Grady confided to the other white. "I don't believe they'd turn back through this Basuto country alone."

Presently the column got under way again, and Kwamudi and his men marched with it.

Up in front they had laid the bodies of Major White and the two blacks on top of one of the loads, to give them decent burial at the next camp. Orman marched well in advance with set haggard face. The askaris were nervous and held back. The party of blacks clearing the road for the leading truck was on the verge of mutiny. The Arabs lagged behind. They had all had confidence in White, and his death had taken the heart out of them.

Orman didn't curse them now. He talked to them as he should have from the first. "We've got to go on," he said. “If we turn back we’ll be worse off. Tomorrow we ought to be out of this.”

He used violence only when persuasion failed. An axman refused to work and started for the rear. Orman knocked him down and then kicked him back on to the job. That was something they could all understand. It was right because it was just. Orman knew that the lives of two hundred people depended upon every man sticking to his job, and he meant to see that they stuck.

The rear of the column was not attacked that day, but just before they reached a camping place another volley of arrows took its toll from the head of the column. This time three men died, and an arrow knocked Orman’s sun helmet from his head.

It was a gloomy company that made camp late that afternoon. The death of Major White had brought their own personal danger closer to the white members of the party. Before this they had felt a certain subconscious sense of immunity, as though the poisoned arrows of the Basutos could deal death only to black men. Now they were quick to realize the horror of their own situation. Who would be next? How many of them were asking themselves this question!

Atewy, the Arab, taking advantage of his knowledge of English, often circulated among the Americans, asking questions, gossiping. They had become so accustomed to him that they thought nothing of his presence among them. Nor did his awkward attempts at joviality suggest to them that he might be playing a part for the purpose of concealing ulterior motives, though it must have been apparent to the least observing that by nature Atewy was far from jovial.

He was, however, cunning; so he hid the fact that his greatest interest lay in the two girl members of the company. Nor did he ever approach them unless men of their own race were with them.

THIS afternoon Rhonda Terry was writing at a little camp table in front of her tent, for it was not yet dark. Gordon Z. Marcus had stopped to chat with her. Atewy from the corners of his eyes noted this and strolled casually closer.

“Turning literary, Rhonda?” inquired Marcus.

The girl looked up and smiled. “Trying to bring my diary up to date.”

“I fear that it will prove a most lugubrious document.”

“Whatever that is. Oh, by the way!” She picked up a folded paper. “I just found this map in my portfolio. In the last scene we shot they were taking close-ups of me examining it. I wonder if they want it again. I’d like to swipe it for a souvenir.”

As she unfolded the paper Atewy moved closer, a new light burning in his eyes.

“Keep it,” suggested Marcus, “until they ask you for it. Perhaps they’re through with it. It’s a most authentic-looking thing, isn’t it? I wonder if they made it in the studio.”

“No. Bill says that Joe found it between the leaves of a book he bought in a secondhand bookstore. When he was commissioned to write this story it occurred to him to write it around this old map. It *is* intriguing, isn’t it, this old map? Almost makes one believe that it would be easy to find a real valley of diamonds.” She folded the map and replaced it in her portfolio.

Marcus regarded her with his kindly eyes. “You were speaking of Bill,” he said. “What’s wrong with you two children? He used to be with you so much.”

WITH a gesture Rhonda signified her inability to explain. “I haven’t the remotest idea,” she said. “He just avoids me as though I were some particular variety of pollen to which he reacted. Do I give you hives or hay fever?”

Naomi Madison came from the tent. Her face was white and drawn. “My God!” she exclaimed. “How can you people joke at such a time? Why, any minute any of us may be killed!”

“We must keep up our courage,” said Marcus. “We cannot do it by brooding over our troubles and giving way to our sorrows.”

“Pulling a long face isn’t going to bring back Major White or those poor fellows,” said Rhonda. “Every one knows how sorry every one else feels about it; we don’t have to wear crape to prove that.”

“Well, we might be respectful until after the funeral, anyway,” snapped Naomi.

“Don’t be stupid,” said Rhonda a little tartly.

“When are they going to bury them, Mr. Marcus?” asked Naomi.

“Not until after dark. They don’t want the Basutos to see where they’re buried.”

The girl shuddered. “What a horrible country! I feel that I shall never leave it alive.”

“You certainly won’t leave it dead.” Rhonda, who seldom revealed her emotions, evinced a trace of exasperation.

The Madison sniffed. “They would never bury *me* here. My public would never stand for that. I shall lie in state in Hollywood.”

“Come, come!” exclaimed Marcus. “You girls must not dwell on such morbid depressing subjects. We must all keep our minds from such thoughts. How about a rubber of contract before supper? We’ll just about have time.”

“I’m for it,” agreed Rhonda.

“You would be,” sneered the Madison; “you have no nerves. But no bridge for me at such a time. I am too highly organized, too temperamental. I think that is the way with all true artistes, don’t you, Mr. Marcus? We are like high-strung thoroughbreds.”

“Well,” laughed Rhonda, running her arm through Marcus’s, “I guess

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we'll have to go and dig up a couple of more skates if we want a rubber before supper. Perhaps we could get Bill and Jerrold. Neither of them would ever take any prizes in a horse show."

They found Bill West pottering around his cameras. He declined their invitation glumly. "You might get Obroski," he suggested, "if you can wake him up."

Rhonda shot a quick glance at him through narrowed lids. "Another thoroughbred," she said as she walked away. And to herself she thought, "That's the second crack he's made about Obroski. All right; I'll show him."

"Where to now, Rhonda?" inquired Marcus.

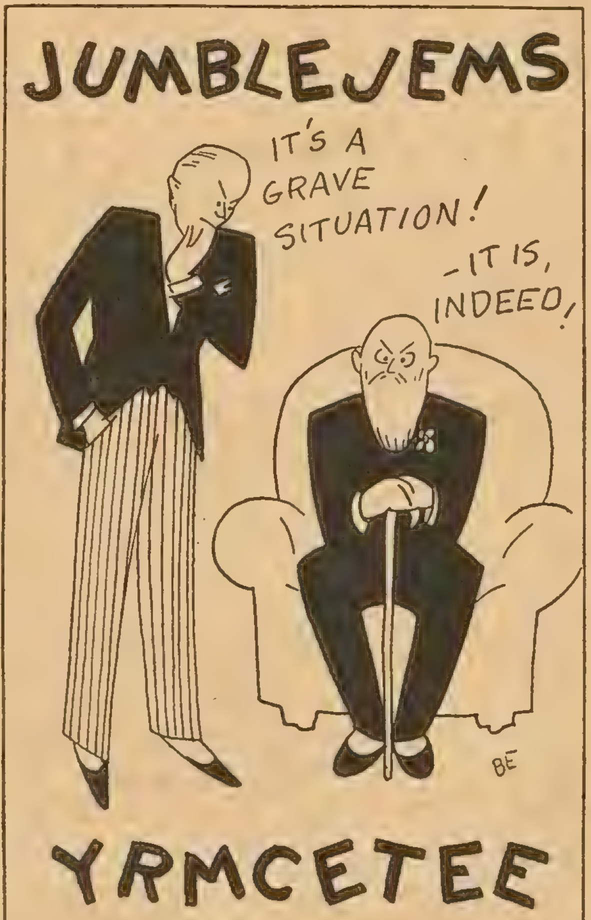
"You dig up Jerrold; I'm going to find Obroski. We'll have a game yet."

They did, and it so happened that their table was set where Bill West could not but see them. It seemed to Marcus that Rhonda laughed a little more than was usual and a little more than was necessary.

That night white men and black carried each their own dead into the outer darkness beyond the range of the camp fires and buried them. The graves were smoothed over and sprinkled with leaves and branches, and the excess dirt was carried to the opposite side of camp, where it was formed in little mounds.

The true graves lay directly in the line of march of the morrow. The twenty-three trucks and the five passenger cars would obliterate the last trace of the new-made graves.

The silent men working in the dark hoped that they were unseen by prying eyes. But long into the night a figure lay above the edge of the camp, hidden by the concealing foliage of a great tree, and carefully observed all that took place below. Then, when the last of the white men had gone to bed, it melted silently into the somber depths of the forest.



The jumbled letters at the bottom of the picture form a real word when put together in the proper order. A clue to the word will be found in the conversation of the people in the picture. The unjumbled word will be found on Page 50.

Toward morning Orman lay sleepless on his army cot. He had tried to read to divert his mind from the ghastly procession of thoughts that persisted despite his every effort to sleep or to think of other things.

From his cot on the opposite side of the tent Pat O'Grady opened his eyes and surveyed his chief. "Hell, Tom," he said, "you better get some sleep or you'll go nuts."

"I can't sleep," replied Orman wearily. "I keep seein' White. I killed him. I killed all those blacks."

"Hooey!" scoffed O'Grady. "It wasn't any more your fault than it was the studio's. They sent you out here to make a picture, and you did what you thought was the thing to do. There can't nobody blame you."

"It was my fault all right. White warned me not to come this way. He was right, and I knew he was right. But I was too damn' pig-headed to admit it."

"What you need is a drink."

"I've quit."

FROM somewhere out in the night came the roar of a lion, and a moment later a bloodcurdling cry that seemed that of neither beast nor man.

"Sufferin' cats!" ejaculated O'Grady. "What was that?"

Orman had raised his head and was listening. "Probably some more grief for us," he replied forebodingly.

They sat silent for a moment then, listening.

"I wonder what could make such a noise." O'Grady spoke in hushed tones.

"Pat," Orman's tone was serious, "do you believe in ghosts?"

O'Grady hesitated before he replied: "I don't know—but I've seen some funny things in my time."

"So have I," said Orman.

But perhaps of all that they could conjure to their minds nothing so strange as the reality. For how could they know that they had heard the victory cry of an English lord and a great lion who had just made their kill together?

The cold and gloomy dawn but reflected the spirits of the company as the white men dragged themselves lethargically from their blankets. But the first to view the camp in the swiftly coming daylight were galvanized into instant wakefulness by what it revealed.

BILL WEST was the first to suspect what had happened. He looked wonderingly about for a moment, and then started almost at a run for the crude shelters thrown up by the blacks the previous evening.

He called aloud to Kwamudi and several others whose names he knew, but there was no response. He looked into shelter after shelter, and always the results were the same. Then he hurried over to Orman's tent. The director was just coming out as West ran up. O'Grady was directly behind him.

"What's the matter with breakfast?" demanded the latter. "I don't see a sign of the cooks."

"And you won't," said West. "They've gone, ducked, vamoosed! If you want breakfast you'll cook it yourself."

"What do you mean gone, Bill?" asked Orman.

"The whole kit and caboodle of 'em have run out on us," explained the cameraman. "There's not a smoke in camp."

"Gone!" Orman's inflection registered incredulity. "But they couldn't! Where have they gone?"

"Search me," replied West. "They've taken a lot of our supplies with 'em, too. From what little I saw I guess they outfitted themselves to the queen's taste. I noticed a couple of trucks that looked like they'd been rifled."

Orman swore softly beneath his breath; but he squared his shoulders, and the haggard hangdog expression he had worn vanished from his face. O'Grady had been looking at him with a worried furrow in his brow. Now he gave a sigh of relief and grinned. The chief was himself again.

"Rout every one out," Orman directed. "Have the drivers check their loads. You attend to that, Bill, while Pat posts a guard around the camp. I see Old el-Gran'-ma'am and his bunch are still with us. You better put them on guard duty, Pat. Then round up every one else at the mess tables for a palaver."

While his orders were being carried out Orman walked about the camp making a hurried survey. His brain was clear. Even the effects of a sleepless night seemed to have been erased by this sudden emergency call upon his resources.

When he approached the mess table five minutes later the entire company was assembled there, talking excitedly about the defection of the blacks and offering various prophecies as to the future, none of which were particularly roseate.

Orman overheard one remark: "It took a case of Scotch to get us into this mess; but Scotch won't ever get us out of it."

"You all know what has happened," Orman commenced, "and I guess you all know why it happened. But criminations won't help matters. Our situation really isn't so helpless. We have men, provisions, arms, and transportation. Because the coons deserted us doesn't mean that we've got to sit down here and kiss ourselves good-by.

"Nor is there any use in turning around now and going back—the shortest way out of the Basuto country is straight ahead.

"In the meantime every one has got to work, and work hard. We have got to do the work the blacks did before—make camp, strike camp, unload and load, cook, cut trail, drag trucks through mudholes, stand guard on the march and in camp. That part and trail cutting will be dangerous, but every one will have to take his turn at it—every one except the girls and the cooks; they're the most important members of the safari.

"Now," he continued, "the first thing to do is eat. Who can cook?"

"I can, like nobody's business," said Rhonda Terry.

"I'll vouch for that," said Marcus. "I've eaten a chicken dinner with all the trimmings at Rhonda's apartment."

"I can cook," spoke up a male voice.

Every one turned to see who had spoken. He was the only man that had volunteered for the only safe assignment.

"When did you learn to cook, Obroski?" demanded Noice. "I went camping with you once, and you couldn't even build a fire, let alone cook on one after some one else had built it."

OBROSKI flushed. "Well, some one's got to help Rhonda," he said lamely, "and no one else offered to."

"Jimmy, here, can cook," offered an electrician. "He used to be assistant chef in a cafeteria in L. A."

"I don't want to cook," said Jimmy. "I don't want no cinch job. I served in the marines in Nicaragua. Gimme a gun and let me do guard duty with the rest of the boys."

"Who else can cook?" demanded Orman. "We need three."

"Shorty can cook," said a voice from the rear. "He used to run a hot-dog stand on Ventura Boulevard."

"O. K.!" said Orman. "Miss Terry is chief cook; Jimmy and Shorty will help her; Pat will detail three more for K. P. every day. Now get busy. While the cooks are rustling some grub the rest of you strike the tents and load the trucks."

Americans and Arabs formed the advance and rear guards when the safari finally got under way; but the crew that cut trail was wholly American. The Arabs would fight, but they would not work; that was beneath their dignity.

The column moved slowly. The axmen were not accustomed to the sort of work they were doing, and in the heat of the equatorial forest they tired quickly.

The trail opened with exasperating slowness, as though the forest begrudged every foot of progress that they made.

Orman worked with his men, wielding an ax when trees were to be felled, marching with the advance guard when the trail was opened.

As they trudged on, shortly after noon an opening in the forest appeared ahead of them. It was almost treeless and covered with a thick growth of tall grass higher than a man's head.

"That certainly looks good," remarked Orman. "We ought to make a little time for a few minutes, thank Heaven."

The leading truck forged into the open, flattening the grass beneath its great tires.

"Hop aboard the trucks!" Orman shouted to the advance guard and the axmen. "Those beggars won't bother us here. There are no trees to hide them."

Out into the open moved the long column of cars. A sense of relief from the oppressive closeness of the forest animated the entire company.

And then, as the rearmost truck bumped into the clearing, a shower of arrows whirred from the tall grasses all along the line. Savage war cries filled the air. And for the first time the Basutos showed themselves as their spearmen rushed forward with screams of hate and blood lust.

In the next installment you will read how Obroski faced death by savage torture and of the kidnaping of Rhonda and Naomi.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!
Insists on the Sheerest Stockings
Never Thinks of her Teeth and Gums
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"Pink tooth brush"!

SHE couldn't imagine doing without sheer silk stockings. But to the loveliness of her smile—to the health of her teeth and gums—she never gives a thought.

You *must* take care of your teeth and gums. If you find "pink" upon your tooth brush, if your gums bleed easily—the brightness of your teeth, the attractiveness of your smile, are in danger.

"Pink tooth brush" may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea. It is an ever-present threat to the brightness and even to the soundness of your teeth.

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern foods that give them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums.

Start in tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube (over 100 brushings). Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter—"pink tooth brush" will depart.

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-1132 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a three-cent stamp.

IPANA
IPANA TOOTH PASTE

LOOSE, LIVELY, and LUDICROUS

Mae West as Another Light o' Love; A Musical Comedy Stage Hit; Fields and Skipworth in a Bizarre Parody; and Buster Crabbe as a Varsity Oarsman

By BEVERLY HILLS

I'm No Angel gives Mae West another chance to be her gorgeous self. With her is William Davidson.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 56 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ I'M NO ANGEL

THE PLAYERS: Mae West, Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Kent Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Gregory Ratoff, Irving Pichel, William Davidson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

REPORTS about this picture when it was in production indicated that it would be about twice as free-and-easy as She Done Him Wrong. It turns out that the reports were exaggerated, but this by no means implies that I'm No Angel talks about the facts of life in terms of flowers. As a carnival dancer who comes to New York and falls in love with a man of fashion, Mae West is herself, as usual—which means that she talks with her tonsils, walks as though her hips had roller bearings, keeps her eyes half shut, and behaves generally as though she could hardly wait for bedtime.

The plot of I'm No Angel, if retold in detail, would read like the scenario for a smoking-car story. In reality it is merely an old Hollywood pattern with a new and entertaining twist.

The heroine is a lady who, until she meets the hero, almost never makes the acquaintance of a gentleman who looks as though he might have a spare ten dollars without inviting him to call. Customarily such heroines reform when they meet the hero. Instead, when Mae West first sees Cary Grant, she behaves as usual, only more so. Grant seems to like it as much as the audience until one day he strolls into Mae West's penthouse and finds there one of her earlier admirers, dressed in a natty suit of pyjamas. This leads to a breach-of-promise suit in which Mae West addresses the jury, principally with her hips.

One reason why Mae West's pictures are so completely her own is that she writes them herself and takes a hand in their direction. She Done Him Wrong set fashions in pictures, clothes, and conversation. I'm No Angel is likely to do the same thing. A line that may become as famous as "Come up and see me sometime" comes in a sequence in which Mae West, lounging about her elegant penthouse, attended by three colored maids, hears the doorbell ring and says, "Beulah, let the gentleman in." It turns out to be no gentleman but the fiancée of one of Miss West's acquaintances. After a lively squabble Mae West pushes her caller through the door, heaves a sigh of satisfaction, and decides she needs refreshment. "Beulah," she says, "peel me a grape."

★★★ TAKE A CHANCE

THE PLAYERS: James Dunn, Cliff Edwards, June Knight, Lillian Roth, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Lillian Bond, Charles Richmond, Dorothy Lee, Robert Gleckler, Lona André. Directed by Monte Brice.

One extraordinary difference between the movies and the stage has become apparent in the present crop of musical comedies in pictures. On the stage it is considered perfectly

(Continued on page thirty-two)

Buddy Rogers and June Knight as they appear in the film version of the stage hit Take a Chance.

YOUTH'S CHARM

may be yours if you keep that schoolgirl complexion

YOU may bring romance closer ...you may hold youth's charm and appeal as years go by, if you'll keep youth glowing in your skin. And this simple daily treatment is priceless, for it is based on youth-protecting olive and palm oils.

These oils are blended, by secret process, in the making of Palmolive, *the soap of youth.* No other blend, in all the world, is like this. It has made Palmolive first of all beauty soaps.

Nature's own beauty oils

Olive oil—soothing, enriching—gives Palmolive a velvety lather. This mild lather *penetrates* the tiny pores, freeing them of accumulations easily, leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Olive oil, too, gives Palmolive that wonderfully rich, olive-green color, your assurance of purity and safety.

Begin this beauty treatment

Buy three cakes today. Morning and evening, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the skin; rinse with warm water, then with cold. And, after you've done that regularly for a month, see how easy it is to hold youth's charm, in spite of birthdays.

Remember, into each cake of Palmolive Soap goes an abundance of olive oil, nature's greatest beauty aid.

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

PALMOLIVE . . . the soap of Youth

"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, *Couldn't Even Lie Down!*

. . . The Suffering I Had to Bear In Secret"

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

The method of application makes Pazo doubly effective. It comes in a Collapsible Tube with special Pile Pipe attachment which permits complete interior medication. (Pazo also comes in tins for application in the ordinary way.)

Try it FREE! Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a postcard.

Paris Medicine Co.
Dept. 19-L, St. Louis, Mo.
FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME______________________
ADDRESS______________________
CITY________________STATE__________

W. C. Fields (with the hat on), Baby Le Roy, and Alison Skipworth. They appear in Tillie and Gus.

(Continued from page thirty)

natural when, in the middle of a cocktail party at the heroine's Sutton Place apartment, a troupe of chorus girls scamper on to the stage without most of their clothes and start to dance. In a movie no untoward events of this sort ever occur. If a producer really wants to get a chorus into his picture, the only way he can do it is to show the party happening on the stage of a theater. This peculiar distinction explains what happened to Take a Chance between the time it was a New York stage hit and the current production by Monte Brice.

It is only fair to say immediately that the backstage plot of Take a Chance would be far superior to the run of such efforts, if only for the reason that it gives Cliff Edwards a chance to sing a sadly demented little song called I'm a Night Owl. As a matter of fact this is not the only reason. As a raffish, nimble-fingered fair barker, gambling-house crap shooter, and finally Broadway ham actor, James Dunn contrives to be much funnier than you would suppose any one could be in a part that has been done so many times before. Edwards is his pal and June Knight and Lillian Roth are their companions in a country carnival.

What with one thing and another, it comes out that Lillian Roth gets a part in a Broadway show and June Knight gets a job singing in a gambling joint and Lillian Roth comes there one night with the show's angel and the angel falls for June Knight and offers her a part in the show and Cliff Edwards and James Dunn clip the angel for six hundred dollars and he suspects June of being in on the deal and takes away the part and James Dunn and Cliff Edwards give back the money and the proprietor of the gambling joint resents this and finally it is time for the first night.

About all that remains of the original Take a Chance is the name and Daniel Boone's fur hat with the tail hanging down in front, which is very becoming to Cliff Edwards.

Take a Chance is not as pretty as Warner Brothers' musicals, but it is fast, foolish, forgettable, and funny.

★★★ TILLIE AND GUS

THE PLAYERS: W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, Baby Le Roy, Clifford Carsen Jones, Clarence Wilson. Directed by Francis Martin.

This bewildering account of the adventures of a Klondike gambler and his ex-wife who has been running a water-front dive in China, when they inherit a broken-down ferryboat, is somewhat in the nature of a wild parody of Tugboat Annie. Fields and Skipworth find their ferryboat populated by their niece, her husband, and Baby Le Roy. In order to keep the franchise it becomes necessary for them to race a rival river boat, which

"SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI"

Mary Blackford and Sally Starr. Buster "Tarzan" Crabbe appears in this one as a varsity oarsman.

W. C. Fields does his best to immobilize by chaining it to a dock before the race.

In the course of the contest Baby Le Roy falls overboard in a wash-basin, Fields launches a lifeboat to save him, and Alison Skipworth finally rescues both of them with a raft. As far as we are concerned, the climax of Tillie and Gus arrives when W. C. Fields pulls himself indignantly over the edge of the raft, hangs his walking stick over his arm, and wrings out his cigar.

★★ THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

THE PLAYERS: Mary Carlisle, Buster Crabbe, Charles Starrett, Florence Lake, Eddie Tamblyn, Sally Starr, Tom Dugan, Major Goodsell, Mary Blackford. Directed by Edwin L. Marin.

This is the routine college-sport romance with one or two variations. Instead of a football player the hero is a member of the crew. It is very hard for an individual on a college crew to distinguish himself in any particularly dramatic way, and since Buster Crabbe is almost as inarticulate in this picture as he was when performing as an ape it becomes particularly difficult in this case. None the less Crabbe does the best he can. The last sequence shows him wrestling with an oar so violently that Rawley wins the big race.

At the risk of giving away more secrets of the plot, it may be said that Crabbe has spent the early reels of the picture fondling or scratching the handle of this oar and shifting timidly from foot to foot whenever he finds himself in the presence of the belle of fraternity row, Mary Carlisle. There are the complications customary for college life in the movies: Mary Carlisle falls in the water, Crabbe's rival in love breaks his arm in an automobile accident, and a fraternity dance occurs at which a crooner sings the title song. Tom Dugan does a good bit as a trainer who thinks the Rawley crew is terrible. The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi is an inoffensively childish little program picture.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark, The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens.

★★★—Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Good-bye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire, Peg o' My Heart, Gold Diggers of 1933, The Silver Cord, Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man.

Germ-Tainted Hands

pass on your cold to the whole family!

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Handkerchiefs won't keep fingers germ-free
KLEENEX WILL!
WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE

Handkerchief magnified 64 times — *Kleenex magnified 64 times*

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

BECAUSE handkerchiefs are made of woven materials, they form a network of tiny openings. Through these openings, germs and mucus pass as through a sieve, contaminating your fingers. You leave a trail of infection wherever you go!

A safer way needed

Kleenex, closer in texture, highly absorbent, holds germs fast, keeps fingers dry, clean and sanitary. During colds, use hygienic, disposable Kleenex.

Downy soft and silky, always dry and clean, it is far less irritating to your raw, sore nose.

You use each tissue but once, then destroy. You are not constantly returning the same germs to your nose.

No handkerchiefs to wash!

What woman doesn't hate the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs? Kleenex ends this disagreeable job forever!

Your hand never enters the patented pull-out box to contaminate or mess up other sheets. You never take out more than you need—assurance of economy!

Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Authorities say Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores. The larger size is especially recommended.

And Kleenex is priced so low, you can use many tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try the heavier, smartly bordered Kerfs; also the new, handy Pocket Packet, 2 for 5c . . . At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

Why didn’t somebody thin

THEY’RE STYLED LIKE SPEEDPLANES

Studebaker has gone to the skyway for the dramatic aerodynamic lines of these startling new cars. They’re the world’s first standard production cars that really approximate the air-curve design of speed monarchs of the sky. And this streamlining is not merely for style—it’s a safety and economy factor when you tramp the throttle of these new Studebakers all the way down in high gear. Real savings of gas and oil are assured.

And, Mr. and Mrs. America, how low they’re priced!

THEY’RE BUILT LIKE BATTLESHIPS

The armor-plated steel-structure bodies of these Studebakers are seamless and therefore exceptionally quiet and strong. They’re made a virtual unit with the new-type extra rigid Studebaker frames, insuring safety.

STUDEBAKER has cut completely away from its long-established price fields in these cars without cutting down on Studebaker quality.

These are the best-built, best-looking automobiles that ever bore the Studebaker name plate—and they’re literally overflowing with expensive extra equipment and improvements that involve no extra cost to you.

The Studebaker tradition of unexcelled fineness is thus brilliantly maintained although these Studebakers are priced hundreds of dollars under their predecessors.

Appealing outside, they’re utterly alluring when you open the doors—with lounge-like, richly upholstered seats and numerous unexpected conveniences for personal comfort. The unusual roominess impresses you.

And, of course, these new Studebakers are almost entirely “automatic automobiles”—equipped with those uncanny “mechanical brains” which make Studebakers easier and much more delightful cars to handle.

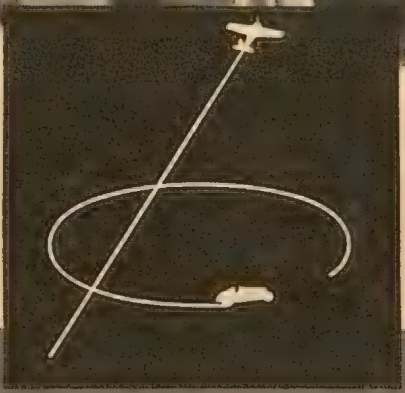
STARTLING

# of cars like these startling new Studebakers *before* ?

They'll take

RACING CAR PUNISHMENT

You've seen the forerunners of the stamina of these Studebakers if you witnessed the last Indianapolis Speedway race where seven of the first twelve winners were Studebaker powered—and where five 85% stock Studebakers went through the entire 500 gruelling miles without a single mechanical adjustment or repair!



FROM THE SPEEDWAY COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY COMES THEIR STYLE

$645

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

ICTATOR $645 *and up, at the factory* *COMMANDER* $845 *and up, at the factory* *PRESIDENT* $1045 *and up, at the factory*

EW STUDEBAKERS OF 1934

Money *and* Men *and* Me

(Reading time: 24 min. 5 sec.)

MY ripening friendship with Samuel Insull soon had a powerful and decisive effect on my career.

It was the end of my first season with the Chicago Opera company when I met Insull. I had sung only three rôles during the season, those of Micaëla and Musetta, and a small part in Charpentier's Louise.

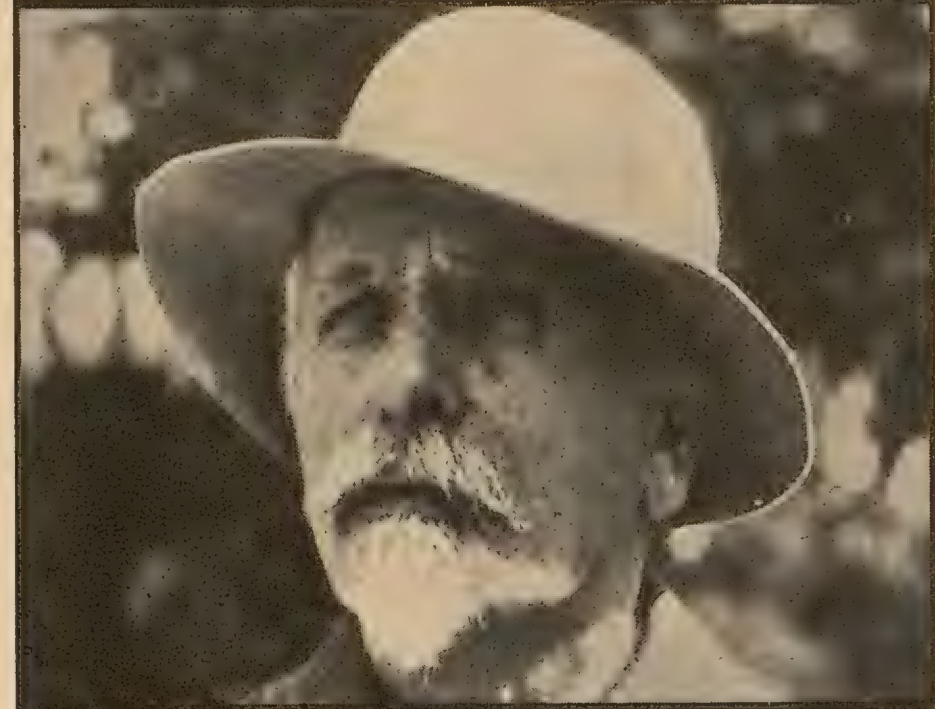
" Mary Garden's protégée " or not, my struggle upward was, I found, beset with many pitfalls. Opera politics prevented Garden from giving me other rôles. Her friendship was valuable in one way: she knew and could warn me against the dangers, and she could and on several occasions did use her influence in my behalf. On the other hand our amicable relations made every other woman in the company my sworn enemy.

The wildest rumors were set afloat to discredit me and embarrass Mary Garden. One which was especially current, and was even printed abroad, alleged that I was Garden's illegitimate daughter by Harold McCormick! This was merely funny; but there were others that hurt us both. Garden affected to ignore them, counseling me to do likewise, but unquestionably they frustrated her desire to do more for me than she had done.

But when Samuel Insull, the all-powerful, showed openly a preference for me, the situation changed. I was credited with having more influence with him than, in the beginning at any rate, I really had, and the women of the company concealed their feelings and began to cultivate and flatter me. One diva, who had been especially virulent in her attacks on me, sent me flowers and showered me with invitations to lunch or dinner. If Insull had

Dear Mary:
This world is
yours and you deserve
it. As ever
Floyd
N.Y. Dec. 1930.

Floyd Gibbons, at right, above. He gave Mary McCormic this picture when all was over.



"The mystery man of Europe," Sir Basil Zaharoff—"a nice old gentleman with a beard."

Edison at the peak of his climb, early in which Delmonico gave him and Sam Insull free meals.

A Famous Opera Star's Own Story of Her Sudden, Magic Millions and a Romance That Took Her by Surprise

From the Intimate Memoirs of

MARY McCORMIC

PRINCESS MDIVANI

as told to BASIL WOON

Otto H. Kahn, at left, with Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the astute impresario of the Metropolitan Opera company.

been a more approachable man his ears certainly would have been filled with lies and innuendoes about me. But to every one except me he was aloof and austere. I met Insull several times in Chicago, but my decisive encounter with him happened in my apartment at the Commodore Hotel in New York, where the company went for its customary postseasonal performances.

A select club in New York is the Lotos, to belong to which one must be well off financially and have some connection with the arts. Its luxurious clubhouse on West Fifty-seventh Street is—or was at that time—barred to women, except on very special occasions. One of these occasions was when Mary Garden was invited to be a guest of honor at a gala dinner.

I was one of two singers Garden brought with her to the dinner, which was attended by several score of the most prominent men in New York City. The two men who loomed largest in the finances of American opera were present, Otto Kahn at one end of the room and Samuel Insull at the other. I sang two numbers and afterward Garden came to me and took me by the arm.

"There is a gentleman who wishes to meet you," she said. "I have told him that you are our most promising youngster."

Mary McCormic, from a picture taken during her recent legal bout with her husband, Prince Serge Mdivani.

It was Otto Kahn to whom she introduced me. Mr. Kahn surveyed me with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I've been trying to persuade Garden to give you up," he said. "A voice like yours belongs in the Metropolitan."

"Give me a rain check," I said promptly.

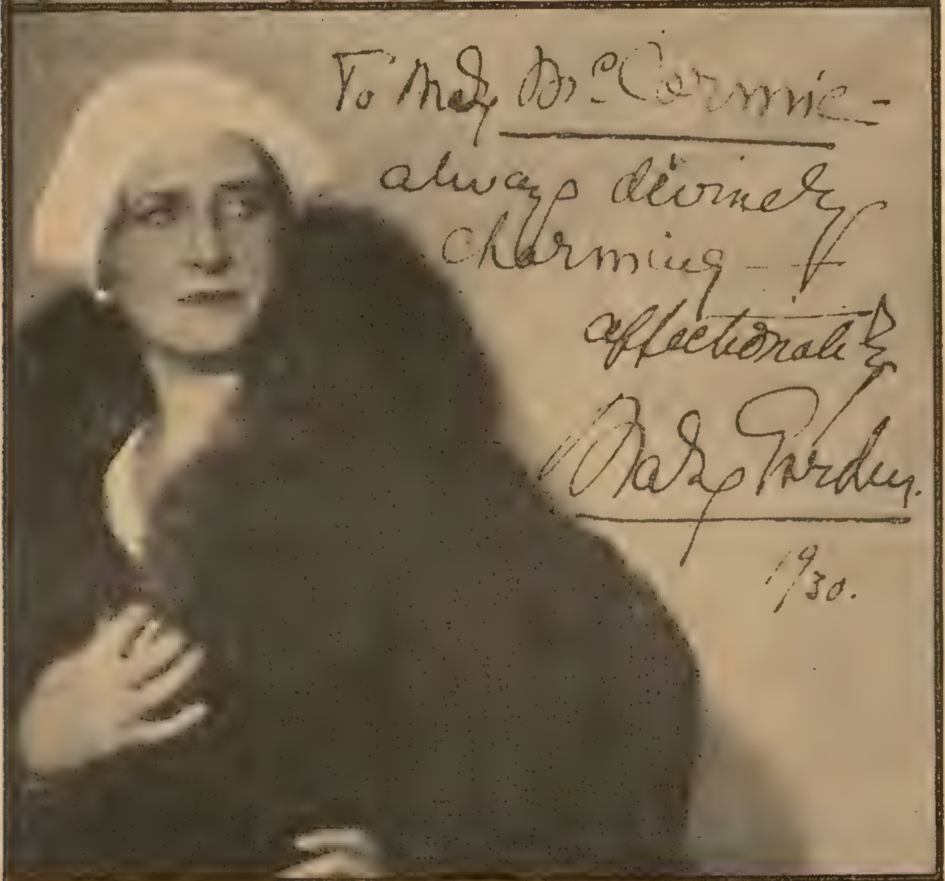
Mr. Kahn and Garden both laughed. This was one of many occasions on which I found Otto Kahn to be as charming as he was distinguished. He was a true lover of opera and a remarkable connoisseur of voices, and Gatti-Casazza deferred to his judgment on many occasions. He could be very jolly too, as I found out several years later during a cruise to the Riviera.

Insull took me back to my hotel that night. It was a silent ride. He seemed lost in contemplation. As we neared Forty-second Street he suddenly patted my hand and asked if he could come to see me the next day.

When he arrived I gave him a chair by the window. As I pulled a footstool to his feet and seated myself there, his expression relaxed. His eyes became kindly.

"I wanted to see you," he said abruptly, "because I would like to help you. Tell me—what is your outlook on life? What are your plans? What would you like most to do?"

"Go to Europe to perfect my studies," I said quickly.


To Mary McCormic —
always divinely
charming — &
affectionately
Mary Garden.
1/30.

Mary Garden gave this portrait photograph to her ex-protégée Mary McCormic, with a tribute written on it.

GOING TO ST. LOUIS ?

STOP at this *new* hotel ... the Aristocrat of St. Louis. Here you will find a new kind of beauty ... the art moderne in every setting and appointment. Here ... genuine *comfort* that comes from sincere, unobtrusive service. And here ... an address of *prestige* to aid you in your contact with St. Louisans!

New!

Hotel Jefferson

The ARISTOCRAT of ST. LOUIS

400 rooms *from $3.00 to $4.00*

400 rooms *from $4.50 to $7.00*

Suites *$5.00 to $12.00*

The answer seemed to please him. "Well, then, go to Europe," he said. "Go as soon as you wish and take any one you like with you. My office will look after the details."

I was ecstatic. I tried to thank him. He listened benignly. "You must come to me for anything you need, now or in the future," he said. "I believe that you have a great destiny, and it will be my privilege to help you toward it." His expression changed. His eyes grew keen. "I want you to be frank with me. You have been earning a good salary for more than a year. Have you saved any money?"

I said I had several thousand dollars in the bank. He was pleased.

"That is right, my dear," he said. "Always save a percentage of what you make. You can achieve nothing without financial independence. Now, I will tell you what I will do: If you will give to me such of your savings as you think you can afford, I will invest the money for you and be responsible for it."

My acceptance of this offer was to make me, only a few years later, a "paper millionaire." Three years later Insull called me into his office and taking pencil and paper began to figure. I have the memorandum before me now. He had "put me in on the ground floor" of Insull Utility Investment Common, and the original $1,000 invested had grown to $108,000; I had 456 shares, common and preferred, of Mid-West Utilities for which I had paid only a few thousand dollars and which were now worth $114,400. The total came to $222,400.

"Take what you absolutely need and let me have charge of the remainder," he said.

WHEN people ask me now, "But why on earth did you let Insull have all your money?" I have a ready answer in those figures. Of course I left the money with him. Who would have done otherwise? A year or so later I was told that if I cared to sell out my holdings I could write a check for nearly three million dollars. But Insull said, "Why do that? Why not hold on and make still more money?" Well, what would *you* have done with such a record of performance as Insull had shown?

Those magic and mysterious millions! They seemed unreal to me then. They are a dream to me now. For, of course, they vanished, just as Insull's hundreds of millions vanished.

I hope I shall never be so ungrateful as to be tempted to blame Samuel Insull for that fortune which disappeared. His own went with it. He did not create the system by which he made his wealth. Neither was he the brains behind that system—he was the executive; he hired the brains. The brains were lawyers and bankers, all of whom long since have jumped from the scuttled ship. Some of them I knew.

But, meanwhile—

"When you go to Europe," said Insull, looking down at me as I sat on the footstool at his feet, "I want you to go to England first of all."

And then for hours he sat, this man of many millions, lost in a flood of reminiscence. The dam of his reticence had been broken by the one word "England." For though he was by origin a Scotchman, it was England he loved.

"One day I will show you England as I know it," he said softly. "I have a pilgrimage that I make every year. Next year you must go with me."

It was a pilgrimage to his home, to his beloved sister Emma, to the grave of his adored mother, who was and in death still is the abiding passion of Samuel Insull's life. For half an hour or more he talked to me of her, and I was amazed to see him shed unashamed tears as he talked. He gave his mother credit for everything that he was, everything that he had ever done. She had died two years before.

"My father was a carpenter," he said, "and my mother in our early years had a hard and difficult life. When I was in my teens she warned me against liquor, and I promised that I would never touch a drop. I never have."

FOR fifty years Insull had always gone home for Christmas, no matter what urgent business demanded his presence elsewhere. He had gone even if it had been only a day's visit between boats.

It tore my heart out to watch the white-haired man crying at his memories of the mother who had meant the world to him. In my mind I could not help contrasting this nice, sentimental man with the Samuel Insull the world knew—the granite-like, unapproachable, frigid, haughty, imperious "Czar of Chicago." Which, I wondered then—as I have wondered since—was the real Insull?

He told me of his early struggles, of his immigrant days, of his slow rise to fortune with Thomas Edison. He described to me the house and village in which he was born, the garden he had played in and the flowers that grew there. He spoke to me tenderly of his first boyhood sweetheart, the "girl he left behind him," who had died. "You remind me of her. That is why I like you."

(Later on, because of this resemblance he said I bore to his first love, Insull gave me some jewelry which he had given her during his early days of success—some rings, a pin, a necklace. They had been returned to him when she died. All these years he had kept them. When he gave them to me I felt humble and unworthy, and cried.)

It grew late; I suggested food. "Not here," said Insull. "I dine in only one place in New York—Delmonico's."

So we went to Delmonico's, which splendid old restaurant was soon to disappear, and at his favorite table he gave me further insight into his early struggles in America.

"I always eat here," he said, "because I owe Delmonico a debt that can never be paid—and the rest of the world shares that debt with me."

Forty years before, Samuel Insull and Thomas A. Edison—" young Tommy " then—had been fighting for recognition. "We owed so much money," said Insull, "that we used to take circuitous routes through back streets in order to avoid our creditors. Edison was wrestling with the problem of the incandescent light, and I was trying to keep the wolves from the door.

"We actually went hungry one day, but Edison, wrapped up in his experiments in the makeshift laboratory I had found for him, probably felt the pangs less than I did. As for me, I was young and healthy and I needed food. I was trying at the time to interest a certain capitalist in Edison, and hunger made me so formidable a salesman that I succeeded. On the strength of the capitalist's assurances, I was able to borrow a small sum of money. With it I went to the laboratory.

"'Look!' I exclaimed, waving the bills. 'We eat!'

"Nothing less than a celebration would do Edison, so we went to our favorite restaurant, Delmonico's, the prices of which for a long period had been beyond our reach. Mr. Delmonico came over to our table and asked why he had not seen us for so long. I told him that every dollar I could raise had to be spent on Edison's experiments, not on food and wine.

"Delmonico looked shocked. 'See here,' he said, 'I like you two boys and I believe you have something the world is waiting for. So I'll tell you what I'll do. You two can eat here for one year from tonight without paying a cent. If you ever get the money, you can pay me back. If not, I'll never ask you.'

"We leaped at his offer, needless to say—and that very year Thomas Edison invented the incandescent light."

Insull spoke to me of Edison with great affection, but very bitterly of financiers who, he said, had come between the great inventor and him. "They broke up our relationship," he said, "but they did not break up our friendship." Incidentally, he said it was this first battle with the giants of finance, over the Edison Company, which sent him to Chicago determined to work and plan until he became greater and more powerful than his adversaries. This he accomplished and the last of his foes died while Insull was still at the top.

AS soon as the company finished its Boston engagement, I decided to take him at his word and go to Europe. A few months before, my brother Nobby had eloped with a south Texas girl and married her. They had come to Chicago. The first blush of the romance had passed, and to my experienced eyes Nobby was growing restless again.

Estelle was a lovely, lazy, harebrained youngster, hardly in her twenties. Seeking some one to go to Europe with me, I thought of her. It was an ideal solution for Estelle and Nobby—they are now divorced long since—as it was for me. I told Mr. Insull that I was ready to go, and soon one of his secretaries called and said that the arrangements had all been made, and that I would leave on the White Star liner Adriatic for Southampton. We sailed toward the end of March, laden with letters of introduction and injunctions from Samuel Insull not to do this and not to miss that.

The passenger list was filled with well-known names, and Estelle and I found many friends. Some of them are my friends today, including the Earl of Ilchester, P. G. Wodehouse, George Grossmith, and Dr. Richard Tunison, head of a big chemical company and now a wealthy resident of Pebble Beach, California.

The six of us—his Lordship, "Piggy," "Gee-Gee," Dick, Estelle, and I—were together the entire trip. We had a gorgeous time. The Englishmen had a perfectly frantic time trying to understand Estelle, who spoke with the broadest Southern drawl you have ever heard. So extreme was her accent that the immigration authorities at Southampton suspected her of being a Bolshevist spy.

"But she is an American!" I argued desperately.

"If she's an American why doesn't she talk English?" demanded the inspector.

"Suah Ah'm an Ameh'kan," drawled Estelle resentfully.

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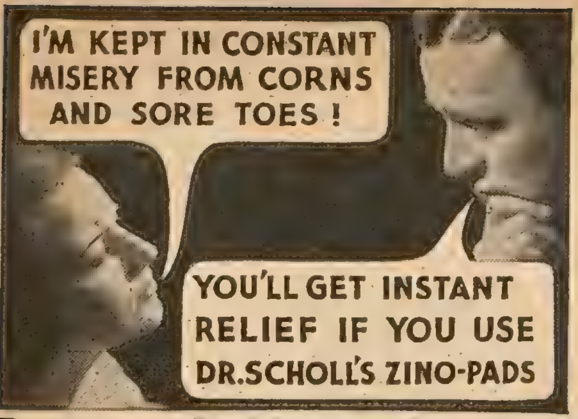
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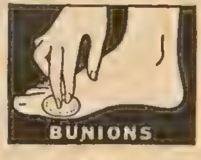

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It took the combined persuasion of the earl and of Dr. Tunison to make the inspector believe her.

Estelle and I registered at the Carlton Hotel, and we had scarcely been there an hour before Lord Ilchester was on the telephone asking us to dinner at Holland House, his London home. Thereafter "Stavey"—as we soon irreverently called him—never let a day pass without asking us to lunch, dine, or dance.

"I want you to love England," he said.

He introduced to me many of his friends, and Estelle and I saw London under the happiest of auspices. I have felt tenderly toward England ever since.

One day Ilchester introduced us to General Trotter, chief equerry to the Prince of Wales. General Trotter asked us to luncheon the next day, and introduced us to another equerry of the Prince of Wales, Colonel Cyril Hanky, who has remained a close friend of mine.

"Please, Cyril," I said pleadingly one day, "won't you introduce us to the Prince of Wales?"

"Good Lord, no!" exploded Hanky, shaken out of his customary aplomb. "Er—that is, we have trouble enough—I should say, we have a hard time—anyway, the prince's time is rather fully occupied just at present."

I laughed at him. I begged General Trotter to introduce us. The general's face twitched in a grim smile, but he put me off. And I have never yet met the prince!

We had seen little of Dick Tunison in London, but by a coincidence he was on the boat that took us to Calais. We had scarcely arrived in Paris before we found ourselves in the basement cabaret of the New York Bar.

Dick went upstairs, and when he came down he said, "Mary, did you ever hear of Count de Neipperg?"

"No. Who's he?" I asked.

"He isn't—any more. But he was the great lover of the nineteenth century, the man whom old Count Metternich employed to seduce Marie Louise when Napoleon had been exiled to Elba."

"Why tell me of a great lover if he's dead?" I demanded.

"WELL, there was a strange thing about Count de Neipperg. He was Europe's greatest lover, but he only had one eye. The other was always covered with a white patch."

"Well?" I said.

"Nothing," he continued, grinning. "But—well, Floyd Gibbons is upstairs in the bar, and he has a white patch over one eye, too. Didn't you tell me you had a letter of introduction to him?"

"Yes, of course!" I cried. "From Spearman Lewis—and Lewis said he was a terrific lady-killer, and to watch out!"

"I'll go and get him," said Tunison.

Thus gayly do we march toward our fate! Floyd Gibbons came downstairs, and from the very moment of our introduction sparks flew! I was meeting for the first time the man who was to become the central figure of the most romantic period of my whole life.

Floyd remained with us several hours, guiding us around the night spots of Paris. Dr. Tunison and an American friend of his, who had drunk so much champagne he could hardly walk, took us back to the Continental, where the doctor was staying too. There the inebriated friend paid us an elaborate farewell, and we thought we had seen the last of him.

In our room Estelle and I undressed, talking excitedly of the events of the night—I especially of Floyd, who seemed to me a most dashing and distinguished fellow. We were almost ready for bed when a knock sounded at the door. Thinking it might be Tunison, come to say good night, I opened it a cautious two inches—and immediately a shoe shot in, preventing me from closing it!

IT was the drunken friend. He insisted that he was coming in, and made so much noise that, afraid of scandal, I opened the door, hoping to persuade him as a gentleman to leave. But if that disgusting creature had ever been a gentleman he had forgotten about it now. Standing in the middle of the floor, leering at us, he proceeded to take off his clothes!

Estelle and I were paralyzed with fright. We were afraid to scream, we didn't know how to use the telephone, we were as yet unacquainted with the push-buttons that summon servants in French hotels. All we could do was try to argue with the beast between sudden lurching rushes on his part, first at me, then at Estelle.

There was a heavy inkwell on a desk and I seized it, intending to knock him on the head with it if he came near enough. But at that moment another knock sounded—Tunison! I rushed to the door and opened it—and the sight that met poor Dick Tunison's eyes must be one he remembers shudderingly today. It was to his eternal credit that he took in the situation at a glance.

"You girls go sleep in my room," he said, giving me the key. "I'll take care of *this*."

We did as we were told, but there was little sleep for us. In the morning Tunison rang up and said he had finally got the man out about seven o'clock. The poor doctor apologized profusely for having introduced him to us. "I had never seen him drunk before!" he explained.

Italy was my destination, and thither, in a few days, we went. Polacco and Mary Garden had both advised me to study in Italy first of all. "The greatest teacher in all Italy—in the world—is Mario Malatesta," said Polacco. "If he won't take you, tell him you are a friend of mine!"

When the Rome express pulled into Milan station we were tired and dirty, longing for a hot bath and bed. We took a cab to the Pension Bonini. Polacco, Garden, Muratore, Hackett, and the others had each emphatically assured me that if I did not live in the Pension Bonini I might just as well not go to Milan at all—that I would learn almost as much at the *pension* as I would at the teacher's!

It was an old stone building with worn stone steps which might have been a barracks or a prison. We were ushered into a dingy reception parlor, where we stood feeling like lost pups. From here and there in the house would come bursts of melody as some singer, male or female, trilled the scales. (There was never an instant when *some one* wasn't singing in the Pension Bonini.) Finally the door opened and Signora Bonini in person rustled in, a dark and voluble edition of Texas Guinan, waved, enameled, powdered, scented, swathed in stiff silks and hung with gold jewelry. She greeted us warmly enough, her eyes calculating, her mouth greedy, her hands expressive of welcome.

PANTING up the stairs, she showed us our rooms—two, on the first floor front. We were *peschi cani* (for some reason the Italians call newly rich "fish dogs"), and so were to be exceptionally treated—and charged. Signora Bonini vanished, the maid pushed open the dusty shutters and departed too, saying something we couldn't understand. Concertedly Estelle and I began a search for the bathroom. There wasn't one! There wasn't even running water. There was a washstand in each room and a basin and jug filled with cold water a trifle sooty around the edges. In the whole establishment there was just one bathroom, and to use it you had to make an appointment about a week in advance.

Except for breakfast—execrable coffee and hard rolls, which we early learned to replace with *zabaglione*—meals at the *pension* were filling if not dainty. The wine was strong and good. We all ate together in one room.

What a frantic mob we were at the Pension Bonini, to be sure! Some of us were studying, some of us singing, and the remainder trying to get jobs, and quite capable of scratching the eyes out of some one more fortunate who succeeded. There was a Spanish girl with a mustache who never washed below the top line of her bodice, who could sing like an angel but who had the temperament of a wildcat—she had a difficult time getting her men because she wore her nails so long and pointed, and it was certain that the end of an affair meant a week in bed to nurse the scars. There was Eva Didur, the great soprano, daughter of Adama Didur of the Metropolitan. She was like a fiery ball, bouncing instead of walking; she was eternally mixed up in some tempestuous operatic squabble or other—but, heavens, what a voice!

There was a French girl who hated Italy, America, England, Spain, and Germany. There were a dozen or more Italians, men and women, who seemed to consider each other's rooms communal property; there was a German student-singer who was almost respectable; and there were we three Americans: the dentist's wife, Estelle—the only "tourist" in the *pension*—and I.

Mario Malatesta was not at all the irascible, hair-pulling, traditional type of professor. He was a timid, kind, patient little man of simple manners and tastes; he was not even very expensive, but as he was head and shoulders above every other teacher in Italy he always had more pupils than he had time to teach. It was therefore an honor to be accepted by Malatesta, and I achieved it only through his friendship for Polacco.

Malatesta's methods followed the old tried-and-true rules which produced Patti, Melba, Caruso, and others of the greatest singers. His whole teaching bent toward the reduction of effort in singing. After a few months' studying with him my voice improved astoundingly.

Late in the summer I received a wire asking me to meet Samuel Insull in Paris. I went there and found him in the midst of mysterious negotiations with munitions barons and Irish and English politicians. It seemed as if England were on the verge of another war with Turkey, *and the politicians and munitions makers were consulting on the "advisability" of such a war.*

I sat, the only woman at the table, with Insull and his friends at dinner in the Ritz and listened to them calmly juggle the destinies of nations. Except for two of

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the men, their names escaped me. The two were T. P. O'Connor, the famous and beloved Irish editor and patriot, and a man named Cosgrave, who either had just been or was about to be elected head of Sinn Fein.

Samuel Insull figured in the matter because he was a great friend of Sir Basil Zaharoff, head of Maxim's munition works and so-called "Mystery Man of Europe." They needed Zaharoff in their schemes. I recall clearly but one remark of Insull's. The other men had stated the case for war with Turkey—O'Connor dissenting volubly—and Insull had said nothing. They finally turned to him and asked his opinion, hanging on his words as if they were decisive.

"I can tell you this much," said Insull. "This war would mean more fighting for Greece, and *neither Zaharoff nor I* would consent to that."

This was the first I knew of Insull's friendship with Zaharoff and for Greece. I did not meet Zaharoff at this time, but later, when I sang at Monte Carlo, I came to know him well. As was natural, I did not find him "mysterious" at all.

My meeting with "Tay Pay" O'Connor was the first of many; our acquaintance ripened into a warm friendship. A vitriolic writer when it pleased him, he had a tough hide over a tender heart. His interest in Greece came from the fact that his lifelong companion was a lovely Greek woman, who remained faithful to him until she died. She it was who first interested Samuel Insull in Greece, and introduced him to Sir Basil Zaharoff.

WHILE not "mysterious," Zaharoff's story was romantic in the extreme. Samuel Insull told it to me.

A young Greek with no background or influence, Zaharoff had gone to London first on a mission from the British consulate in Athens. There, learning that a big contract for munitions was about to be given France by Spain, he conceived the idea of trying to obtain it for Vickers's, the big English munitions firm. Straightway he went to the headquarters of Vickers's and asked to see the president. They looked at the callow youngster and smiled.

He took a pencil and wrote: "I have come in respect to the order from the Spanish government." The president knew that the order was meant for Creusot's, the great French firm. He told them to let young Zaharoff in. It happened that the board of directors was meeting.

"Gentlemen," said young Zaharoff, "if I can get the order for Vickers, what will you give me?"

They murmured about a customary commission.

"Nonsense!" said Zaharoff. "The order will involve a sum in excess of five million pounds. If I procure it for this company I must be made a director and receive a bonus of two hundred and fifty thousand!"

The Vickers directors smiled skeptically, but signed the agreement.

Young Zaharoff went to Paris and took train for Spain. On the train he met a beautiful young Spanish girl who was of royal blood and married to a grandee of Spain. She was the Duquesa de Villafranca. She and Zaharoff fell desperately in love. Using the tremendous influence she had in Spain, she so contrived that the big munitions order was given to him.

Zaharoff returned to England with the order and was given his reward. In time he became head of Vickers's and one of the wealthiest men in Europe. He was beyond doubt the most astute arms salesman who ever lived. Owing to divorce not being permitted by her church, the *duquesa* and her lover could not marry until the death of the duke, which occurred more than thirty years after their meeting. In the meantime they lived in one or another of Zaharoff's great establishments. When it became legally possible they married and shortly afterward the *duquesa* died.

SUCH is the story of the "war maker," the "mystery man," the "most sinister figure in Europe," the "owner of Monte Carlo," the—the nice kind old gentleman with a beard who was so lovely to me on the Riviera!

I met Floyd Gibbons, of course, in Paris. But what a meeting! He was flat on his back with appendicitis, suffering tortures.

One afternoon a chauffeur rang the bell of my apartment and said, "Mr. Gibbons sent me, madame. He would like me to take you to him."

Without waiting to inquire where we were going, I went with the chauffeur. He stopped at an address on the Rue Reynouard. We took the *ascenseur*. A grinning servant introduced me into Floyd's bedroom.

Hardly across the threshold, I found my way blocked by a table. I looked, astonished. A complete barricade of chairs, tables, desks, and other furniture surrounded the bed! Sitting up in the bed was Floyd.

"Well!" I said. "What have you got—measles?"

"Appendicitis," said Floyd, smiling. "It isn't catching—but something between us might be. You keep your distance!"

But we both knew we couldn't keep that "something between us" forever. Truth to tell, Floyd was wisest. He did his best to resist the impulse to play with fire. As for me, I was in love with him.

The next time I saw Floyd Gibbons he was running away from me—to Timbuktu, no less! But fate wouldn't have it that way. While he was in Algiers, getting his expedition across the Sahara ready, I was nearing the Algerian coast. Mary Garden, Otto Kahn, and others were in our party and our destination was Monaco. *They* went on. *I* "missed the boat."

Have you ever been in love in Algeria? It's divine!

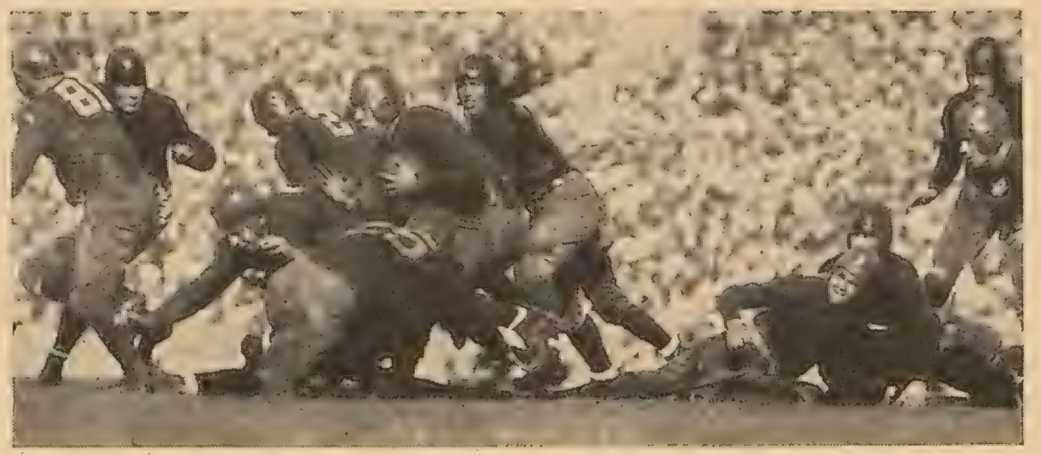
A concluding installment of Mary McCormic's memoirs will appear in an early issue.

Liberty Sponsors an ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM for 1933

A Plan for Giving Honor Where Honor Really Is Due

(Reading time: 4 min. 40 sec.)

By NORMAN L. SPER



TO obtain a method of choosing an All-America football eleven that would win universal approval has long been the desire of football fans and experts. Liberty will present this fall an All-America team selected by a method that will achieve this result. Coaches, players, and experts all agree that this new method is the most nearly infallible yet conceived.

The method and the team will be known as Liberty's All-Players All-America. As the name implies, the eleven will be selected exclusively by the competing players themselves.

Every one must agree that players have a far more intimate and personal knowledge of the weaknesses and abilities of their opponents than any one else has. Who therefore is better qualified to give the millions of football fans an absolutely unbiased, representative, and indisputable All-America eleven?

To assure the success of this method, Liberty has enlisted the hearty coöperation of the football squads of 130 major universities and colleges of the United States, the North, South, East, and West all being fully represented. The twenty varsity players of each squad, making a total of 2,600 athletes, will be the sole judges and selectors in determining who shall be honored as members of Liberty's All-Players All-America. They will name only players whom they have opposed in actual intercollegiate competition, post-season games being excluded. In no circumstances will it be permissible for them to name a member of their own team or of one they have not played against.

Liberty's All-Players All-America is not a voting contest. Selection will be based on the proficiency of a player in all departments that are essential in his position.

Players are to be judged solely according to their mastery and execution of the fundamentals. These vary according to the player's position. For instance, the quarterback will be judged for his generalship, speed, running interference, blocking, ball carrying (plunging and dodging), receiving forward passes, forward passing, defense against forward passes and running attacks, diagnosing opponents' plays, aggressiveness, kicking (punting, place kicking, and drop kicking), and receiving punts.

In judging their opponents for quarterback honors in Liberty's All-Players All-America, the selecting players will take account of excellence or the lack of it in each of these qualifications. For example, should the quarterback be deficient in blocking or any other fundamental, he would be rated only *one*, which carries a percentage of only 50. The rating of *two*, which is fair, is equivalent to 70 per cent; *three*, good, 85 per cent; *four*, very good, 90 per cent; *five*, excellent, 95 per cent; while *six*, the mark of extraordinary ability, rates the quarterback 100 per cent. These ratings are applicable to all positions.

Guards and tackles will receive ratings for speed, charging, blocking, defensive ability, diagnosing opponents' plays, and aggressiveness. On running interference they will be rated only when their system of play requires it.

All the qualifications necessary for guards and tackles are also required for center, except running interference; but in lieu of this is accuracy in snapping the ball.

Ends are judged on the same fundamentals as guards and tackles, and on receiving forward passes, defense against running attacks, and value in covering punts.

The fullback and the halfbacks are judged on speed, running interference, ball carrying, receiving forward passes, forward passing, defense against it, defense against running attacks, diagnosing plays, aggressiveness, and punting, place kicking, and drop kicking.

Thus players are judged, not for any spectacular specialty but for all-round ability.

Snap judgment, partisanship, and sectional press-agentry are adequately guarded against. Merit alone will decide. A player must perform meritoriously in every intercollegiate contest, since he is ranked or judged in every game by a different set of opponents. This strikes a hard blow at the so-called "money player."

Each judging player will select and rate only eleven men, the foremost man for each position.

Intersectional games play a highly important part in determining Liberty's All-Players All-America eleven. Without these games it would be impossible to make the necessary comparisons.

For example, Notre Dame is to play Army, which is regarded as an Eastern aggregation, and the University of Southern California, a strictly Western team. Therefore a Mid-Western team, Notre Dame, will be in a position to judge the players of an Eastern eleven and of a Western one. Likewise the West Pointers and the Trojans will be qualified to judge a Mid-Western team.

Suppose Easterners were to consider the Army quarterback superior to the quarterback of Southern California, and Westerners were to take the contrary view. There would be a spirited discussion, with no way to settle it unless the two quarterbacks could oppose each other. Through intersectional games, Liberty's All-Players All-America method provides for a just and satisfactory conclusion regarding the respective abilities of these two players. No other method of selecting an All-America does or can do this.

No section of the country can have a monopoly in Liberty's All-Players All-America.

The special printed forms which the 2,600 football-playing judges will fill out after their last scheduled game is played are now en route to them.

THE END

Hoofbeat,

By CONRAD RICHTER

(Reading time: 23 minutes 15 seconds.)

HE rode singing up the trail to the Bridle Bit, a tall, tattered Mexican. His ancient hull of a saddle was worn to the wood and patched with rawhide. You looked at him once, twice at his horse, and swore he must have stolen it. The old West has seen many dun stallions. The coat of this one was alive as early morning sunlight on the bluffs along the Rio Grande. His mane and tail hung black as a Navaho's *chongo,* and a stripe the same shade and wide as your hand ran from tail to withers. In Texas and New Mexico he was a bayo coyote.

Bob Denton, foreman of the Bridle Bit, was on the ranch-house gallery when the pulsing hoofbeats ceased. His rider ironically lifted his hat.

"You have a job for the best rider in this country, yes?"

"We're full-handed," Denton said.

"And what is that?" The rider shrugged. "A good ranch, he need two hands. You and your five, six men be one hand—I, Ramon Gaspar Cristobal Manriquez, be the other. Not so?" His eyes sparkled with a mocking pagan light. In him flowed the roistering Celtic blood of ancient northern Spain blended with the impassive vigor of the Moors.

"Light and stay to supper!" Denton invited. "I'll talk to the Old Man."

Sam Tarrant nodded when his foreman spoke to him about the Mexican. He said he had seen the stallion from his window. The Old Man's vice was horses. But in the men's quarters the Mexican received a colder welcome. For three days the American hands ignored him.

On the fourth Sam was at La Tule for the night, trying to collect an old bill from Don Alarid. With the rain pounding on the roof, the men cut the cards to see who would have to fetch him. Ramon cut a queen. The foreman cut for Harry Wilson, already in his bunk with a rheumatic leg that gave him trouble in wet weather. Harry's six spot was low, and he started to crawl from his bunk.

"*Carrajo!*" Ramon boasted, pushing him back. "You are too sick an hombre for a job like this. I, Ramon Gaspar Cristobal Manriquez, will ride to La Tule! Bah, what is a little rain?" Having been on a horse all day, he went out to ride a wet saddle all night.

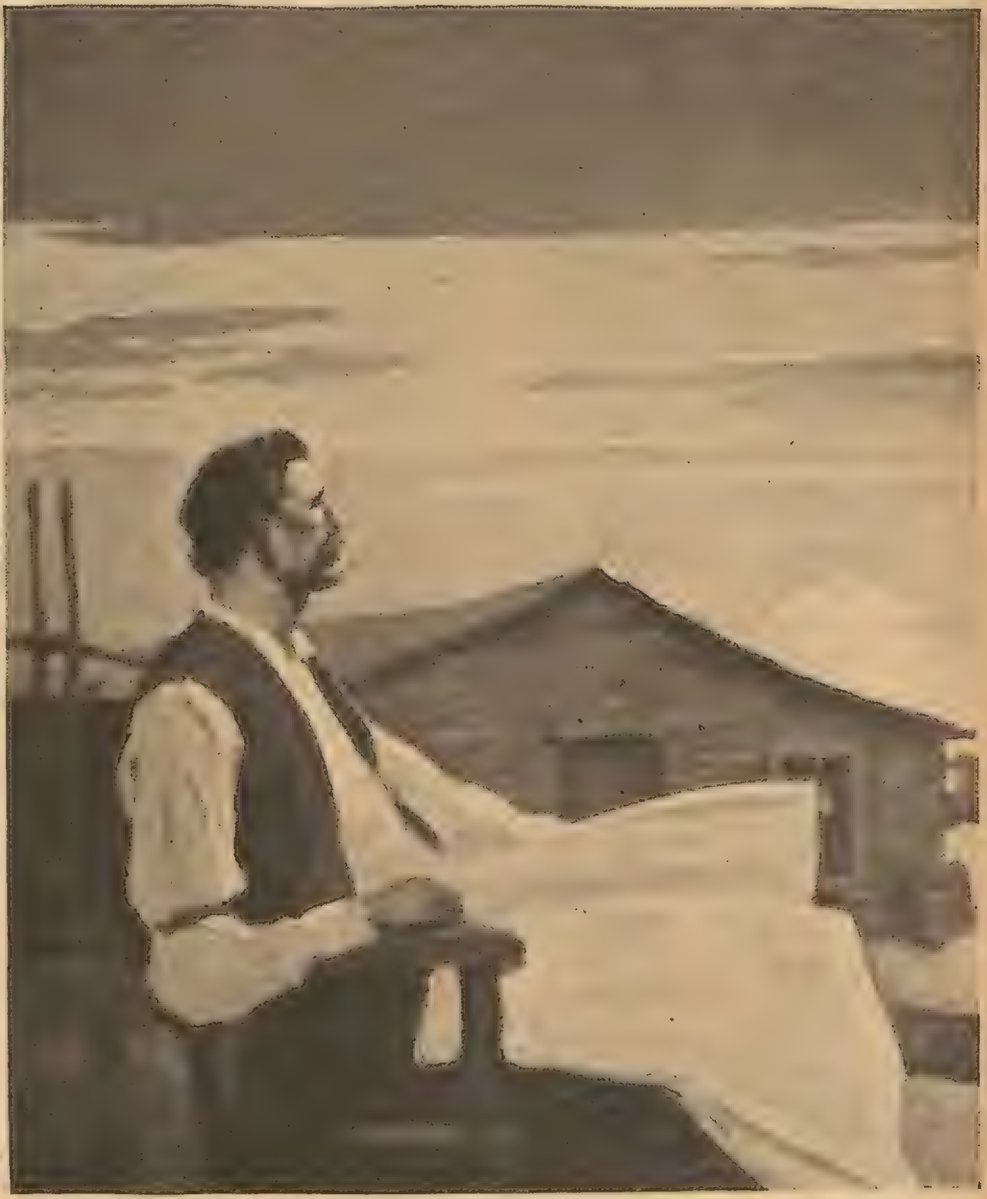
When he came back from La Tule he found a quiet welcome from the men. Next day they noticed that his rope seldom missed—that his piggin' string never came untied. He rode unperturbed any horse the foreman gave him. When Denton's mount stumbled in a prairie dog's hole, Ramon imperiously took charge of the horse and used his own canteen to flood the bleeding shoulders. Calming the trembling animal with a flow of coaxing Spanish, he stitched the deep cuts.

The foreman gave Ramon no thanks that day, but the following afternoon rode up to the Mexican on the range. He spoke awkwardly.

"I seen your stallion high-tailin' it for the hills. Maybe you wanta take a day off and c'ral him? If you don't, he'll be plumb wild."

A lusty light sprang into Ramon's eyes.

"*Carrajo!* I like to go wild like that myself! You Americanos don't know how it feel to be free. But thanks, *amigo.* I don't need the bayo coyote now. I leave him wild. When I leave this place, I hunt him. A day, a week—it costs me nothing."



His rider ironically lifted his hat. "You have

The foreman eased sidewise on his saddle.

"I reckon, Ramon, I oughta tell you somethin'. Tomorrow the Old Man's kid's comin' home from convent school in Santa Fe."

"*Bueno!*" enthused the Mexican. "Is a wonderful thing to talk about, a señorita, no?"

"No is right this time," the foreman said. "What I wanted to tell you was—once on a time this kid was Mexican. She had no people and Sam's wife had no kids, so they took her to raise. Now they think of her like she was their'n. They changed her name from Carmel Ochoa to Mary Tarrant."

Ramon nodded tranquilly.

"I hear about her."

"Well, all I wanted to say sorta was that the Old Man and his wife have forgot she was Mexican. You savvy what I mean?"

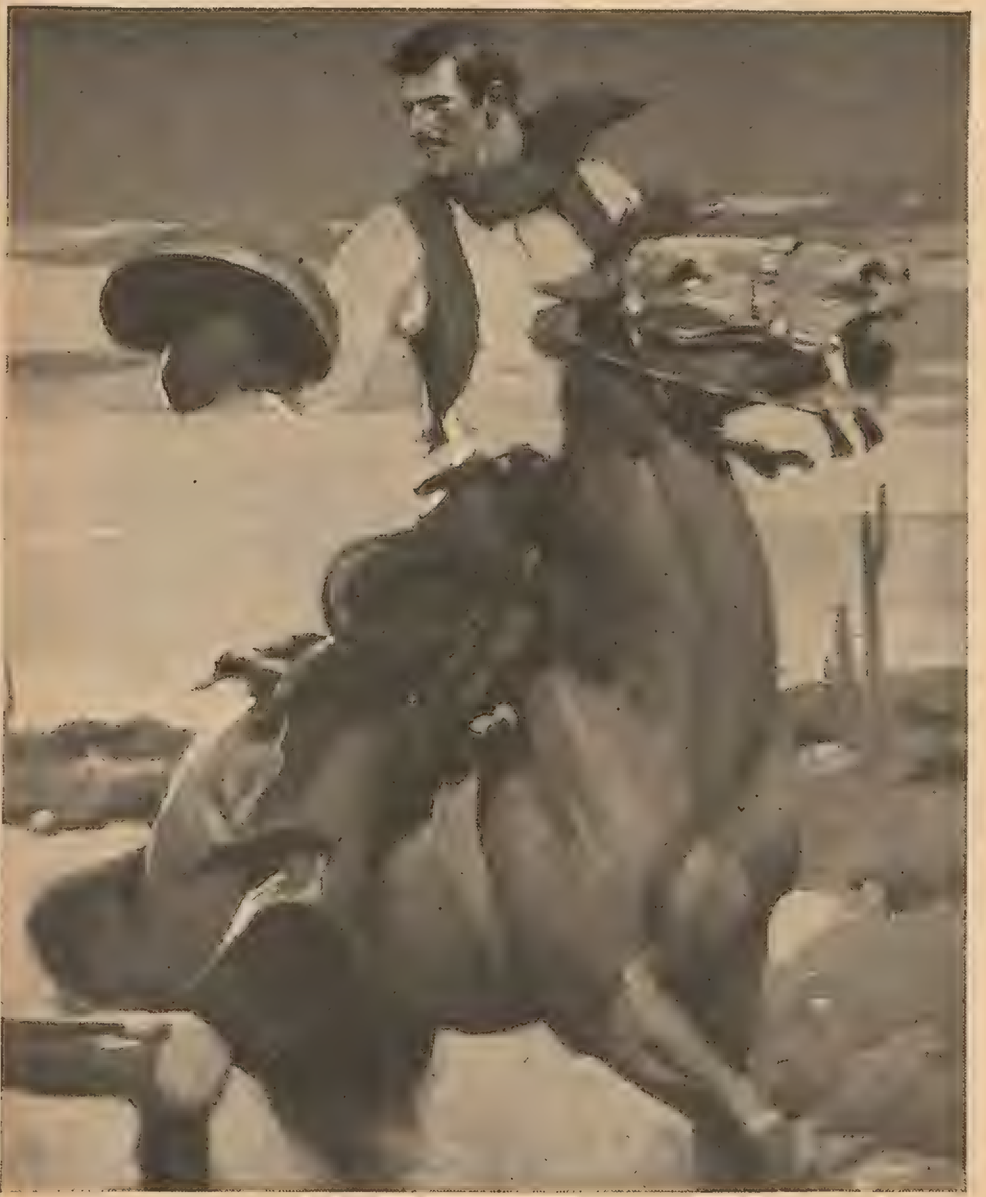
The Mexican's dark face was impassive, but his black eyes glittered sardonically.

"A-sure. You mean I don't make love to her, yes?"

Ramon Scorned to Steal Horses, But a Heart—Ah, That Was Different

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLINTON SHEPHERD

Heartbeat



a job for the best rider in this country, yes?"

"I wouldn't aim to try it, *amigo*. Sam Tarrant'd never fire you. He'd jes plumb kill you on sight."

Saturday morning a girlish figure walked lightly down from the house to the horse corral. The foreman, sitting on the rail as foremen may, saw her come.

Mary Tarrant at seventeen was the white, full-blown type, ripe as a Sonora peach, with black laughing eyes, and repose, that inexplicable Castilian composure.

She had seen broncho-breaking all her life. After delivering her message, Denton expected to see her go carelessly back to the house. But today she kept standing at the bars. Inside the corral Ramon was riding a squealing *oscuro* whose back had never held saddle or mortal before. Mary Tarrant wasn't looking at the horse. Her eyes were on the reckless moving rider with the sweated brigand face, the torn rear lining of whose worn vest kept flapping like the wings of a crowing rooster.

Through the corral dust and dizzy gyrations, Denton had no idea Ramon had seen her. But the moment the fighting horse had declared a truce, his rider whirled him over to the gate bars and lifted him to a trembling stop. The rider's dark, dust-streaked face was alight.

"*Carrajo!*" he exclaimed, his r's rolling, his battered high-crowned hat in his hand. "This—she is not the little scrawny kitten, Carmelita Ochoa, I see once in La Tule?"

The scowling foreman saw Mary Tarrant's face warm. She gave a little cry of pleasure.

"You are from La Tule too?"

A shadow passed over Ramon's face. Then his teeth flashed again.

"I am on a visit once when I am a kid. But I never know you now if the foreman don't tell me." His face went sober with the quick change of mood of his race. "I say to myself when I see you stand at the gate—'*Caramba!* She is the most beautiful girl I have see!'" He said it swiftly in the extravagant Mexican fashion.

Something in Mary Tarrant's raised face warned the foreman. But you couldn't very well order the Old Man's seventeen-year-old daughter to the house.

THE rest of the week Bob Denton watched what passed between the two when they met about the ranch. Ramon's dark face would light as if he had not seen her for a year. And Mary would look up at him with a bright unspoken something that she gave no other hand in the outfit. The foreman swore under his breath. Was Sam Tarrant blind that he could see nothing?

The following week Mrs. Tarrant sent Latshaw through the valley with an invitation to the Bridle Bit the following Saturday evening. She had instructed Latshaw to call it a party in honor of Mary's return, but everybody in Williams Valley knew it meant just the regular social and dance.

When Ramon heard the news, he hunted up the foreman with sparkling eyes.

"By the love of God!" he exulted. "This is a ranch after my own heart. It even has a dance in the summer time. At last I get some new clothe. Since Mary come I feel like I wear the clothe the devil wear when San Miguel tramp him under his feet." He plucked ironically at his torn shirt and breeches. Then his dark eyes grew softly coaxing with the wile of his race. "You talk to *el patrón* for me, *señor?* So I am not a *desgracia* at the dance."

"Sam Tarrant don't pay till pay day, Ramon. He's lost it too often thataway." Denton glanced over the Mexican. "You look all right to me."

"*Carrajo!* Maybe to you!" ripped out Ramon. "But *el patrón*, he don't expect Mary to see me in this torn clothe at his *baile!*"

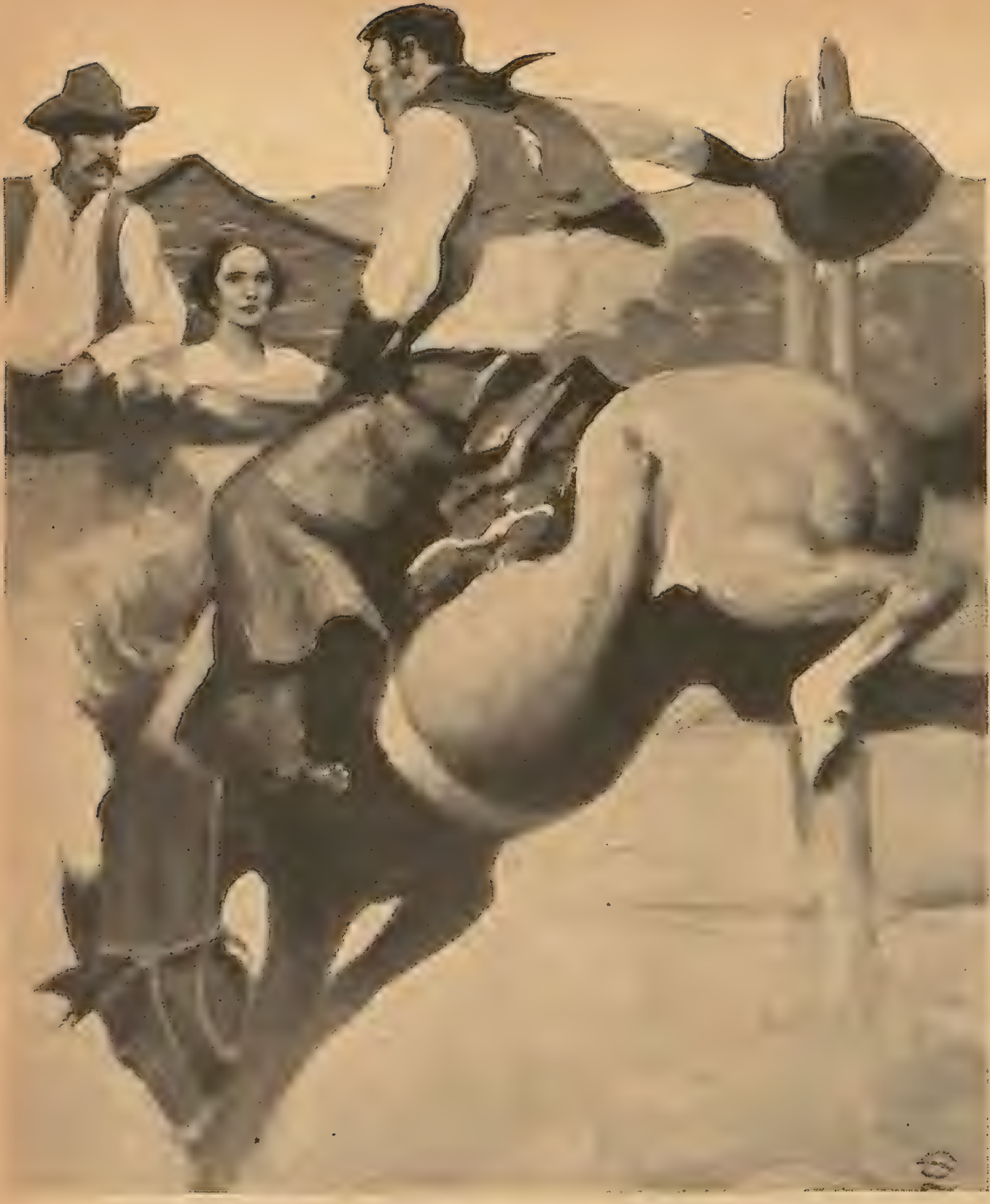
"I reckon," Denton said slowly, "he don't expect Mary to see you at all."

With supreme serenity Ramon scorned him.

"No matter, *señor*," he dismissed the matter. "*El patrón* give it to me."

Denton watched the Mexican as he walked, tall and composed, to the Tarrant door. It wasn't necessary to wait for the outcome. For twenty-four hours Ramon remained sunk in melancholy taciturnity. Then he brightened and his enthusiastic *Carrajo!* and *Bueno!* were heard again about the ranch.

Friday evening before Saturday's social and dance he asked the loan of a Bridle Bit horse. With a mocking



Inside the corral Ramon was riding a squealing oscuro.

glitter in his eyes, he told Denton he wanted to borrow a dollar from a friend in La Tule and see if he couldn't run it up to fifty piking monte. The brazen smile that followed so much as added, That will do as well as any reason—not so, *señor?*

At breakfast, Ramon rode up to the very doorway so that even the cook could see his carved Frazier saddle, almost new. His lithe legs were incased in new skin-tight breeches.

He had boots with higher heels and fancier stitches than Sam Tarrant's, a bright yellow shirt, and a hat with a brim wide enough, Latshaw observed, to stage a horse race on.

He had probably not had a wink of sleep except what he had gathered on his saddle, riding back, but he proceeded to put in as enthusiastic a Saturday's work as any man in the outfit. And he would have danced all Saturday night if they had let him.

UNLUCKILY for Ramon, the old fiddler didn't arrive. It developed later he had come as far as La Tule and become marooned in one of the saloons—" waterbound," as Williams Valley put it. Mrs. Tarrant was in a quandary for music until the foreman whispered that Ramon could play the guitar. Latshaw said it was a dirty trick. All night the Mexican had to stand in a dark corner in his new clothes, a wooden guitar in his arms, his dark face more like a melancholy brigand's than ever, his right hand sweeping out the melody and a rich running bass, his glittering eyes following Mary about the room.

A few days afterward Denton discovered that two of Sam Tarrant's blooded mares were missing.

In Williams Valley, mares especially were left free to graze the range. They ran together in select bunches, much as human beings do, and, like the latter, there was no way to account for their likes and dislikes. The two missing mares had been inseparable from a worthless fleabitten gray. The fleabitten gray was still on the range, wandering about alone and quite disconsolate.

Denton's face had grown grave as he rode slowly back to the ranch buildings that day. He remembered now little things whose significance had escaped him at the time—Ramon's favorite Mexican song of the lonely prisoner awaiting death, his wild passion for freedom, his mocking smile when he had ridden to La Tule. The foreman sent Ramon to the Cottonwood Spring camp for the night. After supper he questioned the other hands. At the news of the missing mares, they had become solemn and reticent. None of them could remember seeing the two mares for days—not, they reluctantly admitted, since Ramon had ridden to La Tule.

BOB DENTON had worked for Sam Tarrant nearly ten years. But he had never seen the look that came into the Old Man's face when the significance of Ramon's new clothes and saddle came over him. He was a florid man with a cattleman's drooping mustache, white except where tobacco had stained it. He had one good eye and one glass one. The glass one remained calm and peaceful today, but the good one glared balefully at his uncomfortable foreman.

In his high voice that sounded like the whine of .44 bullets he ordered that nothing be said to the Mexican. But the next time he left the ranch he was to be caught off the range with whatever he had that wasn't his and brought back under guard. Then Sam Tarrant would take action on the missing mares and the reckless Mexican.

Brazenly Ramon borrowed another horse for La Tule the following Saturday evening. When he had gone, Denton and Latshaw slipped out after him. They rode within a few miles of La Tule but saw no trace of him. Early Sunday morning he was back at the ranch with a belt of silver *conchas*, each as large as the print of a colt's hoof, which he presented grandly to Mary.

An hour afterward Denton and Latshaw began a tally of Bridle Bit horse stock. They let no *canada* or *rincon* escape them. At sundown the Old Man was waiting for the report in his quarters. He sent Mary out, and then Denton told him that his young XIX mare was gone. The foreman knew the look that would come into the rancher's face. Early that spring Leonard Ayers of the A-up-and-A-down had tried to buy the XIX mare. She was a *grulla*, with a coat like a lady's blue-gray suède glove.

It was a tradition in New Mexico that *grullas* had more bottom than the Pecos.

Sam Tarrant was on his feet before his foreman had finished. Reluctantly Denton followed him into the men's quarters where the others had sat down to supper. Sam took his hand from his pocket. Mary's *concha* belt was in his clenched fist. Denton half expected to see him slap it into Ramon's face, but he laid it quietly beside the Mexican's tin plate.

" From now on, Manriquez," his voice whined gently while his good eye flashed, " I reckon the Bridle Bit's got to get along without you." He held up a mottled hand as Ramon started to speak. "Hold your reins! I don't want to hear a lyin' word outa you. All I want from you is to get outa here tonight on that half-gentled *oscuro.* I'm tradin' him to you for what pay you got comin'. And if them three mares ain't back at this ranch by six o'clock Sunday evenin', I'll hang you to the handiest gate pole!" He turned heavily and made his way back to his own quarters where Mrs. Tarrant served the Tarrant meals, although usually she took them from the cook's Dutch ovens.

When the Old Man had gone, Ramon looked impudently around the table. His long brigandlike head was erect, a spot of red in each dark cheek. His black eyes might have been polished obsidian marbles.

"You think, *compadres,* I steal these mares?"

The men at the table stirred with stiff embarrassment. Latshaw, never at a loss, said dryly:

"We're not sayin' you took 'em, Ramon. All we know is that if you wanted to you could steal the well while the Old Man was takin' a drink outa the dipper."

THAT broke the tension. The hands grinned. Ramon cried, "*Bueno!*" The rest of the time at the table he was like an elated, audacious host at a farewell party given in his honor. Denton had never seen him so magnificent. When the meal was over, he tore the huge carved silver *conchas* from the belt and gave one to each man at the table as a token, he said, of his *amistad;* shook every hand, embraced Latshaw and Denton, and was gone into the night, triumphant as any prince leaving for the wars.

When the foreman caught a glimpse of Mary the next few days he saw that her eyes were swollen. Once or twice he thought she wanted to talk to him, but he gave her no opportunity. He felt that, for all Ramon's bravado, the Mexican was not the fool to carry it too far. Oh, he would wait until the last minute, and he would crow and mock during the process, but he would finally give in. Nevertheless by Saturday night the mares had not been returned to the range. Sunday, Denton knew they were not going to be.

During the busy season Sunday on the Bridle Bit was a day much like any other. But the spring work was over now. Calves were branded, stock tallied. Williams Valley was drifting into that season of the year when a man had no trouble getting off to go to town to play a little poker or monte, and if his money lasted a day or two longer, there was no ill feeling. Denton rode back to the ranch early with Latshaw.

Sam Tarrant met them as they forded the river.

"Seen Mittens anywhere?" he asked harshly.

Denton and Latshaw were silent. Neither had seen her for several days.

"She's gone!" Sam's mouth closed like a vise. "I've been in the saddle all day. No sign of her."

Then the foreman knew that things had become serious. The other missing mares had been the pick of the ranch, good blood and all that, but they had been just mares—breeding machines for colts. Sam's chestnut mare Mittens was something else. She ranked with any gelding. She had a head full of savvy, could cut with any cow pony on the ranch, and turn on a blanket.

Her long pastern joint made her easy to ride as a rocking-chair and she had transmitted this quality to her colts. Sam had made a pet of her, and she seldom ran with the string but hung around the corrals like a dog.

"He musta come inside a half mile of the house to get her," the Old Man said with tight lips when they reached the ranch. "We're startin' early. Take plenty men, your guns, and an extry rope."

As the foreman was pulling off his boots that evening, a soft knock came at the door. It was Mary. Her face looked white in the lamplight.

Still in his stocking feet, Denton stepped out in the darkness with her.

"You will do something for me?" she begged. Ordinarily she spoke English without the trace of an accent, but tonight her words held the passionate intonation of her race. "You will not let them hang Ramon?"

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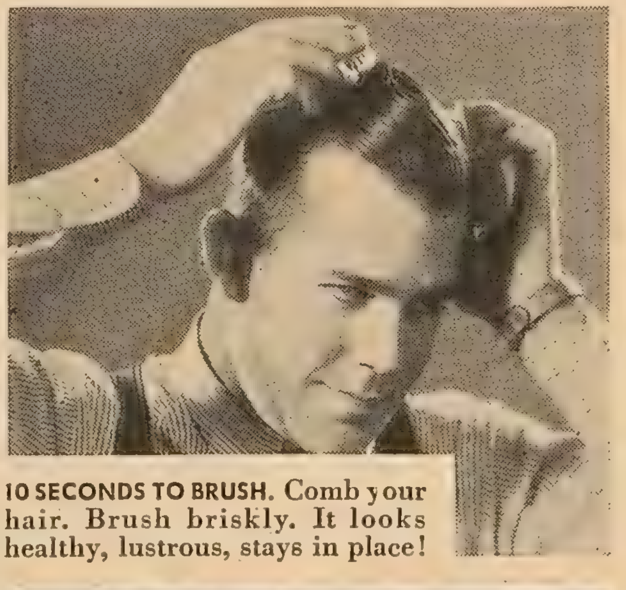

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Denton strained with strong feeling. "Mary," he said uncomfortably, "a tenderfoot figures hangin' a man for stealin' hosses is murder. Maybe it is. Out here it's law. You know it. And Ramon knows it. He knew it before he did it."

"He was your friend!" she accused.

"I reckon he still is," Denton said in a low voice. "If they were my mares, the worst I'd do to him is send him to the calaboose. Why don't you talk to your father?"

"How can I talk to my father?" she moaned. "If he sees how much I beg for Ramon's life, then he will know, and I would never see Ramon again!" Her voice broke tragically, and she hurried away in the darkness.

Denton kept turning restlessly on his bunk that night. Much as he preferred to stay behind, he would have hung two men sooner than confess it. At early-morning breakfast he noticed Harry Wilson's haggard eyes. The foreman ate in silence, then he curtly told the other they wouldn't need him today.

"It's my knee," Harry said; "it's botherin' me again."

"Sure. I know." Denton's face was like leather. He looked across the table and saw Glen Taylor, youngest hand on the Bridle Bit, forcing his flapjacks. Denton remembered how Ramon had helped the boy learn Spanish, enthusiastically talking the language with him when everybody knew it would have been easier to listen to the kid's English. The foreman took a strong draft of coffee. His face suddenly grew harder. "I figure four of us is enough for one man, kid. You stick around with Harry and keep an eye on the place."

After a minute he shot a glance at the boy and saw that the color had filtered back into his face. Only Shorty's rugged face and Latshaw's homely one remained unchanged.

IT was a grim cavalcade that set out from the Bridle Bit at daylight. They tried to find Mittens's trail. But the range was tracked up endlessly with unshod mares' hoofs. Sam took his men on to La Tule.

No one they talked to in the town professed to have anything but consummate ignorance of Ramon and the four mares. But Don Alarid, the Mexican stock buyer, was plainly frightened by the sight of Sam's glaring eye and three armed men. He went into his house, probably to the bottom of a trunk, and came out with profuse apologies and the several hundred dollars he owed Sam. The Old Man gave no thanks.

He stuck the silver, gold, and dirty bills into his pocket and rode away, vowing that all male Mexicans were natural-born thieves and liars.

From La Tule the Old Man led his posse toward Tom Greer's lonely ranch in the broken Prieta country. Sheep herders on the way stared stolidly at questions and replied with evasion. But the *vaciero*, the head man of the herders, was frank and helpful. Under his *ramada* of leaves outside a deserted rancho of adobe bricks, he told the little posse he had seen no rider or mares with the Bridle Bit brand. But for several nights he had looked on a distant fire near the Black Mesa. He insisted it was not the fire of a herder, because he knew the daily location of every flock of sheep in the country.

Sam had little faith in the story. He had no respect for any sheepman, Mexican or American. He reminded the others that the Black Mesa was less than fifteen miles from the Bridle Bit buildings. Latshaw pointed out that such a fire would be on the wrong side of the mesa to see from the ranch, but the Old Man was skeptical until dusk fell and he saw the red winking star plainly from the ridges. Then he started his party toward it.

The going became too heavy in the darkness, and dry camp was made till the moon came up. The fire meanwhile had died down, but in early morning they saw it again. It was very near now. Sam gave sharp orders in a suppressed voice, and the four men rode up to the fire from several directions as the Black Mesa above it showed a sullen red in the first rays of the sun.

It was Ramon squatting over the blaze, cooking tortillas. He did not rise. Through the smoke his burning eyes fastened themselves on Sam Tarrant.

"*Com' estamos?*" he jeered in the native idiom when none of his visitors spoke. "You come in time for *cafecito.*"

"You and Latshaw take his gun!" Sam ordered his foreman. He knew Ramon would harm these two the least.

Denton and Latshaw dismounted and searched the Mexican. They found no gun.

The old unquenchable fire had leaped into Ramon's eyes.

"Before you hang me, I give you a toast!" He held up his tin coffee cup. "To the *gambosino* who steal the Bridle Bit mares! A long life and many boys!" He drained the cup, his dark eyes glittering defiantly over the rim at his captors.

Sam Tarrant's eye had become a lump of ice.

"Tie him up!" he snapped.

"What a shame to go all the way up on the mesa for a tree!" the Mexican mocked. "It is only a life you want, I make you a present. My knife is yours, *señores.* Also my throat. Only one favor I ask. Stand me on my head so my shirt stays without blood. Everybody know I buy a yellow shirt. Now if they see it is red, maybe they think I steal it. I don't want anybody think I steal a shirt. Or maybe, *señores,* you want to see who is best shot with the gun. The man who shoot off my leg, he get only my hat or boots. But the hombre who shoot through my heart, he get my saddle."

HE kept taunting them as his wrists were tied. They reminded Denton today of the sinewy limbs of an Apache. Latshaw lifted the prisoner to his Roman-nosed *oscuro,* the only horse about. In the cañon nothing grew higher than sabino, but up on the mesa could be seen a fringe of scattered pines.

Sam Tarrant's face was like one of the mesa's lava cliffs as the five men rode up a rocky arroyo. When they reached the mesa top, it was level as the vast dump of some prehistoric furnace. You could almost see where the mythical rails had run, where the last load of slag had been dumped. The place bore out the saying that some element in the volcanic rock makes the grass grow richer. The mesa, several miles square, was carpeted with a cropped mat of curly grama under a few scattered pines. In a far corner the blue cedars had gathered into a thicket.

"Been a horse up here," Latshaw muttered.

Before the riders reached the first of the pines a lone horse burst from the cedars. He rushed toward the riders. His manner was menacing; his tail, head, and steps were high. It was Ramon's bayo coyote, but more lordly than he had been at the ranch. In the red morning sun his coat shone like something alive. Unhaltered, unsheltered, he glowed with something that no groom or corral could give him.

Today Sam's face remained frozen at the sight of him.

"Get that rope over a limb!" his high, relentless voice ordered.

THE noose was fastened around Ramon's neck with the bulky knot under his left ear in the Western fashion. With his arms tied behind his back, the prisoner sat his saddle leering at them all with the arrogant defiance of some barbaric chieftain. But whenever his eyes found Sam Tarrant they turned to pure hate.

"One last thing I ask!" he scorned. "I don't like my bayo coyote to see me hang."

Sam's eye glared. Denton and Latshaw were glad for the delay to scratch their mounts toward the stallion, still facing them like a living sculpture. As they rode toward him, he swung his head violently from side to side.

His mane tossed like a dark cape. A snort, and he whirled on his hind legs. His hoofs became a twinkling blur on the lava-sprinkled sward. Denton flanked him. He swerved reluctantly to the trail. One backward look and he vanished down a rocky arroyo.

The two men rode slowly back to the grim group under the pine. Sam's voice cut the air like a steel saw:

"Manriquez, you're gettin' one chance to tell the truth before you meet your Maker! Where's my mares?"

Ramon's eyes burned back at the rancher.

"For why you ask me?" he jeered. "For why you

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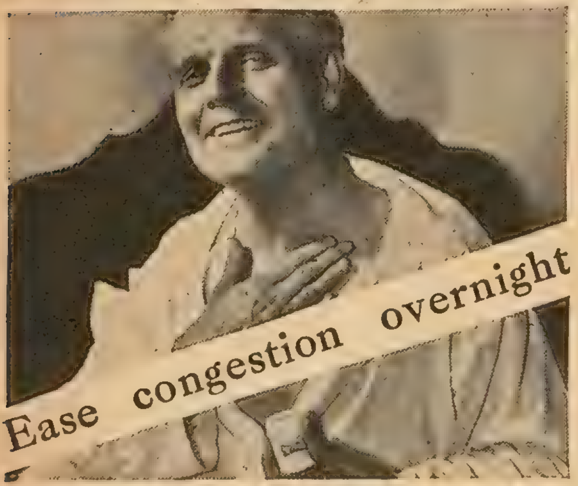

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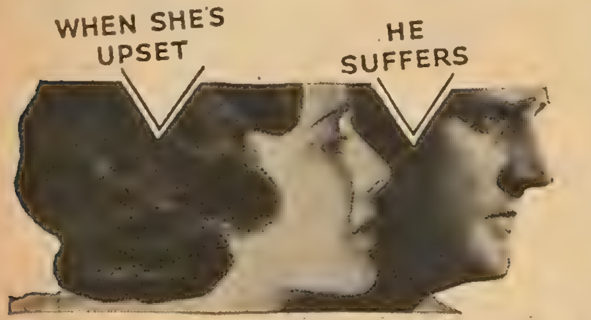

Constipation Drove Her Wild made her feel cross, headachy, half-alive. Now she has a lovable disposition, new pep and vitality. Heed Nature's warning: *Sluggish* bowels invariably result in poisonous wastes ravaging your system—often the direct cause of headaches, dizziness, colds, complexion troubles. NATURE'S REMEDY—the mild, all-vegetable laxative—*safely* stimulates the *entire* eliminative tract—strengthens, regulates the bowels for normal, *natural* functioning. At druggists'—25c.

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don't ask the one who steal them? Listen!"

From far down the side of the mesa they heard the majestic, commanding bugle of the stallion. Latshaw muttered, "I'll be hopped up and down till I bark like a dog!" Turning his head, Denton saw to whom the stallion had called. A troop of mares, a dozen or more in all, were answering their lord and master. They were filing out of the distant growth of cedars where he had undoubtedly herded them jealously at the posse's approach. Not far from the leader moved a blue-gray hide the foreman recognized as the XIX *grulla.* And stringing out behind her were Mittens and the other missing Bridle Bit mares. Tactlessly Shorty named them aloud.

Sam Tarrant's florid face had grown crimson. Then the blood slowly drained. It was perfectly clear now to every rider on the mesa. The stallion had gone wild. Like an Apache he had sallied out from this natural stronghold at night, stolen a mare or two at a time, and returned under the cover of darkness. Ramon had known all the time. Although stallion and mares were unshod, he had trailed abductor and victims with the tracking skill of his race. Then here at the foot of his bayo coyote's holdout he had settled to wait until Sam Tarrant should find him.

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To be considered in this contest your letter must reach us on or before December 8, 1933.

Address: Liberty Constructive Criticism Contest, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Denton glanced at Ramon. Already Latshaw had slashed the rope from the prisoner's hands and neck. But the Mexican's bitter face had not forgiven them.

"My bayo coyote," he said sarcastically, "he don't know this law about hangin'. But if he knew, I think he steal the best mares just the same."

At the sight of riders on the mesa, the mares were hesitating. Denton always admired what Sam Tarrant did that day. He knew it were easier for Sam to cut off an arm rather than admit to the Mexican before the men that he was sorry.

But the rigid Texan forced himself to the breach. His good eye met his enemy like the barrel of a gun.

"Manriquez," he ordered in that high-pitched voice of his, "I want you to help the boys herd these mares and that stallion of yours back to the ranch. I've been aimin' to visit with Tom Greer this long time. Now that I'm this far, I'm a-goin'." His face steeled as he dug one hand into a pocket. "I picked up a little money in La Tule. Take it down and give it to the missus. She might need some till I get back."

He held out a handful of bills, silver, and gold. Ramon sat stiff and unyielding for a moment, like a desert brigand refusing ransom. Sharp points of yellow fire burned deep in his dark eyes. Then, with grave Castilian composure, he accepted the money. It was like a little play. Nothing was meant as spoken, but every man, Ramon included, knew the meaning of the lines.

The foreman saw Latshaw looking at the Old Man with new respect. Sam Tarrant said nothing more than "Much obliged," and rode alone toward the trail while the others turned to cut out the Bridle Bit mares.

Denton and Latshaw couldn't agree whether Ramon justified the Old Man's faith in him or not. When Sam got back to the ranch, Mrs. Tarrant was taking her supper from one of the cook's Dutch ovens.

"Sam!" she cried, dropping it and running out to meet him.

Tired and dusty from his long ride, he threw down his saddle to the gallery floor. His good eye swept around. He caught a glimpse of several of his hands, but Ramon Manriquez wasn't within vision. His stern eye returned to his wife.

"Don't tell me you didn't get the money?"

"Oh, the money!" She brushed it aside. "I have every dollar the book says Don Alarid owed you. But Ramon's gone!" Her voice rose to a shriek. "He's stolen Mary! They've run off to Albuquerque to get married!"

THE END

ANSWER TO
JUMBLEJEM ON PAGE 28
Cemetery

TO THE LADIES!

Bela Lugosi

By

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 21 seconds.)

INTRODUCING Bela Lugosi, Hungarian bogyman of the screen and stage. He it was who scared the daylights out of you as Dracula, White Zombie, Chandu, etc. Bogyman Bela came to tea at my house the other day. Told me things about himself.

In Hungary he fought thirty duels. One evening a strange man stared at him in a restaurant, so Mr. Lugosi fought the man a duel. In those days Mr. Lugosi didn't like being stared at—which was certainly a funny way for an actor to be. He doesn't mind any more. Says America cured him.

He played no horror parts when he was leading man for the Royal Theater in Budapest. He played romantic parts such as Cyrano de Bergerac. Over here the horror parts got on his nerves for a while. He tried doing them with his tongue in his cheek; but that was no go.

" To put horror across," he says, " I really have to feel horrible, and that is unpleasant."

On the stage Mr. Lugosi is nearly always displayed with a poisonous green spotlight shining on him. I was just going to ask him if green gets on his nerves too, when I noticed he was wearing a green shirt and a coat of greenish material. I thought I'd better not say anything about green.

Then I noticed that his hand was bandaged. In his present play, Murder at the Vanities, he cuts people up with knives, scissors, and what not. " Did you hurt your hand with those murder implements? " I inquired.

" No," said Mr. Lugosi, " I jabbed myself opening a can of sardines."

AN American engineer working in the tropics amused himself with a roulette wheel. By nature mathematically inclined, he invented a system to beat the game. The system required two players. He taught his wife the trick.

When his first leave of absence came around, they took their savings and sailed for Monte Carlo to make their fortune. Remember, she had spent five years in a desolate spot devoid of all attraction. At first their " system " went well. They were slowly but surely winning. Then she lost her head. She began to gamble. The gay life, the gowns and jewels and all the elegance of civilization, were simply too much for her starved soul. You can imagine what happened. They lost everything. Back to the tropics they went, into exile again.

This is a true story. The man who told it to me said: " That's the difference between men and women as gamblers. Men gamble to beat the game. Women gamble to win money, clothes, luxury. Women are always at a disadvantage in this respect. A game is a game. You can lose without breaking your heart. To lose possessions you have set your heart on is bitter medicine."

I'm not sure that I agree altogether with that theory. I do believe, though, that gambling is dangerous for women. Spoils our dispositions. I know how I hate to lose. Losing simply burns me up!

THE word coquetry means more in France than it does over here. See what the Parisian columnist Robert Dieudonne has to say about it.

" Country girls," he says, " make the finest use of coquetry—genuine coquetry—the art by which a clever woman manages to look her best through every hour of the day, both at work and at leisure, and all in the most natural manner, without visible effort."

That impressed me as being a very true and valuable definition of coquetry. Of course Monsieur Dieudonne had to finish it off with a nasty crack about American women. (He says the Frenchwoman's chic makes us green with jealousy.) We'll let that go. Nowadays no French writer can write about anything, from sex to Shakespeare, without getting in a dig at America.

But Robert gives us another worth-while thought on the subject of coquetting. " Coquetry is the art of being exactly what you ought to be, wherever you are."

In other words, it is the art of adapting oneself to place and time and circumstance. And making the most of every feminine advantage. That's real coquetry.

LONDON has taken to something new in the personal stationery line. In fashionable Mayfair you write your address in your own handwriting, have a plate made of it, and have it printed across the top of your note paper in any color you please.

ROSE CAYLOR is really Mrs. Ben Hecht. Her new novel, The Journey, is good reading. (Published by Covici Friede.)

I FIRST tasted these Dutch waffles (with wine in them!) at the home of a lady from Amsterdam. Were they delicious! Didn't I have to tease and wheedle before I got the recipe. But I persisted. And here you are:

Cream together ¼ pound sugar and ⅛ pound butter. Beat in 4 eggs, one at a time, adding 1 tablespoon flour for each egg. Now stir in 2 teaspoons ground cinnamon and ¼ pint wine (sherry or madeira).

Serve the waffles piping hot with cinnamon and powdered sugar sprinkled over them generously.

The Biting Truth

A SHORT SHORT STORY

By EDWIN DIAL TORGERSON

(Reading time: 5 minutes 3 seconds.)

MOTIVE? We seldom bother about looking for a motive in a New York crime. That's the D. A.'s job, after we've caught the man who did it.

A great many crimes seem absolutely motiveless, and such was the case in that series of attacks on old gentlemen and old ladies a few years back. There were not many—just four over a period of eighteen months—but they all seemed to be the work of the same person or persons.

Three of the episodes happened in first-class hotels and the fourth in a fly-by-night taxi that was supposedly on its way to the Pennsylvania Station.

In each case the old gentleman or old lady was overpowered by the fumes of ether or chloroform—and that was all. Nothing was stolen, or at least the victim reported nothing stolen to the police. All he or she complained of was a headache as the after-effect of the drug. None of the four could imagine why anybody would treat them that way. We looked them all up and found they were prominent people, substantial citizens.

In the hotel attacks the culprit got into their rooms by means of stolen pass-keys, skeleton keys, or burglar tools. The victim simply remembered a smothering sensation in his sleep, and woke up with a feeling of nausea and headache, then telephoned indignantly downstairs to demand what kind of a hotel this was! Nothing, as I say, was reported missing, and our man from headquarters, Joe Hulberd, detective first class, could scarcely believe anything of the sort had happened, except for the evidence of the odor of ether or chloroform that lingered in the room.

In the taxicab case an old gentleman from Wooster, Ohio, had been on the way to the train, as he supposed, and didn't know enough about New York to realize where the driver was taking him. At a dark spot on lower Eleventh Avenue the driver cursed and remarked that he had a flat tire. He pretended he had to get some tools out from under the rear seat, and the next thing the old gentleman knew an ether-soaked cloth had been pressed to his face and he passed out.

Now, the old gentleman had in his suitcase jewels that he had purchased abroad for his wife and daughter, worth several thousand dollars. And in his wallet he had over nine hundred dollars in currency. But did the criminal touch any of these valuables? Not this one!

The old gentleman missed nothing except, as he explained sputteringly to the policeman who found him sitting on the curb—his teeth were gone!

His store-bought teeth, I mean, his upper denture. Now, there was a set-up for you!

Just on the off-chance, we had the three previous victims of these attacks discreetly questioned, back in their home towns, and they all admitted after some evasion that they had been robbed of their upper plates, too. They had been too embarrassed, they said now, to complain about their loss at the time. Joe Hulberd was sort of fascinated with the case, and he asked me to let him stick to it until he had run down the nut.

Joe kept working on the case, and he was so interested that he asked me for permission to go to the four states where these old ladies and gentlemen lived and interview them. And when he came back he said to me: "Inspector, I'm working on a lead. Don't laugh—but I'd like you to send me to Paris."

"Paris, is it!" said I. "Now say, Hulberd, this isn't a big homicide you're working on—it's only the theft of four upper plates!"

But he decided to go to Paris anyhow, on his own, when his vacation lay-off came. And what he discovered gave me and a lot of other investigators the shock of our lives. All four of our elderly travelers in the anæsthesia cases had had plate work done for them by an American dentist in Paris—Dr. Stuart Yardway, a chap who published a card in the English newspapers there as a specialist in plate work. He had a big name and attracted a lot of wealthy American patients.

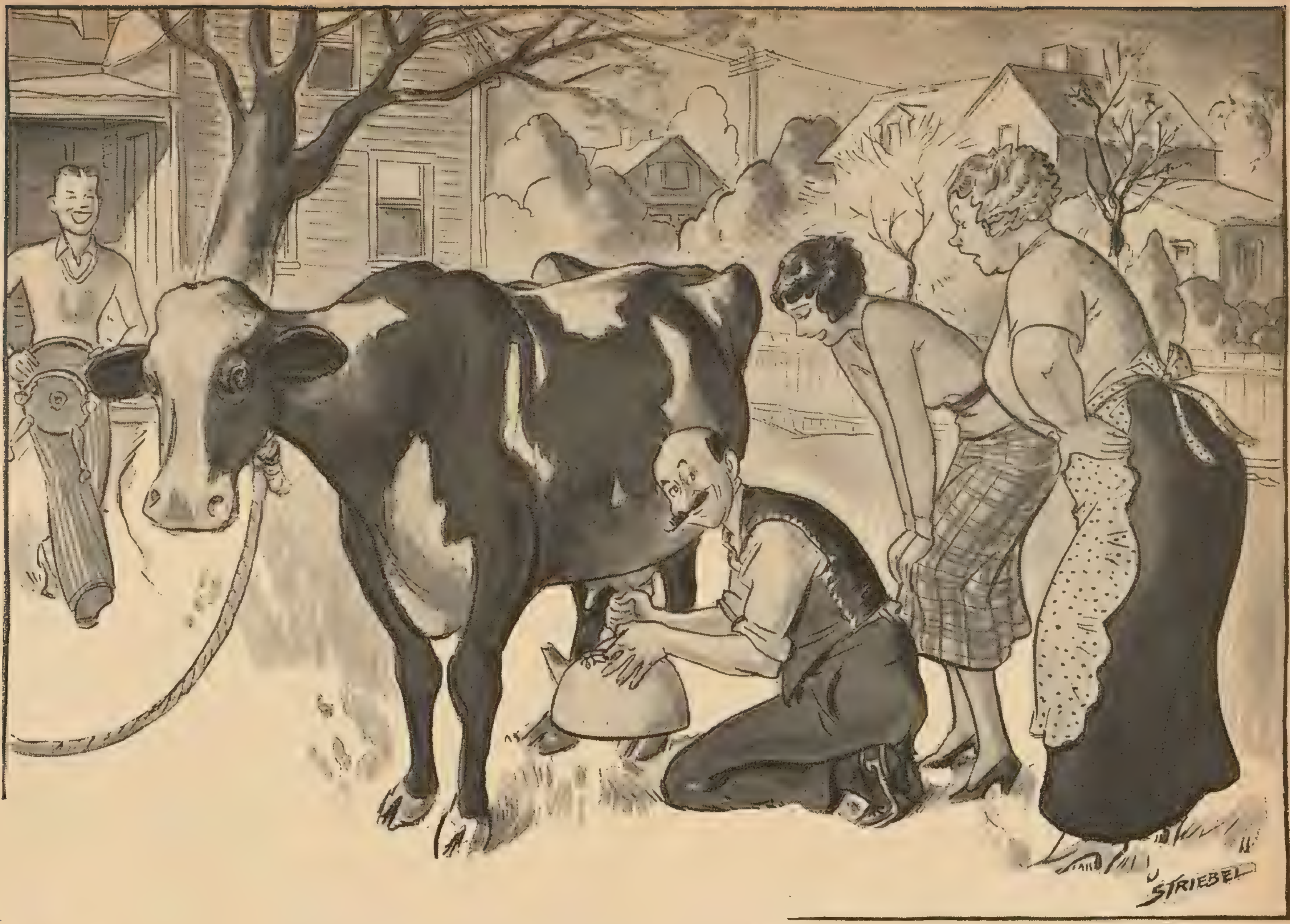
IN each of our four instances he had done work which he had not been quite able to finish before it was time for his patients to sail. So he had given each the name of an associate dentist in New York who was supposed to put the finishing touches on the work when they got there. But the four patients in question had failed to call on the New York dentist.

Hulberd sent a distinguished elderly stool pigeon to Dr. Yardway to get a new plate made. And Dr. Yardway, learning that this patient was in a hurry to sail, told him that his friend and associate in New York would finish the work expertly for him. Instead, Detective Hulberd finished it. He had an expert dental mechanic do things to that set of teeth. He found embedded in the hard rubber or composition at the base of the larger teeth, which had been hollowed out for the purpose, eight diamonds and emeralds of three to six carats each, worth fifty thousand dollars! And Dr. Yardway went to jail the same day we laid the heavy hand on his dentist friend in New York.

Not for a year, but for seven years, they had been smuggling in precious stones, duty free, in the unsuspecting mouths of old lady and gentleman tourists. The great majority, who had gone dutifully to the New York dentist, had never been molested. This "plate expert" had merely extracted the hidden stones, put in new gemless teeth. But those who had not gone to him had been robbed of their dentures. They had been shadowed, of course, every step. Yardway's gang took no chances of losing them.

Reward? You bet! The government reward in such cases is so liberal that Hulberd was able to quit the force and establish his own international detective agency. You've heard of the firm—Hulberd, Inc., Investigators.

THE END



Pa: There you are! Thought I didn't know how, didn't you?

Pa (*Brain Trust*) Potter TRIES HOME RELIEF

The Helpful Tale of a Little Experiment in Economic Recovery

By

J. P. McEVOY

Illustrations by J. H. STRIEBEL

(Reading time: 7 minutes 28 seconds.)

PROLOGUE

PA has been out in the suburbs for some months now and likes it better than ever. To all suggestions that he move back into the city for the winter he laughs a low hoarse laugh. Bill is highly indignant, Mamie is kicking and screaming, Ma is somewhat resigned to her fate, while Pa is gay as a lark. He has great plans. They will free themselves from their dependence on the economic vagaries of our hazardous system. He has been bearing down on the problem with all the weight of a brain heavy with thought. Pa considers himself the Moley of the Potter household, the Tugwell of the Potter Planned Economy, and his slogan is, Have You a Little Brain Trust in Your Home?—Eventually, Why Not Now?

Scene I

MA: I never heard of anything so silly!

PA: Silly? What's silly?

MAMIE: What's Pa up to now? Gambling in the stock market again?

BILL: They never learn.

MA: Sillier than the market. Pa is going in for farming. Can you imagine? Here in the suburbs?

PA: Waddye mean farming? Just because I'm going to get a cow.

MAMIE—BILL: A *cow?* Ha-ha-ha-ha!

PA: And what's so funny about a cow? We've got plenty of grass and she'll give us all the milk we need. And butter.

MA: And buttermilk and cheese. Go on; that's all you've been talking about.

MAMIE: How about ice cream too?

BILL: That oughta be easy. Teach it to get its feet wet and catch a cold.

PA: Smart Aleck! That's the trouble with this country. Full of smart Alecks. And the young generation growing up is worse.

MA: Imagine what the neighbors will say.

PA: And what do I care what the neighbors say? Will they give you milk free or supply us with butter without paying for it? A cow will. I'd rather have a good cow than a dozen neighbors.

Mamie: If you get a cow you'll have your wish. They'll all move.

Pa: And a good thing. Then maybe I could pasture my cow on their lawns. They'd be good for something then.

Bill: Who's going to milk it?

Pa: Maybe I'll teach you.

Bill: Ho-ho-ho!

Pa: When I was your age I milked five cows every morning and evening.

Bill: Well, you couldn't help it, probably. Don't tell me they had to hold you down in bed in the morning to keep you from jumping right out and milking the cows.

Ma: How much milk does a cow give?

Pa: Well, it all depends.

Bill: On the mood she's in, I suppose.

Mamie: I read once where they had a radio in the cow barn to play music for the cows so that they'd give more milk.

Pa: And a good place for the radio, too.

Bill: You might go out to the barn and sing for her. Then she'd give Bulgarian buttermilk.

Mamie: You're so funny!

Pa: I've got it all figured out. We won't have to buy any more milk or butter, and we'll have real cream and cottage cheese. Boy, do I love cottage cheese with onions chopped up in it. Oh boy!

Ma: And who's going to make all this cheese and butter?

Pa: Well, good heavens, woman, if I'm willing to buy a cow and milk her, you should be willing to do something with the milk.

Ma: At my time of life I'm going to be turned into a farmer's wife? I should say not!

Pa: Worse could happen to you. You'd be much better off making butter than trying to play bridge.

Ma: Don't you start saying anything about my bridge.

Pa: Well, you lay off my cow.

Mamie: This is funny, quarreling about a silly cow when you haven't even got one.

Bill: And never will have.

Pa: Is that so? Well, just to show you how smart you are, I've got her all picked out.

Ma: *(Aghast)* You haven't, Pa!

Pa: *(Gayly)* Oh, haven't I just! And what's more she'll be here tomorrow.

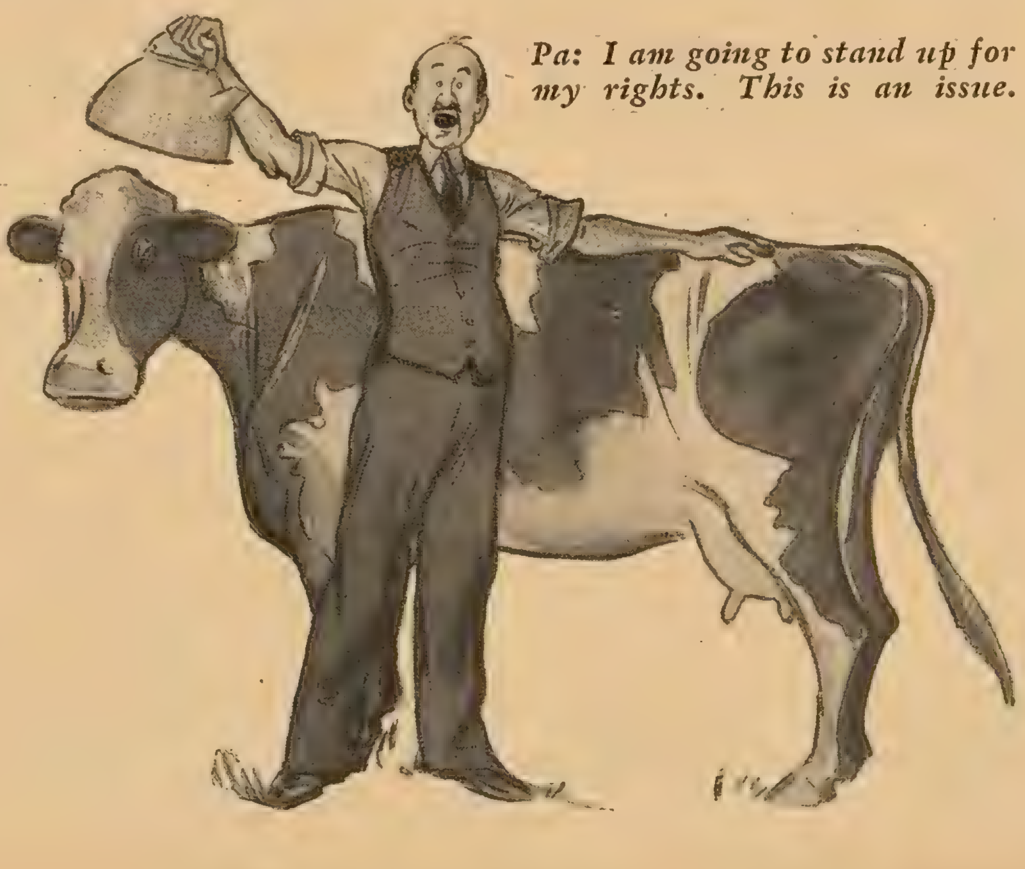
All: *Tomorrow!*

Scene II

The following day Pa, true to his promise, brings his cow home, but not without some difficulties. It was easy enough to buy the darn' thing—Pa merely went to the auction prepared to outbid anybody else—and did. But cows can't be carried under your arm and they can't be tucked into the rumble seat either. It was either a truck, which would have cost a pretty penny, or else driving it home, so Pa borrowed a halter from the riding stable near by and started off with her through the suburb. The excitement nearly killed Pa, and the merriment of the neighbors nearly killed the rest of the Potters. But Pa finally triumphed, and lo, here she is tied up to the clothesline in the Potter back yard.

Pa: *(Half dead but happy)* There she is, Ma! Isn't she a beauty?

Mamie: Now that you've got her, what are you going to do with her?



Pa: I am going to stand up for my rights. This is an issue.

Ma: I never heard of such a silly idea. A cow in the back yard!

Pa: Wait until we start drinking that rich cream. Um-m-m-m-m-m!

Bill: What's her name?

Pa: Name? I don't know. Daisy, I guess. Or Maud, maybe.

Mamie: Why not call her something fancy? Like Madame Pompadour.

Bill: How about Milk of Magnesia, or Mag for short?

Pa: Have your fun. I'm going to milk her. Get me a bucket, Ma.

Ma: Haven't got a bucket. I'll get the teakettle.

Pa: What, no bucket? What kind of a household is this?

Mamie: You'll need a stool too, won't you?

Bill: I'll get the piano stool.

Ma: Here you are. Now let's see you do it.

Pa: *(Gayly)* Nothing could be easier. *(Squats, holding the teakettle with one hand and milking into it with the other.)* There you are! Thought I didn't know how, didn't you?

Bill: *(Returning with stool)* Looks kinda blue. Esmeralda must have been standing out in the rain and got water in her milk.

Pa: *(Indignantly)* Blue? That's beautiful milk. So-o-o-o, Bess.

Mamie: There's the telephone. I'll answer it.

Pa: I bet it's one of the neighbors who wants to buy some real milk for a change. You know, we might not only supply ourselves but make some money selling milk and butter.

Bill: You certainly expect a lot from one little cow.

Mamie: The call was for you, Pa. It was about the cow.

Pa: *(Triumphantly)* See? I told you!

Mamie: It was from the Board of Health. They've had complaints from the neighbors about your cow.

Pa: *(Aroused)* Complaints? Why complaints? Why, this cow is a darn' sight more healthy than most of the neighbors around here. A darn' sight more useful, too. And better-looking. I—

Mamie: The Board of Health fellow said you'd have to get rid of it.

Pa: *(Raving)* I'll do nothing of the kind! I'll fight it! I'll fight it through every court in the land.

Bill: Atta boy, Pop!

Ma: *(Soothing)* Now, we can't afford to quarrel with the whole town about a cow.

Pa: We can't, eh? I'll show you! Is this a free country or isn't it? Since when has a cow become a public menace? I am an American citizen. I pay my taxes. I need milk for my family.

Ma: Applesauce!

Pa: Milk. And butter. I have a right to provide for my family. I am going to stand up for my rights. This is an issue. I will meet it. *(Waves teakettle dramatically and milk spills all over him.)*

Ma: Now look at you! Not only spilled the milk but ruined your suit. It will cost two dollars to clean it.

Pa: *(Foaming)* I don't care! Rob me of my cow, will they? Not while there's a law in this land. Not while there's liberty. Not while there's justice. Never!

Bill: *(Applauding)* Hurray! Hurray! Atta boy, Pop!

Ma: *(Grimly)* What a man! What a man!

Further adventures of the Potters will appear in an early issue.

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MAZDA PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

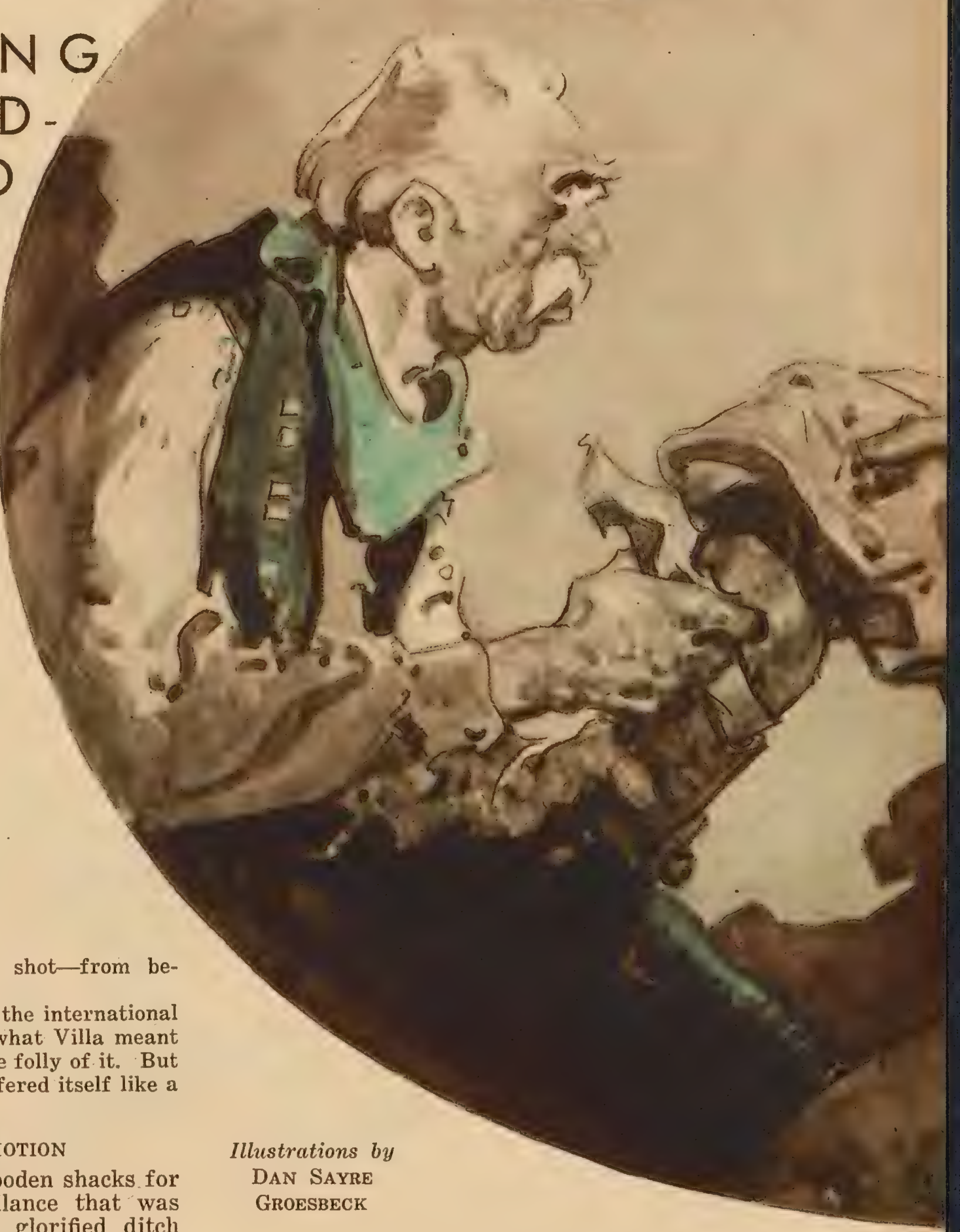
George: Here's the way to get your pictures for the Liberty contest

Hell Dogs!

CAMPAIGNING WITH THE MADMAN OF MEXICO

By

RAFAEL MUÑOZ



Illustrations by
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

(Reading time: 28 minutes 10 seconds.)

IN last week's installment old Tiburcio Maya found himself and his youthful son with Villa's column on the forced march northward that was to end in the Columbus raid. Tiburcio soon discovered that following Pancho Villa now was altogether different from what it had been in the days of Villa's glory. For one thing, a Villista was now no better than a bandit. For another, the general had become insanely suspicious, setting his men to spy upon their comrades, so that all were links in a chain of distrust. Tiburcio was linked especially with a former Federal officer, Balboa, and a slimy little rancher, Celestino, whom the rôle of stool pigeon and menace fitted perfectly. Celestino led the other two a miserable life until, in a skirmish with the Carranzistas, he was shot—from behind.

The column arrived at Palomas, close to the international boundary line. Balboa and Tiburcio saw what Villa meant to do, and neither had any illusion about the folly of it. But across the line Columbus, New Mexico, " offered itself like a woman leaning out of a window."

PART FOUR—TIBURCIO'S PROMOTION

COLUMBUS seemed to beckon. Wooden shacks for bored sentries pretended a vigilance that was obligatory but disagreeable. A glorified ditch served as a trench. Barbed wire stretched its rusty length, and behind the houses the supreme defenses, a high stockade and a flag flying, preened themselves importantly. The fort!

" Is *that* all? "

The crazy fighting spirit of Pancho Villa must have smiled to itself. " Is that all? Is this the colossus of the north? " He understood that it was essential to fire the spirit of his men. He needed an excuse. He waited.

His soldiers numbered four hundred, but his friends were thousands, all the inhabitants. It was rumored that a great cargo of ammunition was coming through Columbus for him. Word went around that he had summoned the American politicians to a conference on the frontier because he wanted to offer his friendship to the United States, and to receive, if not their help, at least their neutrality.

Several American cowboys of the Palomas Land Company, who were putting on a rodeo, went galloping back to the other side of the frontier when they heard that Pancho Villa was coming.

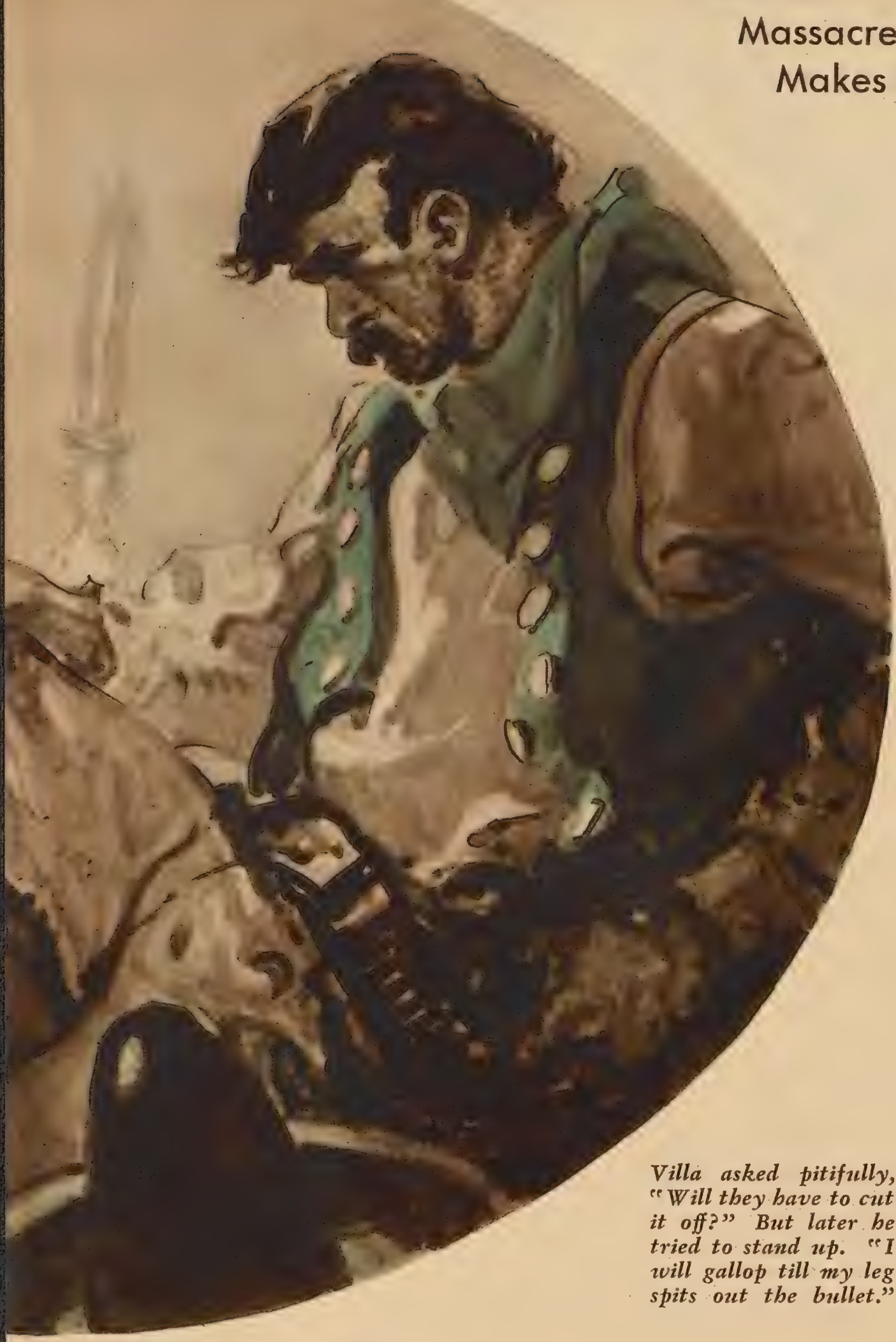
The chief distributed his regards. Behind him four American ranchers were left swinging in the breeze: McKinney, Corbett, O'Neill, and one other whose name Pancho never knew.

" How many American soldiers are there? Many? "

" About five hundred. Colonel Herbert J. Slocum of the Thirteenth Regiment is the chief."

" Who knows that town well? "

The Raid on Columbus—Like Father, Like Son—The Madman Orders a Massacre, Stops a Bullet, and Makes Ready to Go Into Hiding



Villa asked pitifully, "Will they have to cut it off?" But later he tried to stand up. "I will gallop till my leg spits out the bullet."

A weazened old man said promptly, "I do, my general."

"What's your name?"

"Leobardo Marquez, at your service."

"Come here."

They went aside. Marquez bent over and drew lines in the loose earth with his forefinger. Villa, squatting on his hands, questioned him.

The chief rode out of Palomas on the seventh, leaving only forty or fifty of his men in the barracks. Soon strangers from the American side appeared at Palomas.

"Where is General Villa?"

"He's gone. Went in the direction of Sonora. Friend over there owes him some money."

The people of the pueblo corroborated this. They had all seen Villa leave.

On the night of March 8 correspondents of the American papers who had rushed to Columbus when they learned that Villa was near telegraphed back: "Rebel chief is Sonora-bound."

The column was thirty kilometers from Columbus, on the road from Columbus to Sonora, when Pancho called his men together and talked to them in his usual graphic manner. He pictured the death of some Mexicans who had been burned alive in El Paso in an accident to a disinfecting tank. "Boys," he said, "we're out to kill ten for one! The United States wants to swallow Mexico—let's see how our sword fits in her windpipe!"

The rebel Pablo Lopez was second in command to Villa that night, a native type, cruel, with a fitting record: he had "wiped out" seventeen Americans in an attack on a train at Santa Isabel. Pablo Lopez went around passing out a blessing and the password: "Death to the Americans."

THERE was a heavy, still frost. The Villista column rode surrounded by a hundred circles of silence. Pancho Villa indicated the route by the position of the stars: to the north! With Pablo Lopez on his left and Leobardo Marquez, the old guide, on his right, he marched at the head of the column. Horses trotting, they drew up to a four-faced pyramid on a stone pedestal.

"The frontier, boys! From here on we shoot our way! But we're not going to spend the rest of our lives here. Just one good kick, and back to Mexico. Whatever happens before it's light, we'll all meet again on the other side."

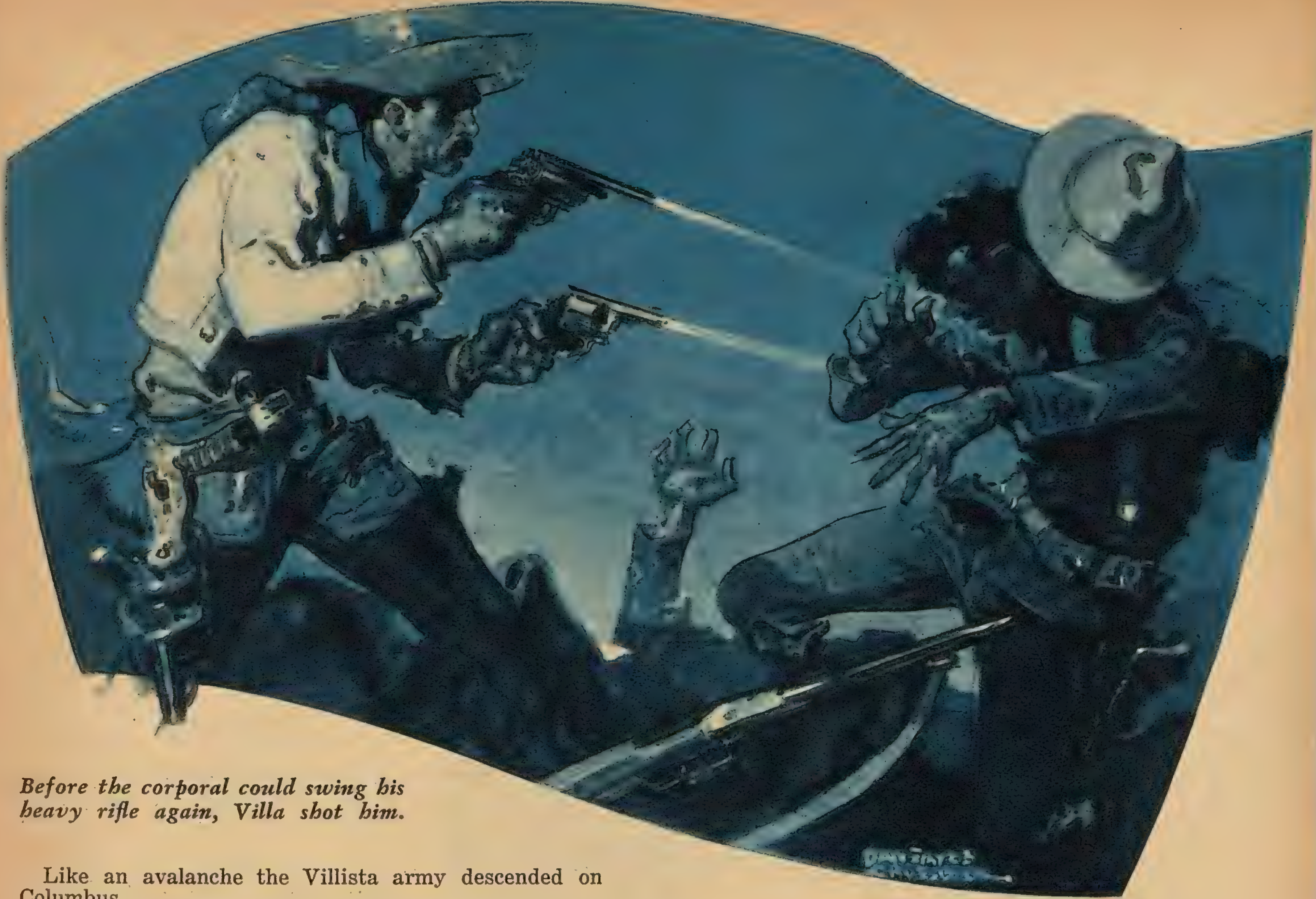
"In Palomas?"

"No. Better let them see us once in the south, at the bank of the river."

They crossed the frontier. No one saw them in the obliging darkness. Seventeen mules with four machine guns and sixty cases of ammunition were moved forward to the center of the column. After a halt of ten minutes to determine the order of march, the invaders wheeled to the right. They followed the railroad. In three hours they were halfway to Columbus.

A westbound train passed them just at midnight. The locomotive screeched, throwing out a film of white steam, and its cry split the night. That train marked the dividing line between two days. Its passing ripped a leaf off the calendar, leaving the new day: Thursday, March 9, 1916.

"Forward, boys! Speed up your horses! We have to get there while they're snoring!"



Before the corporal could swing his heavy rifle again, Villa shot him.

Like an avalanche the Villista army descended on Columbus.

Tiburcio, his son, and Balboa rode behind the machine guns. The boy, now accustomed to the hard life, had been given a gun, and his childish body was bent under the weight of the bandoleers. He was going into his first battle. There were hundreds of boy soldiers like him, fighting for the social revolution in Mexico. His ideas became centered, and as though the fascinating image of his mother appeared out of the darkness, he smiled.

" Father."

" What? "

" You gonna stay close to me? "

" Sure."

" Where do you want me to go? "

" Go wherever you like."

Tiburcio, lost in other thoughts, did not understand. Only the child knew.

By two in the morning it was freezing. In the country, men and animals sweated as they galloped. In the city, citizens and soldiers had closed themselves in to sleep by their roaring fires. Electric lights were burning on the street corners. Huddled in the barracks, a half dozen sentries slept.

Only two buildings were lighted: the railroad station, where the telegrapher was asleep with his feet on the desk, and a two-story frame house with a glass sign: *Commercial Hotel.* Beneath this sign was a smaller one: *A. L. Ritchie, Proprietor.* Through the glass doors could be seen a lobby with a glowing iron stove in the center.

Time seemed to be dragging its feet. Two o'clock had struck, the half hour had sounded, three o'clock had not yet decided to leave its bronze bed. The silence thought: " I am eternal," and believing itself a god, smiled beatifically.

A shot deflated it like a punctured balloon.

The signal!

Like waters when the dam breaks, this surge of men crashed down on the sleeping city. Horses and men tore through the empty streets, the thunder of hoofs, shouts, the breaking of glass exploding the silence. In a minute the city was dark, the bullets shattering every street lamp. For a time the only light came from the guns' muzzles, until a ruddy glow rose through smoke. It was the Commercial Hotel, converted into a pyre for the corpse of A. L. Ritchie, Proprietor.

A new fire blazed up every minute. After the hotel came the drug store where, sleeping in his clothes, prepared to fill a prescription, they found C. C. Miller, Druggist.

The adobe houses would not burn easily. Smashing the windows with the butts of their rifles, the Villistas leaned through the openings shooting everything and every one in sight. Each one wanted his ration: " Ten for one." People silhouetted against windows, drawn by the furor and fires, were shot through; men who rushed out of their crackling wooden houses half naked finished by paying a debt they had never contracted. The sentries were killed as they were raising their Springfields.

FOR half an hour the Villistas tore through Columbus. No shots were heard but theirs, no movement but that of their horses. Inside the fort the American soldiers, taken by surprise, were hardly prepared to fight. It must have been a moment of cruel uncertainty for old Colonel Slocum. What could he do? Go forth to battle in the streets with an enemy whose numbers he did not know? Remain inside the fort while the city burned, leaving the inhabitants to the fury of the invaders?

He examined his supplies, ordered the machine guns mounted, assigned positions to the troops of his regiment, and marched out at the head of his men.

Four o'clock. The fires began to die out. Everything that could burn had burned. Cautiously, guns horizontal, the American soldiers advanced.

There was a skirmish at the head of every street, and not all of them ended favorably for the Americans. The Villistas were concentrating as they felt the enemy in front of them, at the left, and at the right. Only behind them, toward the Mexican frontier, did they know themselves free of danger.

There was no battle; there were five hundred duels. Each Villista struggled with one enemy or with several. On the street corners, in the doorways, on the ground, with bullets, with fists, with kicks! To each man his own episode. For many it was the last. Pablo Lopez was wounded, Leobardo Marquez taken prisoner.

A machine gunner was killed. Pancho Villa jumped off his horse to take the triangular seat, and, bending his head over the gun, stopped the advance of a platoon two squares away. But under cover of darkness a huge corporal slipped along the wall toward him, perhaps without knowing who he was. Villa, jolting with the machine, looked straight ahead. The corporal raised his heavy rifle, to bring it down and break the head of the gunner—

But it never got there. Another head interposed itself. Before the corporal could swing again, Villa shot him.

What man had offered his head? A Villista lay motionless. Pancho went to him, leaving the machine gun silent for a minute. In the dark he recognized him.

"Tiburcio!"

He bent over him, hoping to see a movement or a breath that would indicate the old man still lived. Suddenly he heard the machine gun rattling away behind him. He turned his head. The boy. What a breed!

Villa swelled with pride. Realizing that Tiburcio was only stunned, he gently carried him toward the horses.

"Papa, papa!"

The chief went back to the machine gun, now silent again. The child's head rested on the gun, his arms hung loosely beside the steel tripod, blood dripped from a hole in his head.

"Even you saved me. If I had been sitting here—"

HE would not move the boy. He preferred to leave him there on the machine gun for his enemies to see. It was a monument. He took off his heavy sombrero. Bullets whistled around him, hunting their human targets. He felt his cheeks wet and his mustache.

Behind him the tempo of shots increased. The enemy was closing in. The stars grew faint. Dawn was near.

"Let's go! We gave them theirs!"

A long cry made itself heard over the vibration of gunfire. It was the order to march.

And the Villistas crossed the frontier again, this time toward the south. Behind them galloped the first squadrons of American cavalry. But they soon came back. Having repulsed the invader, there would be time to prepare an attack if the order came. Besides, when Pancho Villa ran, no one ever caught up with him.

The men galloped back over the sandy plain. In their midst the great bandit rode. His sombrero had been shoved back and swung from the chin strap, thumping his shoulders at each stride.

The breeze and the friendly sun dried his sweat-soaked curly hair, burnishing it to a red glint like a halo around his glowing face.

At his side a hundred men and more galloped. Every face was happy. Every man who had wounds was proud of them. Behind came the rest of the invaders of Columbus, shouting, singing, pushing to get near their chief.

In those minutes Villa was once more the powerful commander of men, the captivator of multitudes. Again he was adored. They would have liked to embrace him, to raise him on their shoulders higher than the mountains so that he could look down and see the whole world amazed at his incredible courage, his incomparable boldness and insolence.

VILLA talked loudly in disjointed phrases, interrupted by gusts of nervous laughter. He seemed not to know that he was talking; his eyes, now blue as polished steel, now orange from the reflected light, stared steadily at the horizon. His words were for himself alone.

"Man to man, who can measure up to Francisco Villa? I got tired of looking for a rooster who could fight me here, and had to challenge one in another corral, and with my first peck broke his head. . . .

"So they said Pancho Villa was killed! Let's see them try to prove it now! Twenty times those big-mouth gringos said I was skinned alive, and the Carranzistas swore they had me trapped."

He laughed like a child who has just pulled off a stunt that draws all eyes to him.

"Right now the whole world is talking of Pancho Villa. . . . Those Carranzistas that are looking for me in Durango, this will open their snouts! Old Carranza will be tearing his beard!"

He exploded in a great laugh, so eagerly joined in by the others that it brought him back to reality. Gayly he spoke to them.

"Well, how did you like the dance? I'll bet none of you guessed what I was planning all the time."

"'S a fact, chief, nobody but you could have done it!"

"I had an idea all along that you were up to something good."

"Is that so? When did you get the idea?"

"I felt it the minute you took old Tiburcio, because I figured we were enough for the Carranzistas, but for the Americans too many is not enough."

"You guessed it. I had the same idea, and damn' right too. If it wasn't for that old man I'd be sticking now with one foot in Mexico and one in Yankeeland!"

The whole army shouted with laughter.

THIS WINTER . . .

what oil?

Does it get cold where you live? Have trouble starting? Adapt lubrication to the weather!

Read how correct lubrication, the year 'round, has repaid this car owner who requires service:

"In the real estate business, a car must start promptly and run efficiently at all times. My Buick 1928 Standard Six has 85,448 miles on its speedometer, and I expect to get 100,000. The reason is proper lubrication. I use nothing but Quaker State Motor Oil. In Winter, I change to Quaker State Cold Test, which has given me wonderful service. Cylinder head has not been removed for 63,000 miles.*"

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Quaker State *Cold Test* Oil flows, no matter how cold the weather. It lubricates, no matter how fast you drive. It lasts.

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NRA

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"Now that I think of it, where is the old man?" he said. He pulled his horse in. The column stopped short.

"Old one! Old one! Hey, Tiburcio!"

The cry was passed down the line. Hands on the saddle horn, back hunched over, legs dangling loosely, the old man was being left behind. He had wrapped his head in a thick dirty rag with a spreading red stain in the front.

"Getting tired, old man?"

"Get a move on. The general wants to talk to you!"

"He's going to give you a prize."

"Looks as if the fight had bent you."

The Villista raised his head. "I break but I don't bend. The thing is, I'm worried. Seems to me we've pulled a damn' fool stunt."

"How's that? Sorry you licked the Americans?"

"Get a move on up front. The general wants to talk to you."

"Hey, old one, ask him for something good."

The men cheered as Tiburcio's horse trotted up to the first line. Pancho went to meet him and embraced him.

"Old man, from now on you belong to the general staff with my most trusted soldiers. Your orders come direct from Nicolás and me. Come on."

They galloped forward a few meters ahead of the column.

Villa went on talking about the battle with explosions of laughter. At times he seemed delirious. It dawned on him that Tiburcio rode wrapped in himself.

"What snake bit you, old man? You ought to be happy about the fight and your promotion. To be sure, you left your boy behind, but we're not fighting for ourselves—we fight for our brothers. Some of us have to die."

"It's not that, general. The boy, after all—taken away from his mother. . . . What bothers me is that, at the best—"

"At the best, what?"

They looked at each other.

"Haven't you thought about it?"

"About what?"

"They's going to come down on us, even here."

"The gringos?"

Tiburcio nodded. Pancho swallowed his laugh.

"They'll never come, after that licking we gave them!"

"They'll never stand for it."

Villa thought a moment.

"Well, maybe you're right."

They rode on in silence. Before them the hills began and the march slowed down.

"Listen, old one. If they come on top of us?"

"Exactly. What do we do then?"

THEY rode straight up the hill in front of them to the summit. The little army halted around its chief.

"What do we do? We choke them! We gave it to them once and we'll give it to them again. Look!"

He swept his right arm in a gesture toward the horizon.

"There isn't a tree or a rock or a fence that I don't know. There isn't a road that I haven't traveled, and when I leave the road nobody can follow me."

"That's true."

"And just as I know the country, the country knows me. The trees tell me if I'm going into danger. The roads show me hoofprints of all the animals and men who've gone that way. The forest gives me meat, and the spring, water. In frost and in snow the mountain covers me. Did you ever see me shivering in the winter?"

"Never."

"I know the herbs, which are food and which are medicine. The coyote's tail will heal my sores. I know when it will rain and when it will blow. I can tell my way through the night by the stars."

"That's right."

"Nobody could follow me on horse or on foot. Whoever goes with me, he'll never be caught either. What do we risk? The Carranzistas are thousands and they couldn't touch us. It would take a million men to close in on Francisco Villa! Let them come in after us! Wait!"

Villa gathered his men around him with a gesture.

"Boys, seems to me that the enemies of our race and of our brothers will want to get back at us. They'll come over into Mexico, but we won't give them a moment's peace. This land is ours. Good patriots will help us against the enemy of our people. If the Carranzistas won't, we'll punish them. Now, more than ever, I call on you to be good Mexicans, to spill your blood for your fatherland! Death to Carranza! War on the Americans!"

The Villistas answered with shouts and shots.

"Nicolás!"

A tall gaunt man with a big mustache came up.

"Send some one to Ciudad Guzmán and all the way to Casas Grandes—some one who talks English. Tell him to see the gringo ranchers and find out what they know. He can join us in five days on the road to Namiguipa."

"I'll send Four-Eyes."

"The Federal?"

"He's very smart."

"Good. If they see through him, let him say he came to surrender, and if they break him we won't lose much."

Balboa was sent, and returned with the information that two columns of American troops, one under Colonel Dodd and the other under General John J. Pershing, were hunting Villa. They carried American Indian guides. Pershing was to "get Villa, dead or alive."

Villa's loud laugh cheered his men. Balboa added that the Carranzistas had joined the enemy. Villa's decision was quickly made. He would ride through the land, calling on the Mexicans to help him fight the Americans.

EARLY in the morning of the twenty-seventh of March Villa and his men fell on Minaca. They surrounded the barracks of the Carranzistas and seized the officers and soldiers shivering in their underdrawers.

About two hundred of the captured soldiers huddled in one corner of the courtyard. A Rexer machine gun, hastily set up, stood guard over them. The bells of the near-by church rang out, cutting through the morning mists.

Villa rode in. Behind him, pushed with a gun, came a half-dressed boy with frightened eyes.

"Carranzistas," Villa shouted, "I come to talk to you like a brother! I don't come fighting you, men of my own race. I'm pushed here by the Americans. I don't know how many thousands of Yankee soldiers are behind me, trying to get their hands on me. That makes it very nice for Carranza, but the rest of the Mexicans should be ashamed. Just look at this paper that I took from the telegrapher. It's for Cavazos, your general, telling him the gringos are after me—have advanced two hundred and fifty miles south of the frontier."

Going over to the boy, whose eyes dilated with terror, he asked who had sent this telegram.

"Colonel Islas from Namiguipa."

"Now you see? It's true the Americans are after me. They say two hundred and fifty miles—I don't know exactly where that would be, because I don't measure that way—but they can't be very far off, they've got good horses. I don't want to do you any harm—I just want to ask if you're going to stand with your arms crossed before the Americans. I call on you to join me to defend your country. What do you say?"

The prisoners remained silent. Nobody dared to speak.

"Listen, monkeys. Didn't you hear me? You joining me, or what?"

From the heap came one clear voice:

"We don't join bandits."

The whole mass exploded in shouts: "*Viva* Carranza! *Viva* the Supreme Government! *Viva* General Cano!"

Villa backed his horse until he was behind the machine gun.

"Well, then, to hell with you!"

Eyes flashing, he gave the command. The Rexer began spitting bullets. Blood spurting, the soldiers dropped to the stones. Screams drowned the shots for a second.

Villa went over to the station, followed by Tiburcio Maya. A soldier held out a smoking tin can.

"Hot coffee, *mi general.*"

"Give it here."

He opened his enormous mouth and gulped it down.

"Too bad about these *pelones*," he said to Tiburcio. "They were so many and they would have been good for something. How many were they?"

"I counted them when you were talking, *mi general*. Including General Cano—"

"What! Was he there?"

"Yes. He was the one who yelled, 'We don't join bandits!'"

"Bandits, so. How many were they?"

"Hundred and seventy-two men."

"It's a lie! A hundred and seventy-two traitors!"

"They believe they shouldn't join us. If Carranza were attacking the Americans, would you go put yourself under his command?"

"You? You're defending them?"

He looked straight through him.

"I will be Villista until I die."

"Then shut your mouth."

The Rexer had stopped. A heavy silence came from the barracks.

"Up with you, boys! Forward march!"

The columns galloped toward Ciudad Guerrero. Villa knew there would be no Carranza garrison there now.

THE Carranzista general José Cavazos was at a ranch near Guerrero with the greater part of the troops for that zone. In the afternoon Villa learned they were advancing full haste to fight the rebels. Swiftly fifty Villista horsemen went out to reconnoiter. They galloped back over the plateau.

"The Carranzistas are coming!"

"How?"

"On foot. Not more than fifty have horses."

Villa with a gesture ordered all to dismount. They crept forward, rifles in hand. About two kilometers away they could see the dark line of enemy soldiers.

"Heads down! Don't lift them until I fire."

They all flattened themselves behind the big rocks.

The chief took in the enemy line at a glance. He estimated the number of riders who were carelessly advancing three or four hundred meters ahead of their infantry.

"Not more than five hundred," he said. "We're one to one. I don't think they'll beat us, but if they should we'd retreat to Guerrero and intrench ourselves in the first houses."

His machine guns were arranged in a line to the railroad track which bordered the plateau.

"The general must be on one of those horses."

"I don't think so, but if he comes it won't be long before his eagle is pinned on my sombrero."

"Sure. He'll never walk out of here on his feet."

The fifty riders were about four hundred meters from the rebels when Villa aimed and fired. Instantly all his men were firing. The machine guns began.

Medicine?
I can't believe it!

THIS IS 1933—but there are a lot of people still living in the middle ages when it comes to ideas about medicine.

Back in those dark centuries of witches' potions, love philters and what not, the more bitter and nasty a remedy tasted, the more effective it was supposed to be.

Do you still believe that, to be effective, a laxative must be hard to take—and harsh in action? Millions will tell you that you're wrong!

Bitter, violent purgatives are so unnecessary nowadays! Messy "leaking" oils are a needless bother, too!

Taking a laxative can be just as pleasant as eating a delicious bit of chocolate. That's the Ex-Lax way. Why, you don't taste the faintest hint of medication!

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6 tablets 10¢
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Keep "regular" with
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Those riders who had not fallen galloped back. Firing became general in both lines.

"Up with you, boys! Let's get at them!"

The Villistas rose and went to meet the Carranzistas. They stopped in the middle of the plateau, at short range. Now men began to fall. The machine guns opened up again. The lines fought without shouting. To kill! To kill! Mexican brotherhood was thrown in the mud. You or we, and to a finish!

One yell broke out:

"Here comes your father Villa!"

They all heard it. It was like a thunderclap—a thunderclap which rolled over the whole field. And the Carranzistas began to fall back. That cry alone was a reenforcement against them.

The Villistas began shouts of triumph. A cloud of dust covered the dark line.

"Now, boys, bring up the horses! We'll follow until not one is left."

Villa pulled off his hat and fanned his glistening face. He handed his gun, hot from its hundred shots, to some one else. He couldn't word the thought that boiled in him. What is the first word of a triumphant chief—not talking officially or for history?

"Hey! Who's got the water?"

Eight or ten hands stretched water jugs toward him. The circle around him opened to let his mare pass through.

"Up with you and after them!"

Each man went for his horse. Villa took the reins of his, put his foot in the stirrup. He started to jump up, but stopped. Something had struck his right calf. He felt the blow. He lowered his foot again. When it touched the earth, pain shot through it. He looked down. His leather puttee had a little black hole exactly in line with the bone. Something hot ran down his leg and the little hole seemed to grow larger with blood.

"They gave it to me," he said in a low voice. "Wherever the hell could they shoot from to give it to me in the leg?"

The staff surrounded him immediately. Tiburcio went down on one knee and began to palpate the wounded leg.

"Don't squeeze it too much, fool."

"I want to see if it's broken."

The old man unbuckled the puttee, took off the spur, and bared the leg. Gently he felt up and down the bone.

"Not so rough, not so rough!"

"It didn't do a thing, *mi general*. It must have been a cold bullet rebounding from a rock, because it didn't even pierce the shin bone."

"Well, anyway, let's go back."

TIBURCIO tied up the leg with a dirty handkerchief and helped him on to the mare. His right foot swung loosely in the air as the conquering troops rode back to Ciudad Guerrero. Tiburcio Maya was crying as he had not cried when Villa killed his wife, killed his daughter; when his son, calling to him, died.

That afternoon, in the huge old mansion of a rich Guerrero planter, Villa spent several hours in the most complete uncertainty. At times he blamed Tiburcio for the swelling and the fever. Then he called for his pistol—which Nicolás had hidden—"to break the old man's soul." Tiburcio approached him softly. He touched his brow as if he were a child and, feeling his pulse, soothed him:

"Please quiet yourself, Don Pancho. By tonight the fever will be gone."

Villa broke down and started to cry. Without protest he allowed his leg to be bathed in water and asked pitifully, "Will they have to cut it off?"

But a few moments later he was ashamed and tried to stand up. "I will gallop till my leg spits out the bullet."

They could hardly hold him in bed. Sweat dripped from his forehead. He started blaming Tiburcio again.

They were all near him. In the bedroom his closest friends surrounded him. Outside, the *dorados* whispered. They talked about a few of Villa's men who had gone to look for Dr. Secte, a gringo. They were to bring him on horseback. But they were out of luck. The doctor thought the Villistas were after him because he was an American. He fortified his house, and fired on them. Two more Americans were with him: a man named Lindy and Benjamin Snell, all three firing. There was nothing to do but shoot back. All three Americans were killed and two Villistas. There was also the German, Hermann Blackemberg, who owned a hardware store. They thought him an American and asked him could he cure a wounded leg. When he said no, they shot him.

IN the wide patio where flowers bloomed, forty more of Villa's trusted men clustered on the ground. Outside the house the rest of the column awaited new orders.

Night descended. In the bedroom where Villa lay feverish all the leaders got together. The voice of the wounded man turned hard and grave.

"This will not kill me," he told them. "But I'll have to keep quiet if I want to keep my leg. So I'm going to leave you. But I'm not handing you over to Carranza. You just keep on fighting till I get back. Do you all know the way to San Juan Bautista in Durango?"

They did, or they could ask.

"Fine. I order you all to meet there July first."

"As you command."

"Nobody knows where I am. If you get to a village, say I've been killed by the monkeys. That way the shock will be greater when they see me again."

"But what— Are you going alone?"

"I'll take a few of you. First let's see who remains as chief. There's Nicolás Fernandez—"

"If you allow me, *mi general*—"

"Well, spit it out."

"I'd rather go with you."

"I have another plan."

But in the end he named Nicolás as one of the eight who were to go with him. Among the others were Ernesto Rios and Tiburcio Maya.

"No more," he said. "And now decide on a chief, one you will all obey till I get back."

They looked in each other's faces. Who wanted to be second in command? Who would be willing to obey?

Among them was a Yaqui Indian, General Beltrán.

"Do you want to be second, Pancho Beltrán?"

"The Indian will do as the general commands."

His face seemed unmoved, like a mask reddened by fire. Not one quiver of pride.

"I like you because you talk little and fight much. In case you cannot be in San Juan Bautista on time, have people there to tell me where you are hiding."

"If the Indian is alone, he will wait alone for you."

"Well, it's settled. Is any one opposed? Do you all accept him? Will you sign a paper?"

They signed, acknowledging the authority of General Francisco Beltrán; and one by one they left the room, shaking hands with the immutable Indian. Tiburcio went to look for a mule cart.

They began to smoke, wondering where they were going with their wounded chief, for Villa told no one where he was leading them the next morning.

Hell Dogs! will be concluded in Liberty next week.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 21

1—A film formed on metals by exposure to moisture, or by treatment with acids; by extension, the surface assumed by other materials.

2—An instrument for measuring variation of the actinic effect of light rays.

3—Coal tar.

4—Henry Clay.

5—The Swedish Nightingale.

6—About 200, exclusive of the teeth.

7—About 12,500 feet.

8—Literally, nothing beyond; point of uttermost achievement.

9—A species of kangaroo, some as small as a hare.

10—About thirty-three and a third per cent.

11—A compiler of a dictionary.

12—A vulnerable spot.

13—An amphibian.

14—A stream in northeastern Virginia.

15—A five-stringed instrument resembling a ukulele.

16—They have minute teeth arranged on a "lingual ribbon."

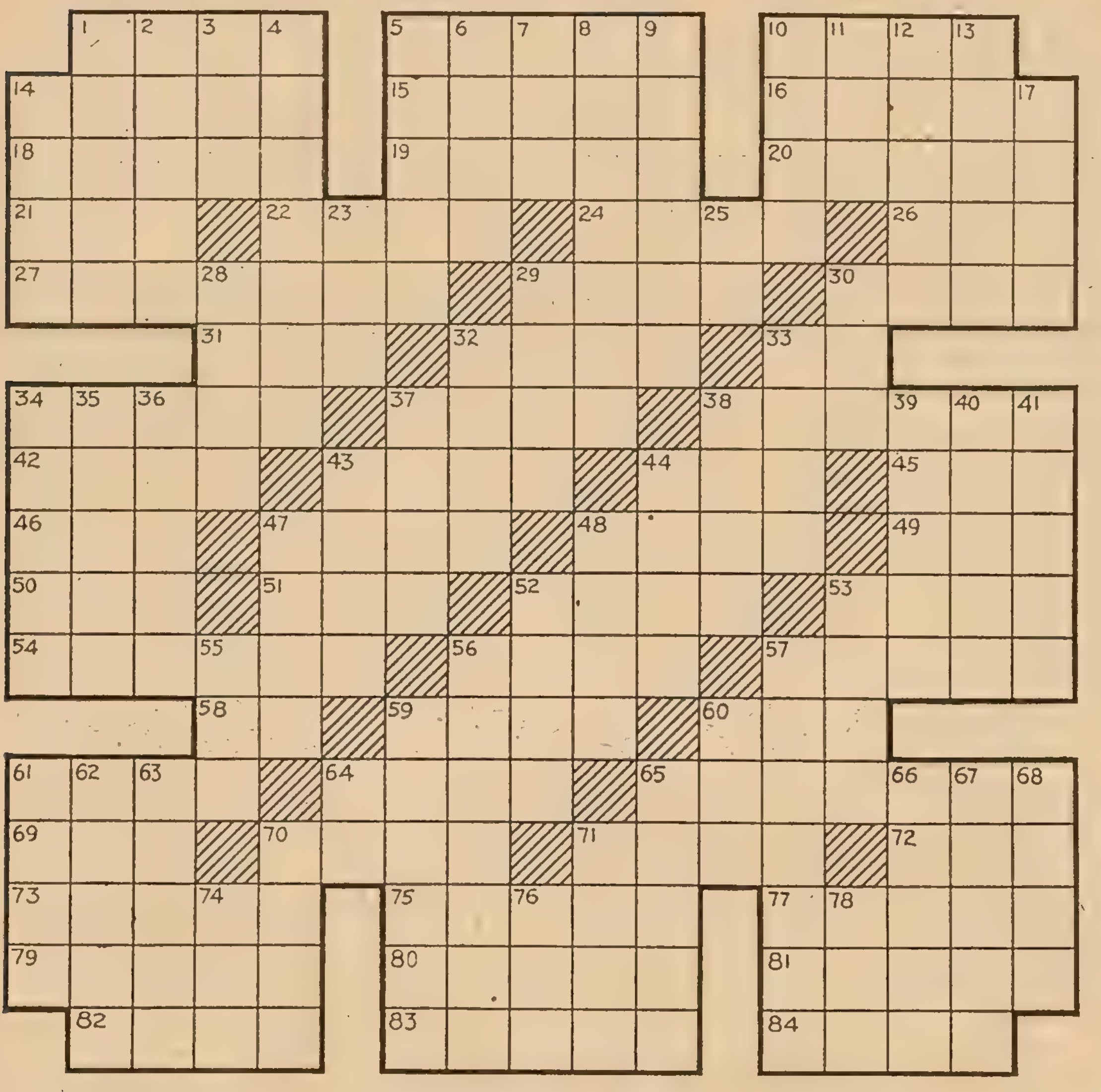
17—Victor Hugo.

18—The science of recording genealogies and armorial bearings.

19—The ancient Egyptians.

20—An alloy of copper and zinc.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Part of to have
5 Keen
10 To fly through
14 A territory of Japan
15 One who strokes rudely with the hand
16 Appended
18 Lifeless
19 Woman's name
20 Indigent
21 Measure of weight
22 Large receptacle
24 Observed narrowly
26 Duration of existence
27 Expungers
29 Was indebted
30 Employs
31 Refuse
32 Hastened
33 By
34 Scrutinizes
37 An act
38 Reluctant
42 Sharp tinge
43 Part of to be
44 Silkworm
45 Beard, as of grain
46 Termination
47 A fruit
48 Compensated
49 Obtained
50 Corroded
51 Ever (contraction)
52 Unyielding
53 At this point
54 Deprivations
56 Manager or director
57 A duck
58 Either
59 A brewing substance
60 Cooking utensil
61 Soon
64 An animal

	D	E	C	I	D	E	S		E	L	O	P	E	S	
S	E	D	I	M	E	N	T		L	A	T	E	R	A	L
A	B	E	D	■	F	E	R	A	L	■	T	A	I	N	E
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S	P	A	R	S	E	R		D	E	L	U	D	E	R	S
	E	S	T	E	R	S		S	T	E	R	E	O	M	

Answer to last week's puzzle

65 Either of a couple who dance together
69 A Hebrew letter
70 Town in Siberia
71 Fertilizer
72 Hail!
73 Declaim
75 Ill temper
77 Borders of a roof
79 Measure of length
80 Frighten
81 Slope
82 Appear to be
83 Stitched
84 A condiment

VERTICAL

1 Reputation
2 Region in an amphitheater
3 East Indian weight
4 Rags
5 Twirls
6 Listen!
7 Reverential fear
8 Begun again
9 Pillaged
10 Courage (slang)
11 American author
12 Notions
13 Shelf, as of rock
14 Species of hawk
17 Colors
23 Craft
25 Man's name shortened
28 A trifle
29 Not concealed
30 American Indian
32 Prophet
33 Greedy
34 To move furtively
35 Division of a poem
36 A mountain range
37 Costly
38 Barren
39 Stormed
40 Took oath
41 Penetrate
43 Insects
44 Parts of the head
47 An equal
48 Gone by
52 Cavity
53 Suggestion
55 A descendant
56 Equilibrate
57 Without ears
59 Swamp
60 Parity
61 Minute particle
62 Nostrils
63 Oval
64 A parent
65 Peeled
66 Pertaining to vessels of war
67 An occurrence
68 Repose
70 A limit or bound
71 Such and no more
74 A mound
76 A crease in cloth
78 A wing

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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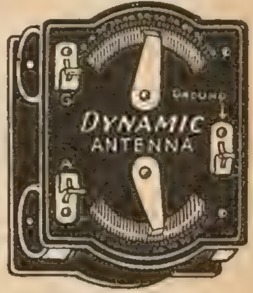

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VOX POP

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR

SHARON HILL, PA.—I congratulate you upon your editorial in the October 21 issue of Liberty.

Our nation should be prepared to the hilt. Why? Because we are a peace-loving nation, and the best way to maintain peace is by preparedness.

Further, if the many millions of dollars that are being expended in doles were diverted to the strengthening of our army, navy, and especially our aërial forces, bringing them up to the highest possible state of perfection, millions of our unemployed would be at work and the whole nation would prosper.

Mortgages would not be foreclosed. Homes would not be broken up.—*A. Gilbert Ebaugh.*

UTICA, N. Y.—I ask you if it is rational to suppose that, since war is hell, we should be armed to the hilt to make it even more hellish? Do you realize the millions of dollars which would be spent in such a plan?

These proposed millions, if properly used to further the aims of peace, would do much.—*J. D. MacDonald.*

DALLAS, TEX.—Your editorial on making war hell is sound and correct.

Our unpreparedness has cost us every war we have ever had, with one exception. It is high time he-men took counsel with themselves and demanded that these United States stop pussy-footing and smash the professional pacifist, the communist, and the socialist. They are all birds of the same smell.—*A. P. Watts.*

BAD? WE THINK WE'RE SWELL

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Say, that's just plain dumb, offering to pay people to tell you what they think of you. Don't you know that plenty of people would be only too glad to tell you what they thought of you just to get it off their chests? You aren't really so bad.—*Jack.*

FIVE-CENT COTTON AND $2.50 WAGES

EDCOUCH, TEX.—Your editorial, Labor's Calamitous Blunder, in the September 30 issue, was excellent.

Down here in the South we paid as high as $2.50 a day to field labor when cotton was thirty-five cents a pound. When the price dropped to five cents a pound we cut labor to seventy-five and even fifty cents a day.

Organized labor would say that men could not live on that wage. Normally they couldn't. Neither could farmers live on five-cent cotton. But they both lived and are coming out of it.

But what would have happened to the farmers if they had had to pay the same old wages on five-cent cotton?—*K. W. Bonham.*

KICK IN WITH A NICKEL AND YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO KICK ABOUT

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—All I've got to say is, Why don't you raise the price of Liberty to ten cents? Thereby taking it away from the Scotchmen and letting liberal Americans read it. I'll be darned if people who buy five-cent magazines will lend them at all, and that's what I'm kicking about.—*J. L. King.*

COMMANDER MACKENZIE'S CAREER

AKRON, OHIO—I read with keen interest in the October 21 Liberty the story called The Trial of Commander Mackenzie. I am curious as to the later career of this officer. I seem to have a vague recollection that he resigned from the navy and went abroad. Is this true?—*R. T. T.*

[Commander Mackenzie remained in the service after his acquittal and fought in the Mexican War. He was ordnance officer with the naval guns ashore at the siege of Vera Cruz and took part in the storming of Tabasco. Commander Mackenzie was an author of considerable talent. He wrote biographies of John Paul Jones, Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, and Commodore Stephen Decatur, in addition to other books. His later life was embittered by the Somers affair and except for an elaborate defense of his conduct in that case he gave up writing after that tragic cruise.—THE EDITOR.]

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO FIT YOUR EYE?

CINCINNATI, OHIO—Since this is football season, it is a very appropriate time for me to explain the great way Liberty serves me. It makes the most pliable shin guard that I ever wore betwixt the red sox and the lower extremities.

Believe me, old man, to play tackle with the Cincinnati Reds in the National Pro League against such aggregations as the Chicago Cardinals, New York Giants, or Green Bay Packers, a fellow needs a whole news stand for padding. Can you put out an edition that will fit my nose or chin?—*L. S. B.*

MAC, THAT TITLE IS FOR FELLOWS LIKE YOU

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Tell me why the title Vox Pop? Sounds like a new label for some of that 3.2 I got sick on last night.—*A. J. P. McDonald.*

WE NEVER WAVER

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I have been an avid and regular reader of Liberty for the past six months. I might say that the reason for my not having been a reader of Liberty sooner was Bernarr Macfadden.

In the past six months I have read all his editorials in Liberty, and all I've got to say about them is, I wish they could be boxed on the front page of every newspaper in the United States. Give us a few more Americans like him and this country would do all right, in spite of depressions, foreign debt defaults, and unemployment.

In the October 14 Liberty was an article by Jay Franklin, Americanize the State Department. Liberty with its wide circulation deserves a lot of credit for printing an article like this. Give us more Franklin, more Macfadden.

Another thing: Liberty seems heartily behind President Roosevelt. May you never waver in that loyalty.—*Lieut. Myron K. Fanning, Res., U. S. A.*

A NOTE FOR GENERAL JOHNSON

ROME, GA.—In this town there is a service-station attendant who receives thirteen dollars a week as specified by the NRA. This man cashes his check and hands four dollars in cash back to his employer. If the employer were asked for proof that he was keeping the code, he would show the canceled checks. This man has a wife and children to support. He sticks to his job because he can't get anything else.—*Vox Himself.*

ONE OF THE PRINCESS PAT'S COMMENDS TAVINER

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Just finished reading For Valour, by Reginald Taviner, in Liberty for October 21. It is a fine piece of work and much appreciated by such as I who saw something of the big game.

I enlisted about a week after the Lusitania went down, and was in the front line on August 2, 1915. Served from private to acting captain in the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, 7th Canadian Trench Mortar Battery, the British Tank Corps, and the A. E. F. Tank Corps.—*James A. McGuire.*

WE DON'T WANT TO GET INTO THIS ONE

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—It has always given me a great deal of pleasure to see how many more letters from California are printed in the Vox Pop than letters from Florida. Looks like the natives of Florida don't have the three cents for a stamp, 'cause land knows they can do their share of talking!—*Louis Hirman Nichols.*

DON'T LET THE CONTEST EDITORS KNOW ABOUT THIS

KIMBALL, S. D.—I have missed about two issues of Liberty since the magazine started. Incidentally, I have won thirty-two times in Liberty contests.

Now, I have no personal connection with the publication and I don't think I have any special " drag " with it. Shouldn't this help to silence the unreasonable accusation that Liberty contests are unfair?—*Pat Brady.*

MAYBE IT WILL BE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Our " wet " friends told us when the beer came back we wouldn't see any more bootlegging. But the real facts are, there is more now than ever, and we see three drunks now to where we saw one before. For this reason: There is practically no activity on the part of the government to see that the laws are enforced.

Liquor should be made and handled by the government only, and thus remove the incentive for profit through graft.—*B. F. Fulton.*

FINGERPRINTING US YANKS

Montreal, Can.—I was much interested in Rupert Hughes's suggestion, in Liberty for October 28, that all you fellows in the United States should have your fingerprints taken as ammunition in the war against crime. If I know my Americans, they will pretty generally refuse thus to be "Bertilloned." The association is too directly with criminals. *K. L. De B.*

[This correspondent is somewhat in error. To begin with, taking fingerprints is not part of the Bertillon system, which depends on measurements and is known scientifically as anthropometry.

In its origins fingerprinting had no criminal association. It used to be a common practice for kings to put thumb prints on documents as their sign manuals. In 1823 J. E. Purkinje, a noted physiologist, read a paper before the University of Breslau treating fingerprinting scientifically and recommending it as a means of identifying criminals. He suggested nine standard types of impressions and classifications. In 1859 Sir William Herschel, an English judge in India, used fingerprints as a means of identifying documents and preventing false impersonations in his court. We may also note the custom in some hospitals of using prints of babies' feet as a positive means of identification.—The Editor.]

HOW ABOUT TAKING THIS PAGE ?

Muncie, Ind.—Congratulations on your NRA slogan contest. I suggest that after selecting a satisfactory slogan it should be used to caption a weekly page in Liberty to serve as a national forum for constructive criticism of NRA. Perhaps some of the ideas developed would win nation-wide acceptance, and if successful in this country might spread to other lands.—*Joseph A. Goddard, Jr.*

THAW IT OUT AND WE'LL SPEND IT

Sacramento, Calif.—In Liberty's October 7 editorial you mention "billions of frozen deposits." Isn't it a fact that this actually is the depression?

You mentioned seven and one half billions of frozen assets in banks. But what about the billions in building and loan associations, mostly deposited by working people and subject to withdrawal? I call on thousands of these people, and they would be willing to spend it if they could.

The government asks us to start spending and says that if we do all will be well. All right—give us our money that is now tied up and see how quickly we will spend it!—*Alfred Belchamber.*

TRY 'EM ON NECKING

Norwalk, Conn.—In the October 21 issue of Liberty, Princess Kropotkin in her chatty page calls attention to something that is puzzling a good many of us who are educators: the unwillingness of the younger generation to be "collegiate"—meaning enthusiastic about anything. Don't these children know that enthusiasm is the God-sent gift of youth?

It is because of enthusiasm that youth accomplishes things that we oldsters fear to tackle.

It will be a sorry day for us when the youth of America reins in its enthusiasm and becomes stultified with self-consciousness.—*A Teacher.*

RATHER A SUPERIOR PERSON, EH?

Superior, Wis.—Your article on The Private Life of Ernie Nevers is very interesting, but how about giving this town some credit? Ernie was born and raised here, playing on the football, basketball, baseball, and track teams at the Central High School. He captained the football and basketball teams, both of them winning the state championship. —*A Badger.*

PRONOUNCED FEE-LAY

Nashville, Tenn.—The answer to Margaret Beckler's question about file powder, in the October 21 Liberty, mentioned by Mrs. Dall in her Happy Days department, is rather vague and when not vague is hardly accurate.

File is the dry bud of the sassafras leaf before it opens in the spring. Its use originated with the French Huguenots in Charleston, South Carolina, long before Louisiana heard of it. I doubt if the Indians ever used it. It has certainly been used in crab gumbo for over one hundred years in Charleston.

File is prepared by gathering the unopened leaf buds of sassafras and drying them in the shade. They are powdered when used by rubbing them between the fingers.—*W. C. Cherry.*

EVEN THE STRATOSPHERE ISN'T DRY ANY MORE

New York, N. Y.—What a writer, Professor Auguste Piccard!

I reserved his article on the stratosphere in the October 21 Liberty until the last, believing it to be dry and technical. Then read it only under compulsion while marking time to keep an appointment.

What a surprise! There were more thrills, laughs, and real romance packed into those pages than I've read in Liberty for ages.—*Lucy M. Mullinax.*

DR. GINNS STIRS UP TROUBLE

New York, N. Y.—In reply to Dr. Ginns's questions in the October 14 Liberty, may one who has dipped into science and mysticism bear witness? One purpose behind universal creation is universal regeneration. That is where our little world comes in.

To be sure, it is only a tiny bud on a tree of light; yet within that bud creative energy and knowledge are swelling. Creative energy and divine force are different names for the same power. —*E. Lucas.*

Danbury, Conn.—As Dr. Albert Ginns says, if the "mechanism of the universe is a prearranged scheme," then it would seem as if scientific thought were heading toward a verification of the almost universal belief in a godhead.—*Frank Tully.*

Oak Park, Ill.—God preceded nature. Nature shows evidence of order, but you cannot find order without being able to see intelligence back of it. The law of gravitation, for example. Throw a stick or stone into the air. It falls to the earth, doesn't it? Never out, never up, always to the earth. The law of gravitation shows evidence of order. It would be absurd to think that absolute nothing grew and grew until it produced the universe. Intelligence or God first and then nature.—*Carl C. Marshall.*

PRINCESS RADZIWILL ACCLAIMS MISS McCORMIC'S STORY

New York, N. Y.—I admire immensely Miss Mary McCormic's story which began in Liberty for October 7. It is high time that all the adventurers who come to this country from foreign lands with the firm intention of winning an American heiress as a wife should be exposed. I happen to know that every word which Miss McCormic writes is absolutely true, but evidently she also has been imposed upon in regard to the bogus title assumed by the Mdivani family.

As the Grand Duke Dmitry of Russia pointed out in an interview with a French newspaper, no such title existed, no one knew even the existence of the Mdivani family in Russian smart society, and the last princely title conferred in Russia was that of Prince Pashkewitch by the Emperor Nicholas I, unless I am much mistaken.

The story that the title of prince in Georgia descends only to the seventh generation is a wild invention; and the only princely Georgian titles recognized in the Russia of the Czars, which are not more than three or four in number, do not include the Mdivani family.—*Princess Catherine Radziwill.*

LONG-DISTANCE CONGRATULATIONS

London, England—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to congratulate you on publishing such a fine magazine as Liberty.

I have had this magazine sent over to me weekly, and I look forward to its coming with great enthusiasm, and you certainly deserve all praise that is given to you.—*Dennis Joseph Nockles.*

MARINES AHOY! HERE'S A GOB WANTS TO DISBAND YOU

Port-au-Prince, Haiti—I never thought before that I would descend so low as to write a letter in answer to the conceited babbling of a leatherneck such as appeared in Liberty for October 7.

The marine corps is probably the most self-advertised public service in the world, and why? They need it to remain in existence. For to say that a marine corps is necessary or holds a peculiar position in the scheme of national defense is to make the army and navy laugh.

If the government wanted to effect a smart piece of economy and at the same time get rid of some excess baggage, the marine corps would go the way of all unnecessary expense.—*John Gob, the First Line of Defense.*

WE GAVE HIM MORE THAN THAT

Highland Park, Mich.—Americanize the State Department, by Jay Franklin, Hip, hip, hurray! Here's one American who hits straight from the shoulder and knows his subject. Give him 100 per cent.—*M. J. Griffin.*

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW?

Los Angeles, Calif.—Why don't you start a guessing contest on what Vox Pop looks like? Does he eat spinach?—*Bertha Dee.*

HAPPY DAYS

BEHAVIOR PROBLEMS, AND THE NEED OF TEACHING RATHER THAN PREACHING—WHITE HOUSE SQUASH CUP CUSTARD

By

ANNA ROOSEVELT DALL

(Reading time: 4 minutes 56 seconds.)

"JUNIOR throws his milk on the floor."

"Joe's five years old and he refuses to dress himself."

"Patsy tears up every book she can lay her hands on."

"At the first sign of a visitor, Jack stages a temper tantrum."

And so on—*ad infinitum!* These are typical behavior problems which every mother—at least every one I've ever heard of—faces when her children are small. It's at times like these that the joys of motherhood may be open to question! I think each problem must be met separately, and that what works with one child may very easily fail with another. The solution of the problem will be infinitely more difficult if the mother becomes nervous and irritable and the child realizes that he holds the center of the stage.

Aren't all children natural-born actresses and actors? If they can achieve attention, they take full advantage of it, and, I believe, really enjoy the consternation and drama which center on them. I can only give you a few concrete examples of behavior problems which I've seen successfully handled.

Photo by Ewing Galloway

Jane—aged three—would dawdle over a meal for an hour and a half. She would thoroughly cover herself, the floor, and the table with mashed potatoes. She was successively and constantly urged to "take just one more mouthful" by her mother, her aunts, and her cousins. She was bribed; she was threatened. One day her mother suddenly realized that her Janey actually enjoyed all this excitement, and, furthermore, knew that the child was not receiving adequate nourishment. She then decided to reverse the treatment completely. Jane's food was put on the table. Very small portions of meat, vegetables, and dessert were placed before her. She was left alone—minus any audience at all for twenty minutes. The food was then removed with one such simple comment as "Lunch time is over now."

At the end of the second day Jane asked for a second helping of cereal at supper, and she was quietly told that she had had enough and that it was now time for the "before bedtime" story. The next day her portions were increased very slightly. She ate everything which was put before her, and gradually developed a healthy appetite and forgot the hysterics and dramatic attention which in her case had been the cause of all the difficulties.

As to eating problems in general—I've found that many mothers (and this was true of myself until I realized that I was defeating my own ends) are over-anxious that their children should eat heartily. As a result, unconsciously they over-urge and "nag" at children so that their own anxiety is transferred to the children. Eating then becomes a ceaseless struggle.

Children learn by trial and error; this process is one of the most trying experiences of motherhood. For example, let's take Bobby, a young five-year-old of my acquaintance. Much to his mother's consternation, he won't try to dress himself. It is true that when he was about three years old he was very much interested in taking off and putting on his clothes. But he was awkward and took a long time even to pull on one sock. Bobby's nurse would take the socks away and put them on him, saying, "Hurry up, Bobby; you're so slow you'll never get out to play." Naturally the child became discouraged and soon lost all ambition to dress himself. Now, at five, the mother has had to go back and start all over again with the dressing problem. She has had to wait patiently, giving an occasional word of encouragement, while Bobby fumbled with the intricacies of lacing a shoe. That's the exasperating part of a child's development—the patience required to sit by and let a child try out his own dexterity when the mother could do the specific thing so much more quickly.

Here's my third sorry example: Ned, a strident three-year-old who, when other children came to visit, looked at them rather sullenly and utterly refused to let them touch his toys. His mother's admonitions, "Be nice to your little guest," "Let him play with your truck," etc., had no effect. Punishments, too, were ineffectual. The mother was upset because she realized the importance of companionship for her boy. Finally she decided to make sharing a game which she herself would play with the boy. In the morning, at breakfast, she peeled and sectioned an orange for herself and offered him a piece. Then she took one. She repeated this several times, and then gave him two sections, saying, "One for you and one for Mummy." The boy handed her a section immediately. At every opportunity she played this sharing game. The boy actually learned that it was fun to be generous, and within a very short time he was enjoying sharing his toys with the children with whom he played.

This brings up one of those rare universal truths: Mothers can *tell* their children a hundred times to do some particular thing, and the mere telling will have no effect. Setting an example, however, is a faster and more effective way of teaching.

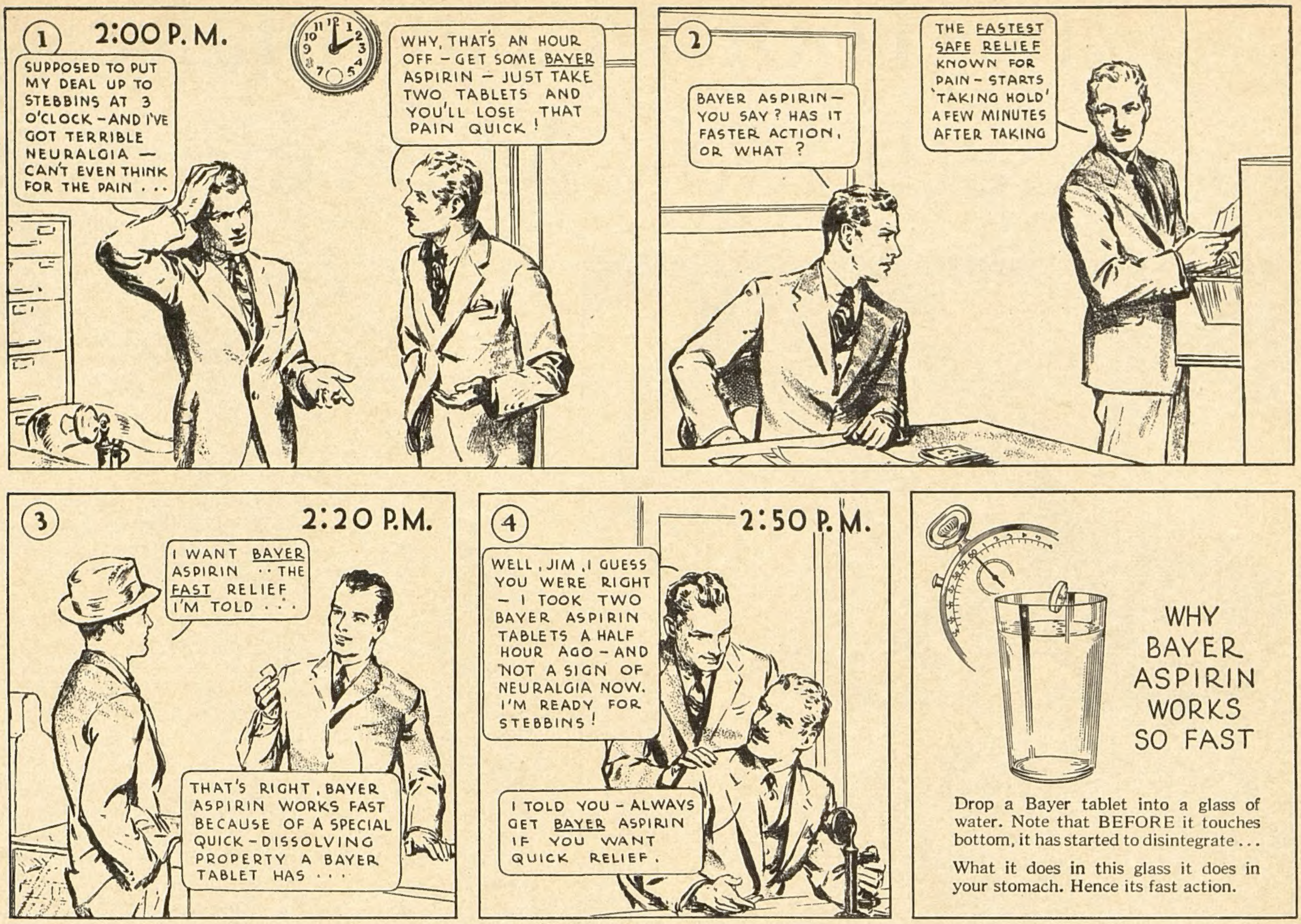
The good old sense of humor, mixed with a generous share of understanding and common sense, makes an ideal "parent temperament."

HERE'S a dessert which my daughter likes when she's visiting the White House. I think it's a good supper dish, and, to complete the menu, I suggest a piece of bread and butter and a glass of milk or a cup of cocoa. That makes a well balanced light meal before bedtime.

SQUASH CUP CUSTARD

1 cup milk
¼ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup squash (which has been steamed and put through ricer)
Pinch each of cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg. Salt to taste.

Put all the above ingredients in a mixing bowl and beat well with a Dover egg beater. Pour into buttered cups. Place these in pan with about two inches of water in it. Bake in a slow oven until set. Cool and serve.


1
2:00 P.M.
SUPPOSED TO PUT MY DEAL UP TO STEBBINS AT 3 O'CLOCK – AND I'VE GOT TERRIBLE NEURALGIA — CAN'T EVEN THINK FOR THE PAIN . . .
WHY, THAT'S AN HOUR OFF – GET SOME BAYER ASPIRIN – JUST TAKE TWO TABLETS AND YOU'LL LOSE THAT PAIN QUICK !
2
BAYER ASPIRIN – YOU SAY ? HAS IT FASTER ACTION, OR WHAT ?
THE FASTEST SAFE RELIEF KNOWN FOR PAIN – STARTS 'TAKING HOLD' A FEW MINUTES AFTER TAKING
3
2:20 P.M.
I WANT BAYER ASPIRIN · · THE FAST RELIEF I'M TOLD · · .
THAT'S RIGHT, BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS FAST BECAUSE OF A SPECIAL QUICK – DISSOLVING PROPERTY A BAYER TABLET HAS · · ·
4
2:50 P.M.
WELL, JIM, I GUESS YOU WERE RIGHT – I TOOK TWO BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS A HALF HOUR AGO – AND NOT A SIGN OF NEURALGIA NOW. I'M READY FOR STEBBINS !
I TOLD YOU – ALWAYS GET BAYER ASPIRIN IF YOU WANT QUICK RELIEF.
WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer tablet into a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate . . .

What it does in this glass it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.

A DISCOVERY THAT BRINGS FASTER RELIEF FROM HEADACHES AND PAIN

There is now a quicker way to ease pain. A way that often brings relief from even a severe headache or neuritis in a few minutes. Millions are now employing it . . . And doctors recommending it—the *fastest, safe relief, it is said, ever known for pain.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin Tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. Note that a Bayer Aspirin Tablet, dropped in a glass of water, starts disintegrating before it touches the bottom of the glass. And what happens in that glass happens in your stomach. A Bayer Aspirin Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.*

This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer days of pain, fewer lost hours from headaches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And safe relief for genuine Bayer Aspirin does not harm the heart.

When you buy, though, see that you get the GENUINE BAYER ASPIRIN. Not a preparation claimed to be "like it." The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always to say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin
Genuine
BAYER

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART

"This Tooth Paste makes my teeth look Marvelous..

yet I pay only 25¢ a tube"

Dear Mabel:

In spite of the depression, George and I managed to enjoy life during the last few months.

I guess I wrote you that George had taken his third salary cut and that we are now calling the old place on the bay "the-next-to-nothing-house" because we have next to nothing to keep it going, but our Florida sun is still shining bright, and I go in swimming every day.

Honestly, Mabel, it's been fun discovering how easy it is to get along without things we used to consider important.

I am dressing on about a tenth of what I used to. We are eating for about a third of what it used to cost. And if you were to see me in my bathing suit, which I made myself, you'd say it was a good thing (about the food, I mean) because I've actually lost just pounds.

And George beams on me as he hasn't beamed in years. We are really getting acquainted all over again. We are actually finding happiness in the depression.

By the way, I've found you can save money on tooth paste just as you can on toilet goods and groceries. Let me give you a little helpful home hint. Try Listerine Tooth Paste. It makes my teeth look simply marvelous. And, of course, the fact that it saves about $3 a year, over 50c tooth pastes, is a particularly happy thought in these times. I don't know why I never tried it before. I've used Listerine all my life but somehow I never did get acquainted with the Tooth Paste until recently.

George wishes to be remembered and says that if you have still got your Chevvie it would be nice to have you dash down and take in one of the football games this fall.

Lots of love,

Helen

At last! Bristles *can't come out!*
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH
with PERMA-GRIP (U. S. PAT. No. 1472165)

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TOOTH PASTE
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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

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